Wit and Mirth:

OR

PILLS

TO PURGE

Melancholy;

BEING

A Choice Collection of the best Merry BALLADS, and above a Hundred of the best SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument.

The Second Edition with Additions.
Being carefully Corrected by Mr. *J. Lenton.*

Vol. IV.

Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,
Totâ notus in urbe Merrimannus.

LONDON: Printed by *William Pearson*, and Sold by *John Young*, Musical-Instrument-maker, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, 1709. Price Bound 2*s.* 6*d.*


BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

SInce the Bookſellers Stalls inform us that Phyſicians are the greateſt Interlopers in the Rhyming Trade, and are continually dabling in the Streams of Helicon; *it is no Injuſtice for a Verſifier to return the Complement, and Oblige the World with a few Preſcriptions, tho' to the no ſmall hindrance of the Pulſe-groping Fraternity.*

Having then obſerv'd, that in ſpight of my repeated Endeavours, an unaccountable Melancholy call'd Spleen in the Men, and Vapours in the Women, Reigns among the Engliſh, and which (if not remov'd in time) will be as much the diſtinguiſhing Character of a Native of this Iſland, as Vanity of a French Man, Formality of a Spaniard, and Revenge of an Italian. I could not but again try to diſperſe and put to flight the rallying Forces of this

prevailing Diſtemper, which affects both Body and Mind, and bids defyance to the grave Urinal-ſhakers. Accordingly I have prepar'd another Doſe of Poetical-Pills; my former not being able to reach the Thouſandth Part of the Afflicted; and theſe will infallibly divert, and aſſwage, at leaſt, if not carry off this Epidemical Evil; for I have not enough of the Quack in me, to vouch my Medicine for infalibile, any more than Univerſal. However thus much I may venture to ſay, that if it does no Good, it will do no Hurt; being as Pleaſant, and Harmleſs, as Ptiſons, or Pearl-Cordial, and I am ſure that Lenitives are as proper for the Mind and Body Natural, as for the Body Politic, and more for the benefit of the Preſcriber, as my Brother B——n *hath found by ſad Experience; who will adviſe all State Phyſicians henceforward rather to Fuſtianize with* Bl——re, *Flatter with* G—th, *Bite with* R——w, *make Birds ſpeak plain with ſtuttering* D——ſey, *or indite Spiritual Epigrams for Children with the Laureat, than to be for giving the Government violent Purges with him and* P—tt—s; *unleſs they are ambitious of being exalted to the ſame high Poſt. Should I mention but the hundredth of the Cures perform'd by theſe Pills, the bare*

bare Names of the Perſons would take up more room than Addreſſes and Statutes of Bankrupt do in a double Gazzette. *So that if we may gueſs at what may be, by what hath been, they cannot fail of meeting with general Approbation. Count* Tallard *by the help of 'em hath forgot* Blenheim, *and if M.* Villeroy *underſtood the Nature of this Engliſh Medicine, it would ſooner cure him of the Surfeit he got in the Plains of* Judoigo, *than the Waters at* Aix la Chapelle, *which he is now gone to drink. In ſhort, as a Brother of the Faculty wittily obſerves;*

Theſe with a jerk, will do your Work,
And Scour you o'er and o'er:
Read, Judge and Try, and if you die,
Never believe me more.

Dr. *Merryman.*

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AN

AN

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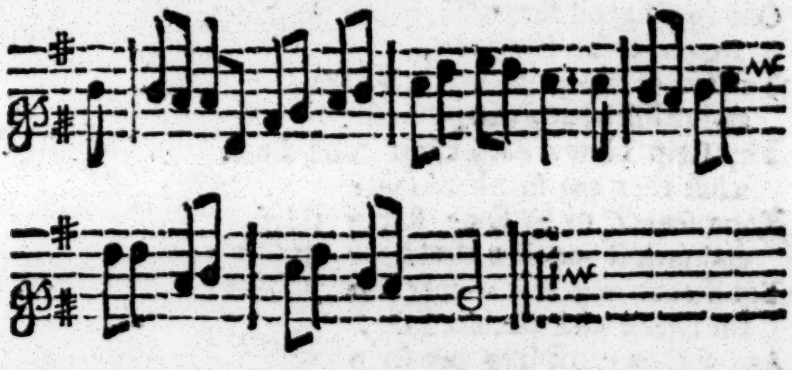
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The Tune *Chivy Chaſe.*



IN Elder time there was of Yore,
when guides of churliſh glee,
Were us'd among our Country Earls,
though no ſuch thing now be:
The which King *Alfred* liking well,
forſook his ſtately Court,
And in diſguiſe unknown went forth,
to ſee that jovial ſport.
How *Dick* and *Tom* in clouted ſhoon,
and coats of ruſſet gray,
Eſteem'd themſelves more brave than them,
that went in golden ray;

In garments fit for ſuch a life,
the good King *Alfred* went,
All ragg'd and torn as from his back
the beggar his cloaths had rent.
A ſword and buckler good and ſtrong,
to give Jack ſauce a rap,
And on his head inſtead of Crown,
he wore a Monmouth cap.
Thus coaſting through *Somerſetſhire*,
near *Newton* Court he met,
A ſhepherd ſwain of luſty limb,
That up and down did jet:
He wore a bonnet of good gray,
cloſe buttoned to his chin,
And at his back a leather ſcrip,
with much good meat therein.
God ſpeed good ſhepherd, quoth the King,
I come to be thy gueſt,
To taſt of thy good victuals here,
and drink that's of the beſt:
Thy ſcrip I know hath cheer good ſtore.
what then the ſhepherd ſaid?
Thou ſeem'ſt to be ſome ſturdy thief,
and mak'ſt me ſore afraid.
Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win
the ſword and buckler take,
And if thou canſt into my ſcrip
therewith an entrance make,
I tell thee, Roiſter, it hath ſtore,
of beef and bacon fat,
With ſhieves of barly-bread to make
thy chaps to water at:
Here ſtands my bottle here my bag,
if thou canſt win them Roiſter,
Againſt the ſword and buckler here
my ſheephook is my maſter.
Benedicite now, quoth our good King
it never ſhall be ſaid,
That *Alfred* of the ſhepherds hook
will ſtand a whit afraid;

So ſoundly thus they both fell to't,
and giving bang for bang,
At every blow the ſhepherd gave
King *Alfred's* ſword cry'd twang.
His buckler prov'd his chiefeſt fence
for ſtill the ſhepherds hook,
Was that the which King *Alfred* could
in no good manner brook:
At laſt when they had fought four hours,
and it grew juſt mid-day,
And wearied both with right good will
deſir'd each others ſtay.
King, truce I cry quoth *Alfred* then,
good ſhepherd hold thy hand,
A ſturdier fellow than thy ſelf
lives not within this land.
Nor a luſtier Roiſter than thou art,
the churliſh ſhepherd ſaid,
To tell thee plain thy thieviſh looks,
now makes my heart afraid;
Elſe ſure thou art ſome prodigal
Which haſt conſum'd thy ſtore,
And now com'ſt wandring in this place
to rob and ſteal for more:
Deem not of me then quoth our King
good ſhepherd in this ſort,
A Gentleman well known I am
in good King *Alfred's* Court.
The Devil thou art, the ſhepherd ſaid,
thou goeſt in rags all torn,
Thou rather ſeem'ſt I think to be,
ſome beggar baſely born;
But if thou wilt mend thy eſtate,
and here a ſhepherd be,
At night to *Gillian* my ſweet wife
thou ſhalt go home with me.
For ſhe's as good a toothleſs dame
as mumbleth on brown bread.
Where thou ſhalt lie in hurden ſheets,
upon a freſh ſtraw bed.

Of whig and whey we have good ſtore,
and keep good peaſe-ſtraw fires,
And now and then good barly Cakes
as better days requires.
But for my maſter which is chief,
and Lord of *Newton* Court,
He keeps I ſay, his ſhepherds ſwains
in far more braver ſort;
We there have curds and clouted cream
of red Cows morning milk,
And now and then fine buttered cakes
as ſoft as any ſilk.
Of Beef and reiſed Bacon ſtore
that is moſt fat and greaſy,
We have likewiſe to feed our chaps,
and make them glib and eaſie,
Thus if thou wilt my Man become,
this uſage thou ſhalt have,
If not adieu go hang thy ſelf
and ſo farewel Sir Knave.
King *Alfred* hearing of this glee,
the churliſh ſhepherd ſaid,
Was well content to be his man,
ſo they a bargain made.
A penny round the ſhepherd gave,
in earneſt of this match,
To keep his ſheep in field and fold
as ſhepherds uſe to watch.
His wages ſhall be full ten groats
for ſervice of a year,
Yet was it not his uſe old Lad
to hire a man ſo dear.
For did the King himſelf (quoth he)
unto my cottage come,
He ſhould not for a 12 months pay
receive a greater ſum.
Hereat the bonny King grew blith
to hear the clowniſh jeſt,
How ſilly ſots as cuſtom is
do diſcant at the beſt.

But not to ſpoil the fooliſh ſport
he was content good King,
To fit the ſhepherd's humour right
in every kind of thing.
A ſheep-hook then with patch his dog,
and tar-box by his ſide.
He with his Maſter jig by jowl,
unto old *Gilian* hy'd,
Into whoſe ſight no ſooner came,
whom have you here (quoth ſhe)
A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
ſo like a knave looks he.
Not ſo old dame quoth *Alfred* ſtrait,
of me you need not fear,
My Maſter hir'd me for ten groats
to ſerve you one whole year:
So good dame *Gillian* grant me leave
within your houſe to ſtay,
For by Saint *Ann* do what you can,
I will not yet away.
Her churliſh uſage pleas'd him ſtill,
put him to ſuch a proof,
That he at night was almoſt choakt,
within that ſmoaky Roof:
But as he ſat with ſmiling cheer,
the event of all to ſee,
His dame broght fourth a piece of dow
which in the fire throws ſhe:
Where lying on the Hearth to bake,
by chance the Cake did burn,
What canſt thou not, thou lout (quoth ſhe)
take pains the ſame to turn.
Thou art more quick to take it out
and eat it up half dow,
Then thus to ſtay till't be enough,
and ſo thy manners ſhow.
But ſerve me ſuch another trick,
I'll thwack thee on the ſnout,
Which made the patient King good man
of her to ſtand in doubt:

But to be brief to bed they went
the good old man and's wife,
But never ſuch a lodging had
King *Alfred* in his life:
For he was laid in white ſheepes wooll
new pull'd from tanned fells,
And o[illegible] his head hang'd ſpiders webs
As if they ha[illegible] been bells.
Is this the Country g[illegible]iſe thought he,
then here I will not ſtay,
But hence be gone as ſoon as brea[illegible]
the peeping of next day.
The cackling hens and geeſe kept rooſt
and pearched at his ſide,
Whereat the laſt the watchful Cock,
made known the morning tide;
Then up got *Alfred* with his horn,
and blew ſo long a blaſt,
That made *Gillian* and her Groom,
in bed full ſore agaſt.
A riſe, quoth ſhe we are undone,
this night we lodged have,
At unawares within our houſe,
a falſe deſſembling knave;
Riſe husband, riſe, he'l cut our throates,
he calleth for his mates,
Ide give old *Will* our good Cade lamb,
he would depart our gates.
But ſtill King *Alfred* blew his horn,
before them more and more,
Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,
all lighted at the door:
Which cry'd all hail, all hail good King,
long have we look'd your Grace,
And here you find (my merry men all)
your Soveraign in this place.
We ſhall ſurely be hang'd up both,
old *Gillian* I much fear,
The ſhepherd ſaid for uſing thus,
our good King *Alfred* here:

O pardon my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then
for my husband and for me,
By theſe ten bones I never thought,
the ſame that now I ſee;
And by my hook the ſhepherd ſaid,
an oath both good and true,
Before this time O Noble King,
I never your Highneſs knew:
Then pardon me and my old wife,
that we may after ſay,
When firſt you came into our houſe,
it was a happy day.
It ſhall be done ſaid *Alfred* ſtreight,
and *Gillian* thy old dame,
For this thy churliſh uſing me,
deſerveth not much blame;
For this thy Country guiſe I ſee,
to be thus bluntiſh ſtill,
And where the plaineſt meaning is,
remains the ſmalleſt ill.
And maſter lo I tell the now,
for thy low man hood ſhown,
A thouſand Weathers I'll beſtow,
upon thee for thy own.
And paſture ground as much as will
ſuffice to feed them all,
And this thy cottage I will change,
into a ſtately hall.
As for the ſame as duty binds,
the ſhepherd ſaid good King,
A milk white white Lamb once every year,
I'll to your highneſs bring.
And *Gillian* my wife likewiſe,
of wool to make you coats,
Will give you as much at new years tide
as ſhall be worth ten groats,
And in your praiſe my Bagpipe ſhall
ſound ſweetly once a year,
How *Alfred* our renowned King
moſt kindly hath been here.

Thanks ſhepherd, thanks, quoth he again,
the next time I come hither,
My Lords with me here in this houſe
will all be merry together.

On the Tombs at Weſtminſter Abby.

You muſt ſuppoſe it to be Eaſter *Holy-Days: At what time* Sicily *and* Dol, Kate *and* Peggy, Moll *and* Nan, *are marching to* Weſtminſter, *with a Leaſh of Prentices before 'em; who go rowing themſelves along with their right Arms to make more haſt, and now and then with a greaſie Muckender wipe away the dripping that baſtes their Fore-Heads. At the Door they meet a crowd of* Wapping *Seamen,* Southwark *Broom-men, the Inhabitants of the* Bank-Side, *with a Butcher or two prick't in among them. There a while they ſtand gaping for the maſter of the Show, ſtaring upon the Suburbs of their deareſt delight, juſt as they ſtand gaping upon the painted Cloath before they go into the Poppet Play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoyces their Hearts like the ſound of the* Pancake Bell. *For now the Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholding ſuch a learned Auditory, opens the Gate of* paradiſe, *and by that time they are half got into the firſt Chappel, (for time is very precious) he lifts up his Voice among the Tombs, and begins his Lurrey in manner and form following.*

Sung or ſaid, To a Tune in imitation of the Old Soldiers, Pag. 21.

HEre lies *William de Valence*
A right good Earl of *Pembroke*,
And this is his Monument which you ſee,
I'll ſwear upon a Book.

He was High Marſhal of *England*,
When *Henry* the 3*d*. did Reign,
But this you take upon my Word,
That he'll nere be ſo again.

Here

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lies,
The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl,
Together with his Counteſs fair,
That was a moſt delicate Girl.

The next to him there lyeth one,
Sir *Richard Peckſhall* hight,
Of whom we only this do ſay,
He was a *Hampſhire* Knight.

But now to tell ye more of him,
There lies beneath this Stone
Two Wives of his and Daughters four;
To all of us unkown.

Sir *Bernard Brockburſt* there doth lie,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann*;
Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the ſeconds Queen,
And he was King of *England*.

Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Frances*,
The ſame was *Suffolks* Dutcheſs,
Two Children of *Edward* the third,
Lie here in Deaths cold Clutches.

This is the third King *Edward's* Brother,
Of whom our Records tell
Nothing of Note, nor ſay they whether
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This ſame was *John* of *Eldeſton*,
He was no Coſtermonger,
But *Cornwal's* Earl; And here's one Dy'd
Cauſe he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutcheſs of *York*,
And Duke of *York's* Wife alſo;
But Death reſolv'd to Horn the Duke,
She lies now with Death below.

The

The Lady *Ann Roſs*, but wot ye well
That ſhe, in Child-bed dy'd,
The Lady Marqueſs of *Wincheſter*
Lies Buried by her ſide.

Now think your Penny well ſpent good Folks;
And that you are not beguil'd
Within this Cup doth lie the Heart
Of a *French Embaſador's* Child.

But how the Devil it came to paſs,
On purpoſe, or by chance,
The Bowels they lie underneath,
The Body is in *France*.

Dol. *I warrant ye the* Phariſes *carried it away.*

There's *Oxford's* Counteſs, and there alſo
The Lady *Burleigh* her Mother,
And there her Daughter, a Counteſs too,
Lie cloſe by one another.

Theſe once where Bonny Dames, and though
There were no Coaches then,
Yet could they jog their Tailes themſelves,
Or had them jogg'd by Men.

Dick. *Ho, ho, ho, I warrant ye they did as other Women did, ha Ralf, Ralf. Oy, Oy.*

But woe is me! thoſe high born Sinners
That went to pray ſo ſtoutly,
Are now laid low, and cauſe they can't,
Their ſtatues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutcheſs of *Somerſet*,
By name the Lady *Ann*,
Her Lord *Edward* the ſixt protected,
Oh! He was a Gallant Man.

Tom. *I have heard a Ballad of him ſang at* Ratclif Croſs. Mol. *I believe we have it at home over our Kitchin Mantle-Tree.*

In this fair Monument which you ſee
Adorn'd with ſo many Pillars,
Doth lie the Counteſs of *Buckingham*
And her Husband Sir *George Villers*.

This

This old Sir *George* was Granfather,
And the Counteſs ſhe was Granny,
To the Great Duke of *Buckingham*,
Who often topt King *Jammy*.

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a *Scotch* Knight,
This Man was Secratary,
And ſcribbl'd Compl'ments for two Queen;
Queen *Ann*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Counteſs of *Lenox*,
Yclep'd the Lady *Marget*,
King *Jame*'s Granmother, and yet
'Gainſt Death ſhe had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
Whom *Buchanan* doth beſpatter,
She loſt her Head at *Tottinham*,
What ever was the matter.

Dol. *How came ſhe here then?* Will. *Why ye ſilly Caſe could not ſhe be brought here, after ſhe was dead?*

The Mother of our ſeventh *Henry*,
This is that lyeth hard by,
She was the Counteſs wot ye well
Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
With his fair Queen beſide him,
He was the Founder of this Chappel,
Oh may no ill betide him,

Therefore his Monument's in Braſs,
You'll ſay that very much is;
The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*
There lieth with his Dutcheſs.

Rog. *I warrant ye theſe were no ſmall Fools in thoſe days.*

And here they ſtandupright in a Preſs
with Bodies made of Wax,
With a Globe and a Wand in either hand,
And their Robes upon their Backs.

Here lies the Duke of *Buckingham*
And the Dutcheſs his Wife;
Him *Felton* Stabb'd at *Portſmouth* Town,
And ſo he loſt his Life.

Two Children of King *James* theſe are,
Whom Death keeps very chary.
Sophia in the Cradle lies,
And this is the Lady *Mary*.

Beſs. *Good Woman pray ſtill your Child, it keeps ſuch a bawling, we can't hear what the man ſays.*

And this is Queen *Elizabeth*,
How the *Spaniards* did inveſt her?
Here ſhe lies Buried, with Queen *Mary*,
And now agrees with her Siſter.

To another Chappel now come we,
The People follow and chat,
This is the Lady *Cottington*,
And the People cry, who's that?

This is the Lady *Francis Sidney*,
The Counteſs of *Suffolk* was ſhe,
And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is,
And then they look up and ſee;

Sir *Thomas Brumley* lyeth here,
Death would him not reprieve,
With his four ſons and Daughters four,
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir *John fullerton*,
And this is his Lady I trow,
And this is Sir *John Puckering*
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of *Bridgewater* in the middle,
Who makes no uſe of his Bladder,
Although his Lady lie ſo near him,
And ſo we go up a Ladder.

Edward

Edward the firſt, that Gallant Blade,
Lies underneath this Stone,
And this is the Chair which he did bring
A good while ago from *Scone.*

In this ſame Chair till now of late
Our Kings and Queens were Crown'd;
Under this Chair another Stone
Doth lie upon the Ground.

On that ſame Stone did *Jacob* ſleep
Inſtead of a down Pillow,
And after that t'was hither brought
By ſome good honeſt Fellow.

Richard the ſecond lieth here,
And his firſt Queen, Queen *Ann*,
Edward the third lies here hard by,
Oh there was a Gallant Man.

For this was his two handed Sword,
A Blade both true and truſty,
The *French* Men's Blood was ne're wip'd off,
Which makes it look ſo ruſty.

Here lies he again with his Queen *Philip*,
A *Dutch* Woman by Record,
But that's all one, for now alas!
His Blade's not ſo long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confeſſor lies
Within this Monument fine.
I'me ſure, quoth one, a worſer Tomb,
Muſt ſerve both me and mine.

Harry the fifth lies there; and there
Doth lie Queen *Ellenor*,
To our firſt *Edward* ſhe was Wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.

Kate. *He took more pains, than I would ha don for a hundred ſuch.* Ralf. *Gad I warrant there has been many a Maidenhead got in that Chair.* Tom. *Gad and I'll come hither and try one of theſe Days, an't be but to get a Prince.*

Dol. *A Papiſt I warrant him.*

Henry

Henry the third lies there Entomb'd,
He was Herb *John* in Pottage,
Little he did, but ſtill Reign'd on,
Although his Sons were at Age.

Fifty ſix Years he Reigned King,
E're he the Crown would lay by,
Only we praiſe him cauſe he was
Laſt Builder of the *Abby*,

Here *Thomas Cecil* lies, who's that?
Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter*,
And this his Counteſs is; to Die
How it perplexed her.

Dol. *Ay, ay, I warrent her, rich Folks are as unwilling to die as poor Folks*

Here *Henry Cary*, Ld *Hunsdon* reſts.
What a noſe he makes with his Name?
Lord Chamberlian was he unto
Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame.

Siſly. *That's ſhe for whom our Bells ring ſo often, is it not Mary? Mol. Ay, ay, the very ſame.*

And here's one *William Colcheſter*
I lies of a Certainty:
And Abbot was he of *Weſtminſter*,
And he that ſaith no, doth lie.

This is the Biſhop of *Durham*
By Death here layd in Fetters,
Henry the ſeventh lov'd him well,
And ſo he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Baccus*, what of him?
Poor Gentle man not a word,
Only they Buried him here; but now
Behold that Man with a Sword.

Humphrey de Bohun, who though he were
Not born with me i' the ſame Town,
Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Eſſex*,
Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.

He

He was High Conſtable of *England*,
As Hiſtory well expreſſes.
But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,
Wee'r going up to the Preſſes.

And now the Preſſes open ſtand
And ye ſee them all arow,
But never no more is ſaid of theſe
Then what is ſaid below.

Now down the Stairs come we again,
The Man goes firſt with a Staff.
Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,
And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,
That ſo the *Spaniards* curry'd,
Four Collonels ſupport his Tomb
And here his Body's Buried.

That *Statue* againſt the *Wall* with one eye,
Is Major General *Norris*,
He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly,
As is affirm'd in ſtories.

Dick. *I warrent ye he had two, if he could have but kept 'em.*
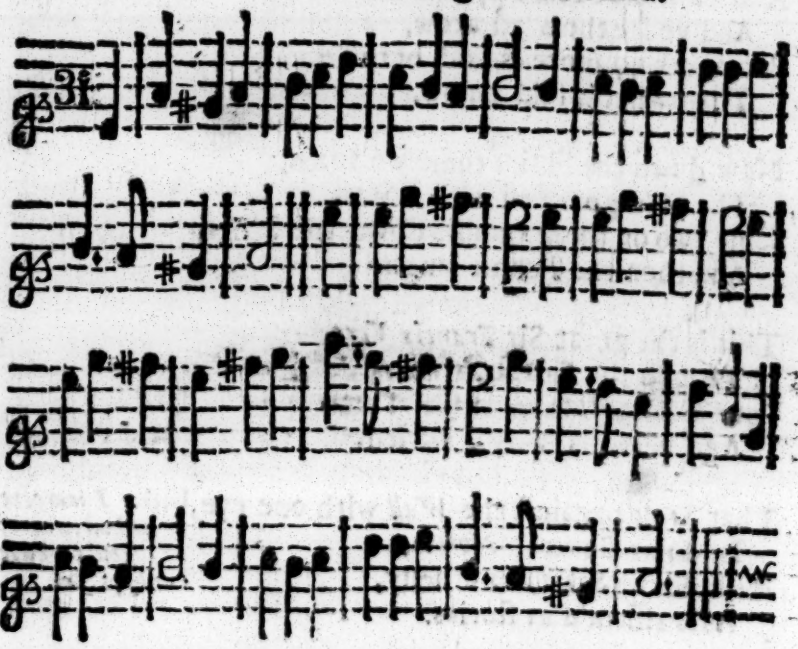
His ſix Sons there hard by him ſtand,
Each one was a Commander,
To ſhew he could a Lady ſerve,
As well as the *Hollander*.

And there doth Sir *John Hollis* reſt,
Who was the Major General
To Sir *John Norris* that brave blade,
And ſo they go to Dinner all.

For now the Show is at an end,
All things are done and ſaid,
The Citizen pays for his Wife,
The Prentice for the Maid.

The Character of a Seat's-man; *written by one of the* Craft: *To be Sung on* Criſpin Night.

Tune Packington's Pound.



I am one in whom nature has fix'd a decree,
Ordaining my life to happy and free,
With no cares of the world I am ever perplex'd,
And never depending I never am vex'd.
I'm neither of ſo high nor ſo low a degree,
But ambition and want are both ſtrangers to me,
My life is a compound of freedom and eaſe,
I go where I will and I work when I pleaſe,
I live below envy and yet above ſpight,
And have judgment enough for to do my ſelf right;
Some greater and richer I own there may be,
Yet as many live worſe as live better than me,
And few That from cares live ſo quiet and free;

When

When Money comes in I live well till it's gone,
So with it I'm happy, Content when I've none
I ſpend it Genteelly, and never repent,
If I looſe it at Play why I count it but lent,
For that which at one time, I loſe among Friends,
Another nights winning's ſtill makes me amends,
And tho' I'm without the firſt day of the week,
I ſtill make it out by ſhift or by tick,
In mirth at my work the ſwift hours do paſs,
And by Saturday night, I'm as Rich as I was.

Then let Maſters drudge on and be ſlaves to their trade,
Let their hours of Pleaſure by buſineſs be ſtay'd;
Let them venture their ſtocks to be ruin'd by truſt,
Let Clickers bark on the whole day at their poſt,
Let 'em tire all that paſs, with their rotified cant,
"Will you buy any Shoe's, pray ſee what you want;
Let the reſt of the world, ſtill contend to be great,
Let ſome by their Loſſes, Repine at their fate,
Let others that thrive, not content with their ſtore,
Be plagu'd with the trouble and thoughts to get more,

Let wiſe men Invent, till the World be deceived,
Let fools thrive through fortune, and knaves be believed;
Let ſuch as are Rich know no want, but content,
Let others be plagu'd to pay taxes and rent;
With more freedom and pleaſure my time I'll employ,
And covet no bleſſings but what I enjoy.

Then let's celebrate *Criſpin* with Bumpers and Songs,
And They that drink foul may it bliſter their tongues:
Here's Two in a hand, and let no one deny 'em,
Since *Chriſpin* in youth was a Seat's-man as I am.

The Female ſcuffle, To the foregoing *Tune*.

OF late in the Park, a fair fancy was ſeen
Betwixt an old *Baud* and a luſty young *Queen*,
Their parting of Money began the uproar,
I'll have half ſays the *Baud*, but you ſhan't ſays the *Whore*;
Why 'tis my own Houſe,
I care not a Louſe;
I'll ha' three parts of four, or you get not a Souſe.

'Tis I ſays the *Whore* muſt take all the pains,
And you ſhall be damn'd e're you get all the gains;
The *Baud* being vex'd, ſtrait to her did ſay,
Come off wi' your *duds*, and I pray pack away.
And likewiſe your *Ribands*, your *Gloves* and your *Hair*,
For naked you came and ſo out you go bare.
Then *Buttocks* ſo bold
Began for to ſcold;
Hurrydan was not able her *Clack* for to hold.

Both *Pell Mell* fell to't, and made this uproar,
With theſe complements, th'art a *Baud*, th'art a *Whore*,
The *Bauds* and the *Buttocks* that liv'd there around
Came all to the Caſe, both *Pockey* and *Sound*;
To ſee what the reaſon was of this ſame fray,
That did ſo diſturb them before it was day.
If I tell you amiſs,
Let me never more piſs.
This *Buttock* ſo bold ſhe named was *Siſs*.

By *Quiffing* with *Cullies* three pound ſhe had got,
And but one part of four muſt fall to her lot;
Yet all the *Bauds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
Unleſs ſhe will yield to return her half ſhare,
If ſhe will not we'll help to ſtrip off her cloaths,
And turn her abroad with a ſlit o'the Noſe.
Who when ſhe did ſee
There was no Remedy,
For her from the tyrannous *Bauds* to get free,

The

The *Whore* from the Money was forced to yield,
And in the concluſion the *Baud* got the field.

An Elegy on Mountfort. To the foregoing Tune.

I

POor *Montfort* is gon, and the Ladies do all
Break their hearts for this Beau, as they did for *Duvall*,
And they the two bratts for this Tragedy damn
At Kenſington Court, and the Court of *Bantam*:
They all vow and Swear
That if any Peer
Shou'd acquit this young Lord, he ſhou'd pay very dear,
Nor will they be pleaſed with him who on Throne is,
If he do's not his part to revenge their *Adonis*.

II

With the Widow their amorous Bowels do yearn
There are divers pretend to an equal concern;
And by her perſwaſion their hearts they reveal
In caſe if not guilty to bring an appeal
They all will unite
The young Blade to indict,
And in proſecution will joyn day and night,
In the Mean-time full many a tear and a Groan is,
Where-ever they meet for their departed *Adonis*.

III

With the Ladies foul Murther's a horrible ſin
Of one handſome without, tho' a Coxcomb within,
For not being a Beau, the ſad fate of poor Crab
Tho' himſelf hang'd for love, was a jeſt to each drab.
Then may *Fering* live long
And may *Risby* among
The Fair with *Jack Barkley* and *Culpepper* throng:
May no Ruffin whoſe heart as hard as a Stone is
Kill any of thoſe for a Brother *Adonis*.

No

IV

No Lady hence-forth can be ſafe with her Beau,
They think if this ſlaughter unpuniſh'd ſhould go,
Their Gallants, for whoſe Perſons they moſt are in Pain
Muſt no ſooner be envy'd, but ſtraight muſt be ſlain.
For all B—— ſhape
None Car'd for the Rape
Nor whether the Virtuous their luſt did eſcape.
Their trouble of mind, and their anguiſh alone is
For the too ſudden fate of departed *Adonis*.

V
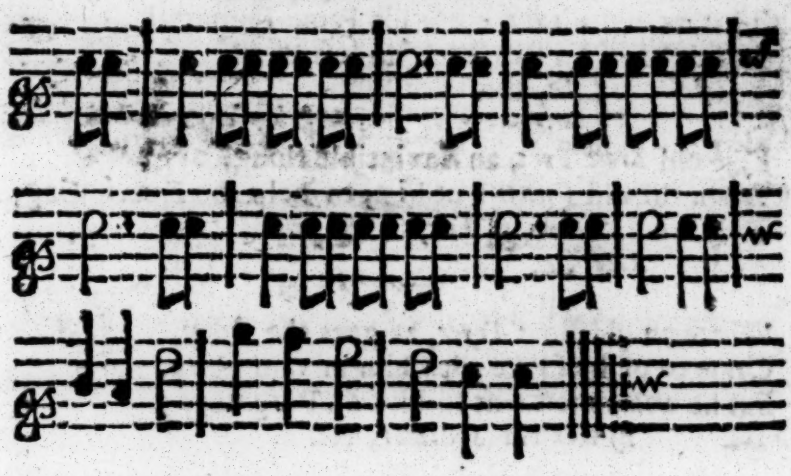
Let not every vain Spark think that he can engage
The heart of a female, like one on the Stage,
His Flute, and his Voice, and his Dancing are Rare,
And wherever they Meet, they prevail with the Fair;
But no quality Fop
Charms like Mr. Hop,
Adorn'd on the Stage, and in Eaſt-India Shop,
So, that each from *Mis ſelton* to ancient *Drake Foan* is,
Bemoaning the death of the Player *Adonis*.

VI

Yet *Adonis* in ſpite of this new abjuration,
Did banter the lawful King of this great nation.
Who call'd God's anointed a fooliſh old Prig,
Was both a baſe and unmannerly Whigg.
But Since he is Dead
No more ſhall be ſaid,
For he in repentance has laid down his head.
So, I wiſh each Lady, who in mournful tone is,
In charity Grieve for the death of *Adonis*.

Old

Old SOLDIERS.



OF old Soldiers, the ſong you would hear,
And we old Fidlers, have forgot who they were;
But all we remember, ſhall come to your Ear,
That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldiers.

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man,
To *Old Franciſcus*, who firſt it began
To ſail through the ſtraights of *Magellan*,
Like, an old Soldier &c.

That put the proud *Spaniſh Armado* to wrack,
And travel'd all o'er the old world and came back,
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack;
Like, &c.

With an *Old Candiſh*, that ſeconded him,
And taught his old Sailes the ſame paſſage to Swim,
And did them therefore, with Cloath of Gold Trim;
Like, &c.

Like an old *Raleigh*, that twice and again,
Sailed over moſt part of the Seas and then,
Travell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen,
Like, &c.

With

With an old *John Norris*, the General,
That at old *Gaunt*, made his Fame Immortal,
In ſpight of his foes, with no loſs at all.
Like, &c.

Like old *Breſt Fort*, an invincible thing,
When the old *Queen* ſent him, to help the *French* King,
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the worlds wondring,
Like &c.

Where an old ſtout *Fryer*, as goes the ſtory,
Came to puſh of Pike with him in vain-glory,
But he was almoſt ſent to his own Purgatory;
By this old Souldier, &c.

With an old *Ned Norris*, that kept *Oſtend*,
A terrour to Foe, and a refuge to Friend,
And left it impregnable to his laſt End?
Like &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o're the old bridge, and knockt at the wall,
Of *Lisbon*, the Miſtreſs of *Portugal*;
Like &c.

With an old *Tim Norris*, by the old Queen ſent,
Of *Munſter* in *Ireland*, Lord preſident,
Where his Days and his Blood, in her ſervice he ſpent;
Like an old Souldier, &c.

With an old *Harry Norris* in Battle wounded
In his Knee, whoſe Leg was cut off, and he ſaid,
You have ſpoyl'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed;
Like &c.

With an old *Will Norris*, the oldeſt of all,
Who went voluntary, without any call,
To th'old *Iriſh* Warrs, to's fame Immortal;
Like &c.

With

With an old *Dick Wenman*, the firſt in his prime,
That over the walls of old *Cales* did Clime,
And there was Knighted, and liv'd all his time;
Like &c.
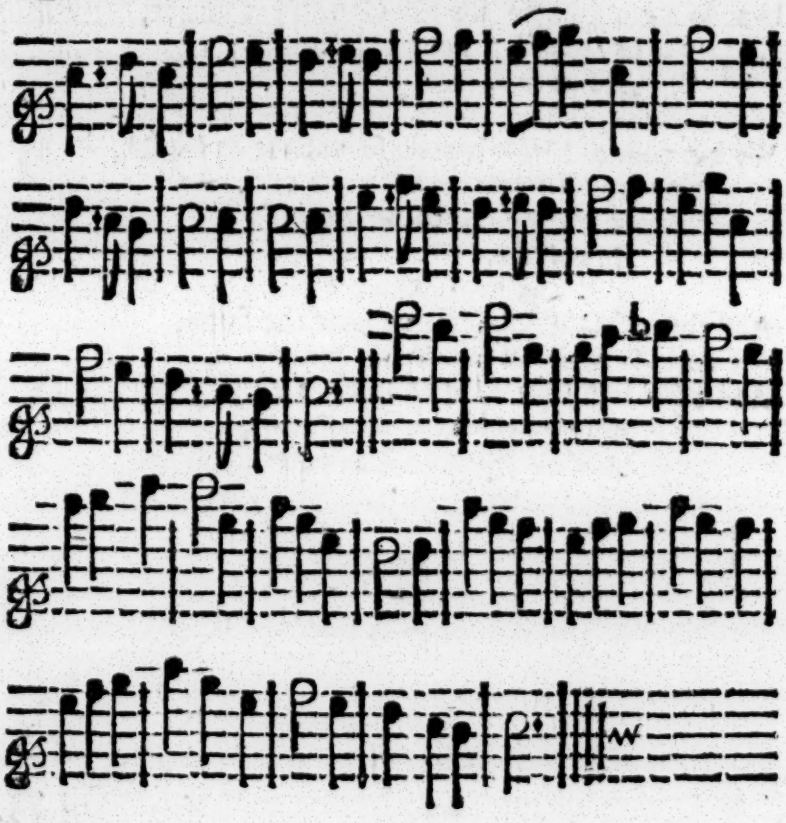
With an old *Nando Wenman*, when *Breſt* was o'erthrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was know;
For an old &c.

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whoſe braveſt delight,
Was in a good cauſe for his Country to fight,
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight;
And an old, &c.

With a young *Ned Wenman*, ſo valiant and bold,
In the wars of *Bohemia*, as with the Old,
Deſerves for his valour to be Enroll'd;
An old &c.

And thus of Old Soldiers, ye hear the fame,
But nere ſo many of one houſe and name,
And all of old *John Lord Veſcount* of *Thame*;
An old Souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Souldier,

The Hopeful Bargain: Or *a Fare for a Hackney-Coachman, giving a Comical relation, how an* Ale-draper *at the Sign of the* Double-tooth'd Rake *in or near the new* Palace-yard, Weſtminſter, *Sold his wife for a Shilling, and how ſhe was ſold a ſecond time for five ſhillings to* Judge; *My Lord*——— *Coachman, and how her Husband receiv'd her again after ſhe had lain with other Folks three days and nights,* &c. *The Tune* Lilly Bolero.



THere lives an Ale-draper near *New-palace-yard*,
Who uſed to Jerk the Bum of his wife,
And ſhe was forced to ſtand on her Guard,
To keep his clutches from her Quoiff.

The

She poor ſoul the weaker veſſel
To be reconcil'd was eaſily won,
He held her in ſcorn,
But ſhe Crown'd him with Horn,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as ſhe run.

He for a Shilling ſold his Spouſe,
And ſhe was very willing to go,
And left the poor Cuckold alone in the Houſe:
That he by himſelf his Horn might blow.
A Hackney Coach-man he did buy her;
And was not this a very good Fun?
With a dirty Pinner,
As I am a Sinner,
Without Hood or Scarff, but rough, &c.

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three men was handed away,
He for her husband did care not a fart,
He kept her one whole night and day,
Then honeſt *Fudge* the Coach man bought her;
And was not this moſt cuningly done?
Gave for her five Shilling,
To take her was willing,
Without Hood and Scarff, but rough. &c.

The Cuckold to *Fudge* a Letter did ſend,
Wherein he did moſt humbly crave;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouſe again I fain would have,
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what ſhe e're has done,
I ſwear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough, &c.

He ſent an old Baud to interceed,
And to perſwade her to come back,
That he might have one of her delicat breed:
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack.

Therefore prithee now come to me,
Or elſe poor I ſhall be undone,
Then do not forgo me,
But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarff, tho' rough, &c.
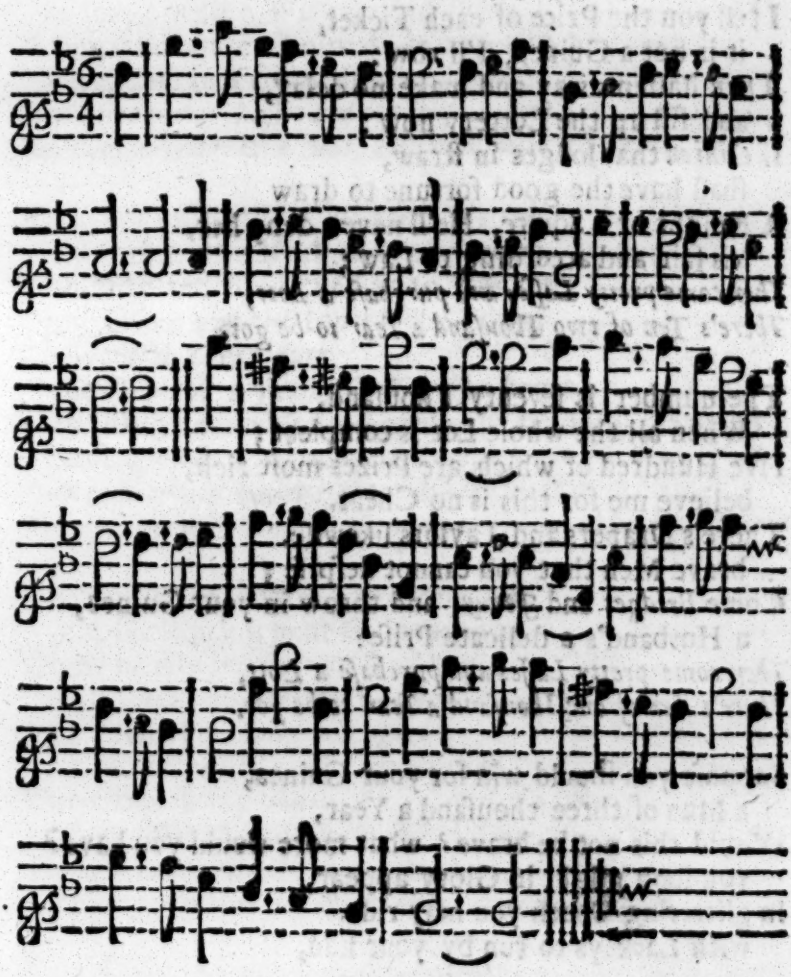
The Coachman then with much ado,
Did ſuffer the Baud to take her out,
Upon the condition that ſhe would be true,
And let him have now and then a Bout.
But he took from her forty Shillings,
And gave her a parting Glaſs at the Sun.
And then with good buy'te ye,
Diſcharged his Duty,
And turn'd her a grazing, rough as ſhe run.

The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,
And gave him a Treat at his own expence,
They drown'd all Cares in full brimmers of Wine:
He made him as welcome as any Prince,
There was all the Hungregation,
Which from *Cuckolds-Point* was come,
They kiſſed and Fumbled,
They towzed and tumbled,
He was glad to take her rough as ſhe run.

Fudge does enjoy her where he lift,
He values not the old Cuckold's pouts,
And ſhe is as good for the Game as e're piſt,
Fudge on his Horns ſits drying of Clouts,
She rants and revels when ſhe pleaſes,
And to end as I begun
The Horned Wiſe-acer
Is forced to take her,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as ſhe run.

The Maiden Lottery: *Containing* 70 *Thouſand Tickets, at a Guinea each; the Prizes being Rich and Loving Husbands, from three Thouſand to one Hundred a Year, which Lottery will begin to draw on next* Valentine's *Day.*

Then pretty Laſſes venter now,
Kind Fortune may her ſmiles allow.



YOung Ladies that live in the City,
ſweet beautiful proper and tall,
And Country Maids who dabling wades,
Here's happy good News for you all:
A Lottery now out of hand,
erected will be in the *Strand*,
Young Husbands with treaſure, and wealth out of meaſure
will fairly be at your command;
Of her that ſhall light of a fortunate Lott;
There's Six of three Thouſand a Year to be got.

I tell you the Price of each Ticket,
it is but a Guinea, I'll vow:
Then haſten away and make no delay,
and fill up the Lottery now:
If *Gillian* that lodges in ſtraw,
ſhall have the good fortune to draw
A Knight or a Squire, He'll never deny her,
'tis fair and according to Law;
Then come pretty Laſſes and purchaſe a Lott,
There's Ten of two Thouſand a Year to be got.

The number is ſeventy Thouſand,
When all the whole Lot is compleat;
Five Hundred of which, are Prizes moſt rich,
believe me for this is no Cheat.
There's Drapers and Taylors likewiſe,
brave Men that you cannot deſpiſe;
Come *Bridget* and *Jenny*, and throw in your Guinea,
a Husband's a delicate Priſe:
Then come pretty Laſſes and purchaſe a Lott,
There's Ten of one Thouſand a Year to be got.

Suppoſe you ſhould win for your Guinea,
a Man of three thouſand a Year,
Would this not be brave? what more would you have?
you ſoon might in Glory appear,
In glittering Coach you may ride,
with Lackeys to run by your ſide,

For

For why ſhould you ſpare it, faith, win Gold and wear it;
now who would not be ſuch a bride?
Then come pretty Laſſes and purchaſe a Lott,
There's ſixty, five hundreds a year to be got.

Old Widows, and Maids above forty,
ſhall not be admitted to draw;
There's five hundred and ten, as proper young Men,
indeed, as your eyes ever ſaw,
Who ſcorns for one Guinea of Gold
to lodge with a Woman that's old;
Young Maids are admitted, in hopes to be fitted,
with Husbands couragious and bold:
Then come pretty Laſſes and purchaſe a Lott,
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now, to be got.
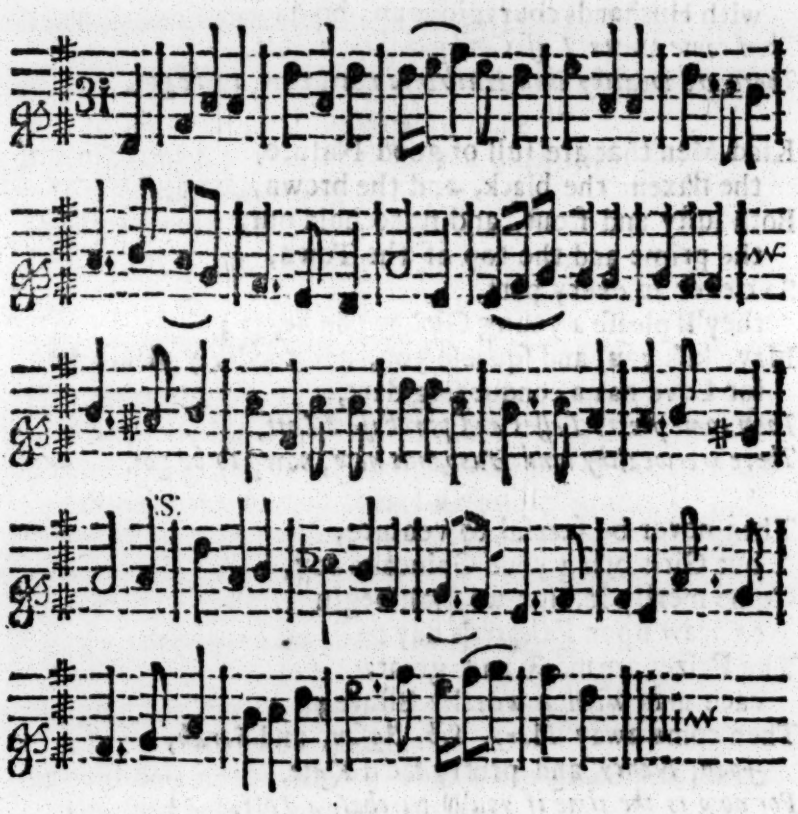
Kind Men that are full of good Nature,
the flaxen, the black, and the brown,
Both lufty and ſtout, and fit to hold out,
the prime and the top of the Town,
So clever in every part,
they'll pleaſe a young Girl to the heart;
Nay, kiſs you, and ſqueeſe you, and tenderly pleaſe you,
for Love has a conquering dart,
Then come pretty Laſſes and purchaſe a Lott,
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now, to be got.

Then never be fearful to venture,
but Girls bring your Guineas away,
Come merily in, for we ſhall begin
to draw upon *Valentin*'s day:
The Prizes are many and great,
each man with a worthy Eſtate;
Then come away *Mary*, *Sib*, *Suſan*, and *Sarah*,
Joan, *Nancy*, and pretty fac'd *Kate*,
For now is the time if you'll purchaſe a Lott,
While wealthy kind Husbands they are to be got.

Amongſt you I know their is many,
will mis of a Capital Prize,

Yet nevertheleſs, no ſorrow expreſs
but dry up your watry eyes,
Young Laſſes it is but in vain,
in ſorrowful ſighs to complain,
Then ne'er be faint hearted, tho' luck be departed,
for all cannot reckon to gain,
Yet venture young Laſſes, your Guineas bring in,
The Lucky will have the good fortune to win.

A Song on the JUBILE.



COme Beaus, Virtuoſo's, rich Heirs and Muſicians,
Away, and in Troops to the *Jubile* jog;
Leave Diſcord and Death to the Colledge Phyſicians,
Let the Vig'rous Whore on, and the Impotent Flog!

Al-

Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,
And ev'ry Tranſgreſſion her Lord will forgive ye.

II

Indulgences, Pardons, and ſuch Holy Lumber,
As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown;
While muſty old Reliques of Saints without number
For barely the looking upon, ſhall be ſhown.
Theſe were you an Atheiſt muſt needs overcome ye,
That firſt were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

III

They'll ſhew ye the River, ſo Sung by the Poets,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knockt o'th' head;
They'll ſhew ye the place too, as ſome will avow it,
Where once a She Pope was brought fairly to Bed.
For which, ever ſince, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Succeſſors ſtill ſuffer a Groaping.

IV

What a ſight 'tis to ſee the gay Idol accoutred,
With Mitre and Cap, and two Keys by his ſide;
Be his inſide what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,
Shews *Servus ſervorum*, no hater of Pride,
Theſe Keys into Heav'n will as ſurely admit ye,
As Clerks of a pariſh to a Pew in the City.

V

What a ſight 'tis to ſee the old man in poſſeſſion,
Through *Rome* in ſuch Pomp as her *Cæſars* did ride;
Now ſcattering of Pardons, here Croſſing, there Bleſſing
With all his ſhav'd Spiritual Train'd-Bans by his ſide;
As, *Confeſſors*, *Cardinals*, *Monks* fat as Bacons,
From Rev'rend *Arch-Biſhops*, to Roſie *Arch Deacons*.

VI
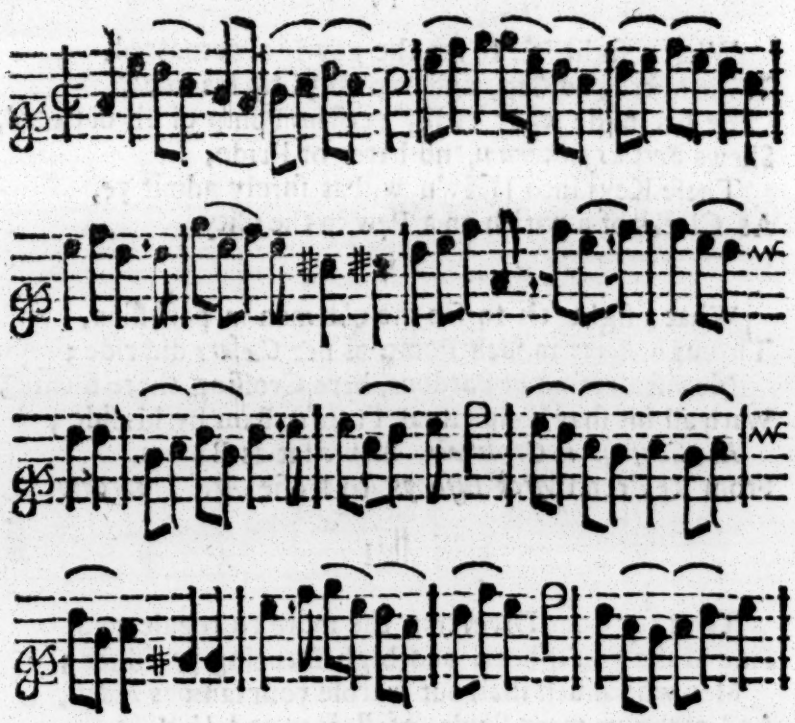
Then for your Divertion the more to regale ye,
Fine Muſic you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll ſee;
Men who much ſhall out warble your famous *Fideli*,
And make ye meer Fools, of *Balloon* and *L' Abbe*;
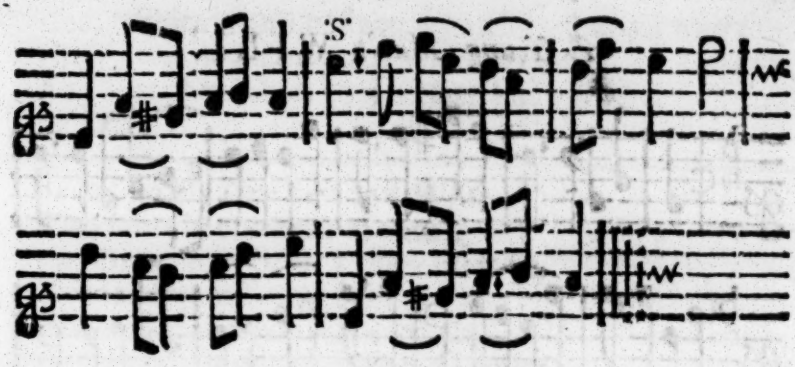
And to ſhew ye how fond they're to Kiſs *Voſtre Manos*,
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, all *Nuns* Courtezana's.

VII

And when you've ſome Months at old *Babylon* been-*a*,
And on Pardons, and Punks all your *Rhino* is ſpent;
And when you have ſeen all, that's there to be ſeen-*a*
You'll return not ſo Rich, tho' as Wiſe as you went:
And 'twill be but ſmall Comfort after ſo much Expence-*a*
That your Heirs will do juſt ſo an hundred Years hence-*a*.

A SONG. The Words made by Mr. D'Urfey; *Set by Mr.* D. Purcell.
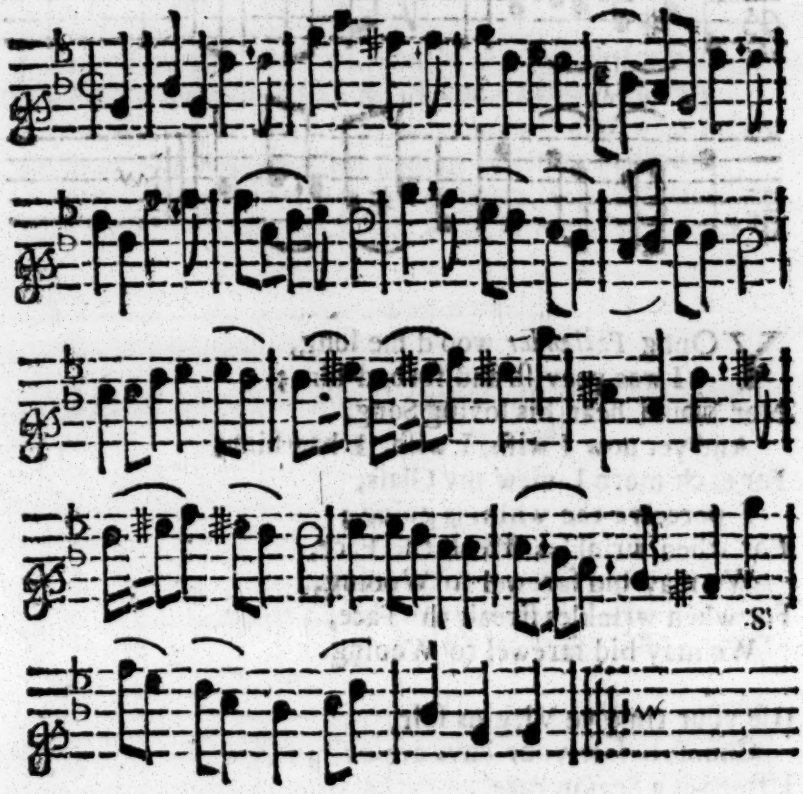




YOung *Philander* woo'd me long,
I was peeviſh and forbad him;
Nor would hear his loving Song,
And yet now I wiſh, I wiſh, I had him;
For each morn I view my Glaſs,
I perceive the whim is going;
For when wrinkles ſtreak the Face,
We may bid farewel to Wooing,
For when wrinkles ſtreak the Face,
We may bid farewel to Wooing.

Uſe your time ye Virgins fair,
Chooſe before your days are evil;
Fifteen is a Seaſon rare,
Five and forty is the Devil;
Juſt when ripe conſent to doo't,
Hugg no more the lonely Pillow;
Women like ſome other Fruit,
Looſe their relliſh when too mellow.
:S: Women like ſome other Fruit,
Looſe their relliſh when too mellow.

A Young Man's WILL.



A *Young man* ſick and like to dye,
His laſt *Will* being written and found,
I give my *Soul* to *God* on high,
And my *Body* to the Ground:
Unto ſome *Church-men* do I give
Baſe minds to greedy *Lucre* bent,
Pride and *Ambition* whilſt they live:
By this my *Will* and Teſtament.

Item-poor folks *brown bread* I give,
And eke *bare bones* with hungry cheeks;
Toil and *Travel* whilſt they live,
And to feed on *Roots* and *Leeks*.

Item

Item to Rich men I beſtow,
High *Looks*, low *Deeds* and hearts of flint,
And that themſelves they ſeldom know;
By this &c,

Proud ſtately *Courtiers* do I Will,
Two faces in one head to wear:
For Great men *bribes* I think moſt fit,
Pride and *oppreſſion* through the year.
Tenants I give them leave to loſe,
And *Landlords* for to raiſe their *Rent*;
Rogues to fawn Collogue and gloſe,
By this &c.

Item to *Soldiers* for their *Fees*,
I give them *Wounds* their bodies full:
And for to beg on bended knees,
With Cap in hand to every *Gull*:
Item I will poor *Schollars* have,
For all their pains and Travel ſpent;
Raggs, *Faggs* and *Taunts* of every Knave,
By this &c.

To *Shoemakers* I grant this Boon,
Which *Mercury* gave them once before;
Altho' they earn two pence by Noon,
To ſpend 'ere night two Groats and more:
And *Blackſmiths* when the work is done
I give to them incontinent;
To drink two Barrels with a Bun,
By this &c.

To *Weavers* ſwift this do I leave,
Againſt that may beſeem them well:
That they their good Wives do deceive,
Bring home a yard and ſteal an ell.
And *Taylors* too muſt be ſet down,
A *Gift* to give them I am bent;
To cut four ſleeves to every Gown,
By this &c.

To Tavern haunters grant I more,
Red eyes, Red noſe and ſtinking breath:
And doublets foul with drops before,
And foul ſhame until their *Death*;
And *Gameſters* that will never leave,
Before their *Subſtance* be all ſpent:
The wooden *Dagger* I bequeath,
By this &c.

To common *Fidlers* I will that they,
Shall go in poor and thread bare coats:
And at moſt places where they play,
To carry away more *Tunes* than *Groats*.
To wandring *Players* I do give,
Before their *Subſtance* be all ſpent:
Proud ſilk'n *Beggers* for to live,
By this &c.

To *Wenching* ſmell-ſmocks give I theſe,
Dead looks, gaunt purrs and craſy back:
And now and then the foul *Diſeaſe*,
Such as *Gill* gave to *Jack*.
To *Parretors* I give them clear,
For all their *Toil* and *Travel* ſpent:
The Devil away ſuch *Knaves* to bear,
By this &c.

I will that *Cutpurſes* haunt all *Fairs*,
And thruſt among the thickeſt throng;
That neither *Purſe* nor *Pocket* ſpare,
But what they get to bare along:
But if they *Falter* in their trade,
And ſo betray their bad intent;
I give them *Tyburn* for their ſhare,
By this &c.

To Serving men I give this Gift,
That when their ſtrength is once decay'd:
The maſter of ſuch men do ſhift,
As horſemen do a toothleſs *Jade*.

Item.

Item I give them leave to *Pine*,
For all their ſervice ſo ill ſpent;
And with *Duke Humphry* for to Dine,
By this *&c.*

Item to *Millers* I Grant withal,
That they Spare nor Poke nor Sack;
But with *Griſt*, ſo e'er befal,
They Grind a Strike and ſteal a *Peck*.
I will that *Butchers* Huff their Meat
And ſell a lump of *Ramiſh* ſcent;
For Wether *Mutton* good and ſweet,
By this *&c.*
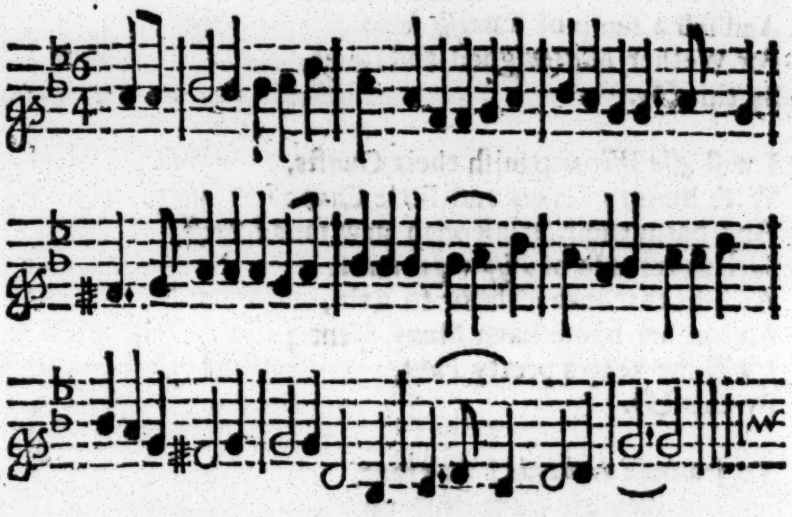
I will *Ale Wives* puniſh their Gueſts,
With hungry Cakes and little Cans:
And barm their drink with new found *Yeeſt*,
Such as is made of *Piſpot* grounds:
And ſhe that meaneth for to gain,
And in her houſe have Mony ſpent;
I will ſhe keep a pretty *Punk*,
By this *&c.*

To jealouſe *Husbands* I do grant,
Lack of Pleaſure want of Sleep
That Lanthorn horns they never want,
Tho' ne'er ſo cloſe their Wives they keep:
And for their Wives I will that they,
The cloſer up that they are pent:
The cloſer ſtill they ſeek to play,
By this *&c.*

For ſwearing *ſwaggerers* nought is left,
To give them for a parting blow:
But leaving off of damned Oaths,
And that of them I will beſtow.
Item I give them for their pain,
That when all hope and livelyhood's ſpent:
A wallet or a hempen Chain,
By this my Will and Teſtament.

Time and longeſt Livers do I make,
The ſuperviſere of my Will:
My Gold and Silver let them take,
That will dig for't in *Malvein* hill.

A New Song, Sung at the Play-houſe.
By Mr. Dogget.



IN the Devil's Country there lately did dwell,
A crew of ſuch Whores as was ne'er bread in Hell,
The Devil himſelf he knows it full well,
Which nobody can deny, deny;
Which nobody can deny.

There were Six of the gang, and all of a blood,
Which open'd as ſoon as got into the bud
There are five to be hang'd when the other proves good,
Which nobody can deny &c.
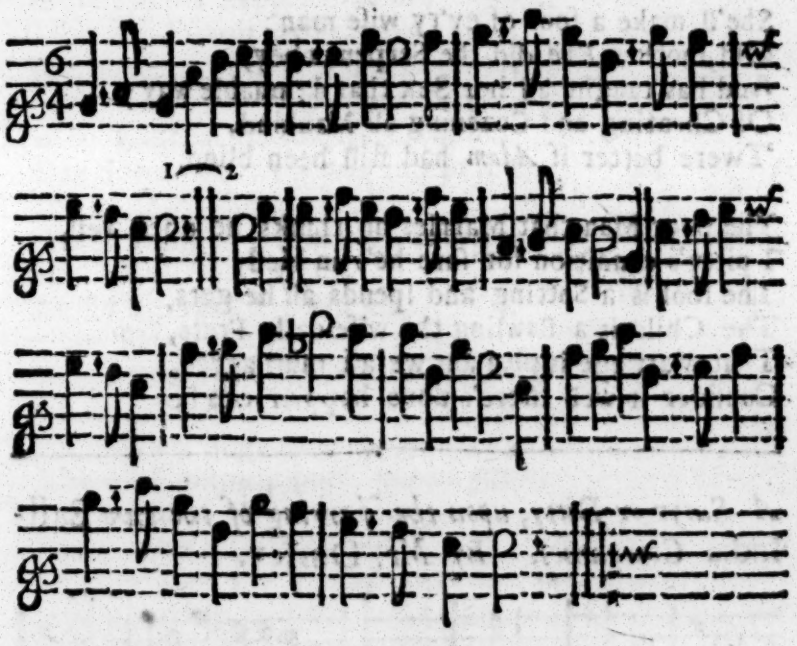
But it ſeems they have hither o Sav'd all their lives,
Since they cou'd not live honeſt there's four made Wives,
The other two they are not Marry'd but Sw——s,
Which nobody can deny &c.

The

The Eldeſt the Matron of 'tother five Imps,
Though as chaſt as *Diana* or any o'th Nymphs
Yet rather than Daughter ſhall want it ſhe pimps,
Which nobody can deny &c.

Damn'd proud and ambitious both old and the young,
And not fit for honeſt men to come among
A damn'd Itch in their Tail, and ſting in their Tongue,
Sing tantarra rara Whores all, Whores all,
Sing tantarra rara Whores all.

A SONG.



MArriage it ſeems is for Better for Worſe,
Some count it a Bleſſing and others a Curſe:
The Cuckolds are Bleſt if the Proverb prove true,
And then there's no doubt but in heav'n there's enough;
Of honeſt rich Rogues who ne'er had got there,
If their wives had not ſent 'em thro' trembling and fear.

Some

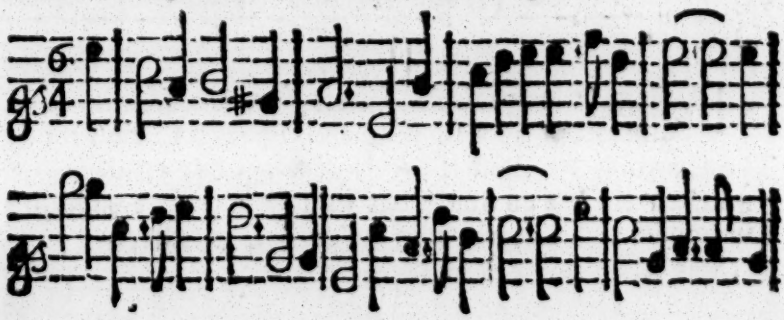
Some Women are honeſt tho' rare in a wife,
Yet with ſcoulding and brawling they'll ſhorten your life;
You ne're can enjoy your bottle and friend,
But your wife like an Imp is at your elbow's end,
Crying fie, fie, you ſot, come, come, come, come,
So theſe are unhappy abroad and at home.
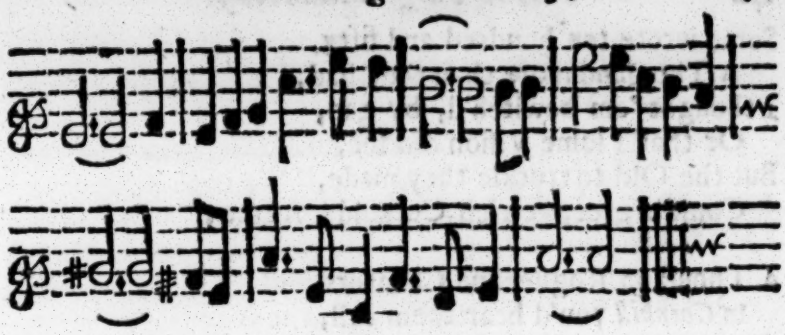
We find the Batchelor liveth beſt,
Tho' Drunk or Sober he takes his reſt,
He never is troubled with ſcolding and ſtrife,
'Tis the beſt can be ſaid of a very good wife,
But merrily day and night does ſpend,
Enjoying his Miſtreſs, Bottle and Friend.

A Woman out-wits us do what we can,
She'll make a fool of ev'ry wiſe man;
Old mother *Eve* did the Serpent obey,
And has taught all her Sex that damnable way;
Of Cheating and Cozening all Mankind,
'Twere better if *Adam* had ſtill been blind.

The poor Man that Marries he thinks he does well,
I pitty's condition for ſure he's in Hell,
The fool is a Sotting and ſpends all he gets,
The Child is a Bawling the wife daily Frets,
That Marriage is pleaſant we all muſt agree,
Conſider it well there's none happier can be.

A Satyr or Ditty, upon the Jarring of the two Eaſt-India *Companies. By Mr.* Durfey.





ONe Morn as lately Muſing,
I went to the City to Poll,
Where Members then were a chuſing,
I chanc'd to take up a Scroll,
A ſtinging Jeſt by my Soul,
It afterwards happen'd to be,
For the firſt Words as I unrol'd,
Were Agree, you rich Cucholds, Agree.

Tho' th' Authors Brains did Ramble,
The Sence was Po'ynant and ſtrong,
I ſoon found by the preamble,
'Twas made of a Trading Throng;
That to *Eaſt-India* belong,
As by the Matter you'll ſee,
For the Burthen ſtill of my Song,
Was Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Their Golden Bags Increaſing,
The old Company purſe proud grew,
Till at laſt two Millions raiſing,
Some others, ſet up a new;
And they were for Trafficking too,
And Cheating by Land and by Sea,
And ſwore they'd t'other undo,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Reſolv'd to be thought Thrifty.
They got Subſcriptions like mad,

Some

Some wrote ten hundred and fifty,
A Thouſand more than they had,
I thought 'em bewitch'd, by gad,
Or that I ſome Viſion did ſee,
But the Old to truckle they made,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree;

A Thouſand Rogues and Cheaters,
In *Cornhill* you'd hear them call,
The Tories, and the Tubmeeters,
That roofted near *Leaden-Hall*,
Oh how *Cheapſide* too did bawl,
At thoſe in the Poltery,
For ſhame leave acting your Droll,
And Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

To the Senate then with Vigour,
The Old ſoon after adreſs'd,
Tho' half were chows'd by the Tiger,
That wond'rous politick Beaſt,
The Whilſt the unfortunate reſt,
In courſe outvoted muſt be,
Was ever known ſuch a Jeſt,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' balk'd by this Digreſſion,
Yet moving another Spring,
They made amens the next Seſſion,
And clearly carry'd the thing,
To Court, their Caſe then they bring,
And reverence made on the Knee,
But the anſwer got from the K———
Was agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' kept awhile at Diſtance,
Yet leaſt they ſhould totally drop,
They got a Legal Exiſtence,
And then were ſtraight cock a hoop,
But when the new ones did ſtoop,
The t'other as huffing would be,

For

For now agen they got up,
Come Agree, Stubborn Cuckolds, Agree.
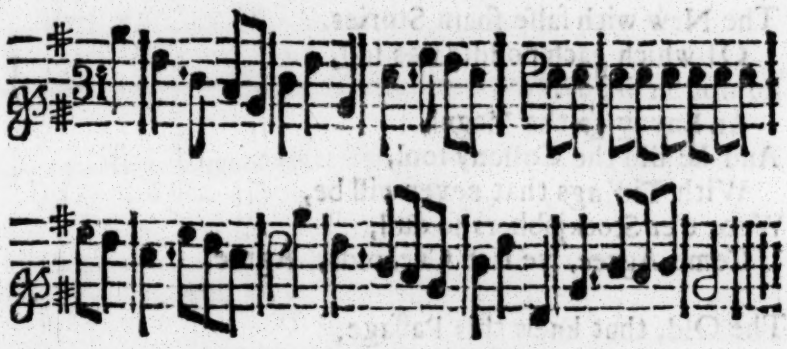
The New with falſe ſham Stories,
Of which each noddle was full,
Equipt Sir *W. N.*
An Envoy to the Mogul,
And he did the Collony fool,
With Tidings that never will be,
Were e'er Stockjobbers ſo dull,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

The Old, that knew this Paſſage,
And what Commiſſion he bore,
A Jolly Lad, with a Meſſage,
To Contradict it ſent o'er,
Another Pocket he wore,
Five hundred Pounds was his Fee,
It ſhould have been as much more,
Come, Agree to that Miſers, Agree.

Ye Jarring Powers that rule us,
What fooliſh doings are here,
Whilſt theſe two Factions fool us,
No honeſt Man can appear,
No Mayor be choſe for a Year,
But that ſome trick in't will be,
Nor Knight can ſtand for the Shire,
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

What hopes to have free Senates,
Whilſt you are playing this Game,
And bribe the Boors and Tenants,
Through Spite each other to tame,
The Church too Faith has a Maim,
Whilſt Whigs, and high Tories, there be,
Reform, Reform, then for Shame,
And Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

A SONG.



THe *Cavaleer* was gone, and the Roundhead he was come,
Was the greateſt Bleſſing under the Sun; (come,
Before the Devil in Hell ſally'd out and ript the Placket of
Ay, and take her Money too, (Letter,
Chor. *Cot bleſs her Maſter Roundhead, and ſend her well*
(*to do.*
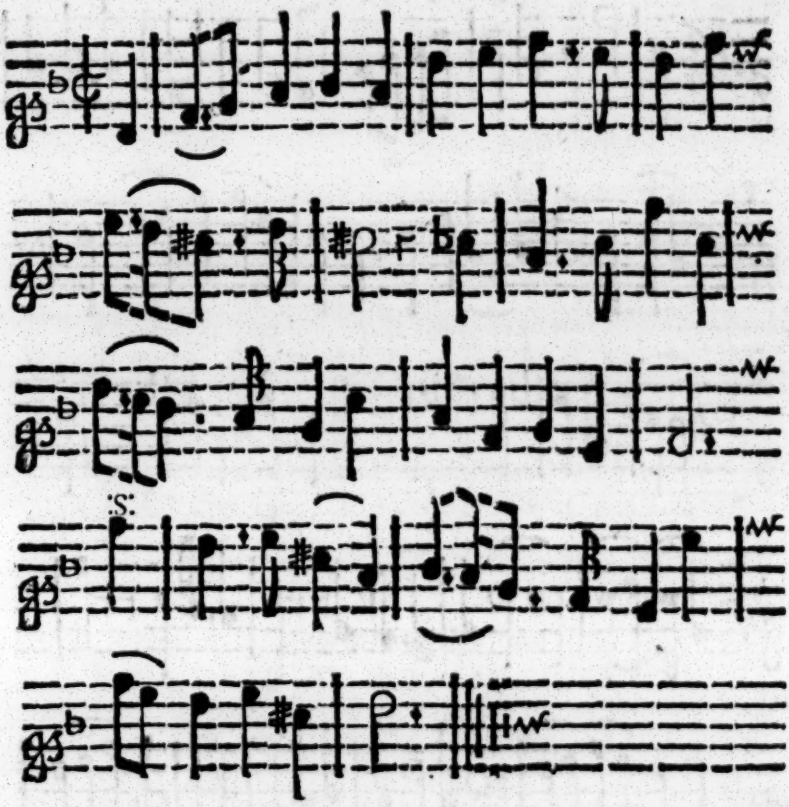
Now her can go to *Shrewsperry* her Flanning for to ſell,
Her can carry a creat ſharge of Money about her,
Thirty or Forty Groats lapt in a Welch Carter,
Ay, and think her ſelf rich too.
Chor. *Cot bleſs*, &c.

Now her can coe to Shurch, or her can ſtay at home,
Her can ſay her Lord's Prayer, or her can let it alone:
Her can make a Prayer of her own Head, lye with her
Ay, and ſay a long Crace too. (Holy Siſter,
Chor. *Cot bleſs*, &c.

But yet for all the great Cood that you for her have done,
Would you wou'd make Peace with our King, and let her
(come home,
Put off the Millitary Charge, Impoſt and Exciſe,
Ay, and free quarter too.
Chor. *Then Cot ſhall bleſs your Maſter Roundhead, and*
(*ſend her well to do.*

A
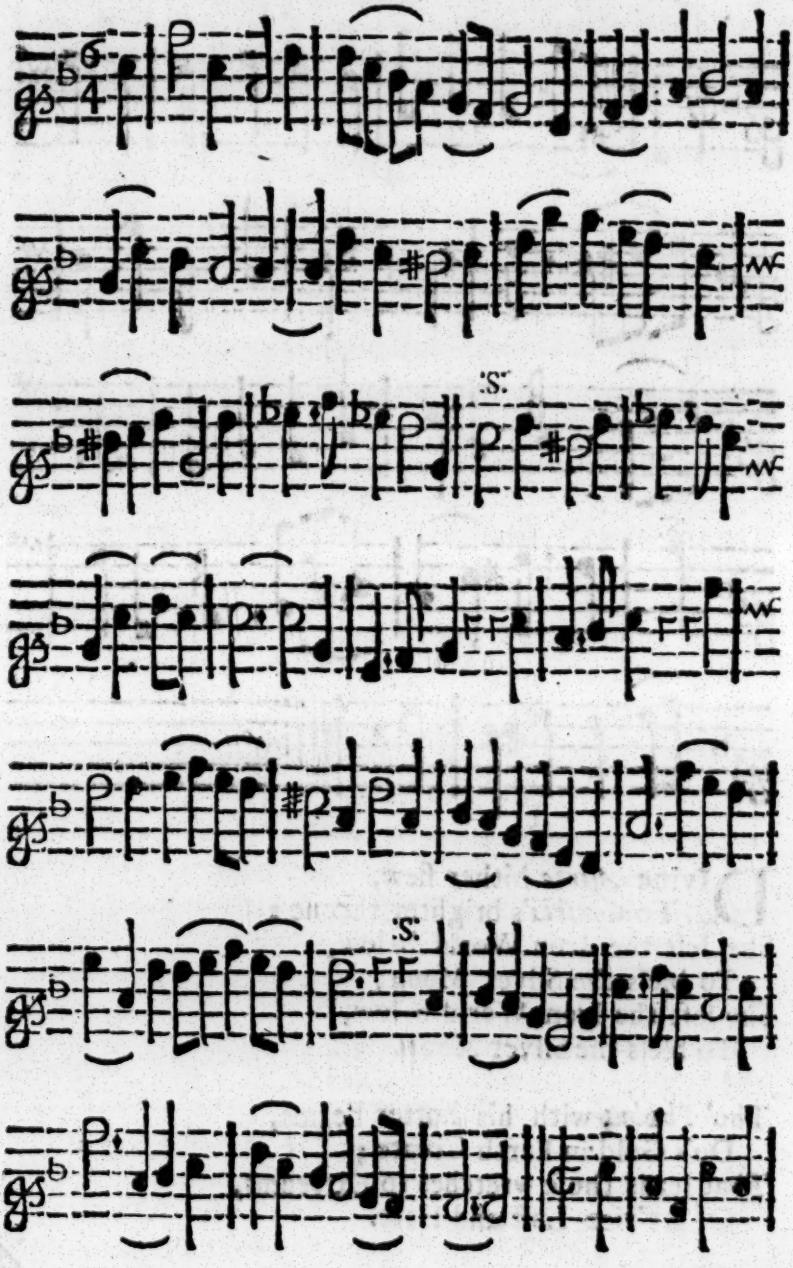
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Croſs, *Set by Mr.* Jeremiah Clarke.
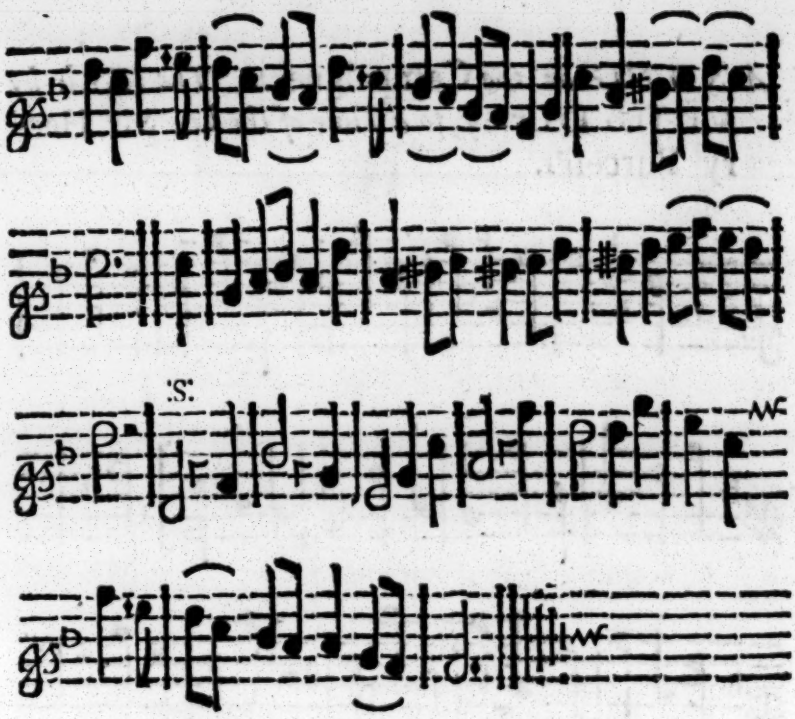


DIvine *Aſtrea* hither flew,
To *Cynthia*'s brighter throne;
She left the Iron World below,
To bleſs the Silver Moon:
She left the Iron World below,
To bleſs the Silver Moon.

Tho' *Phœbus* with his hotter beams,
Do's Gold in Earth Create;
That leads thoſe wretches to Extreams,
Of Av'rice Luſt and Hate.

A SONG in the (Surpriz'd Lovers.) *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mr.* Bowman.
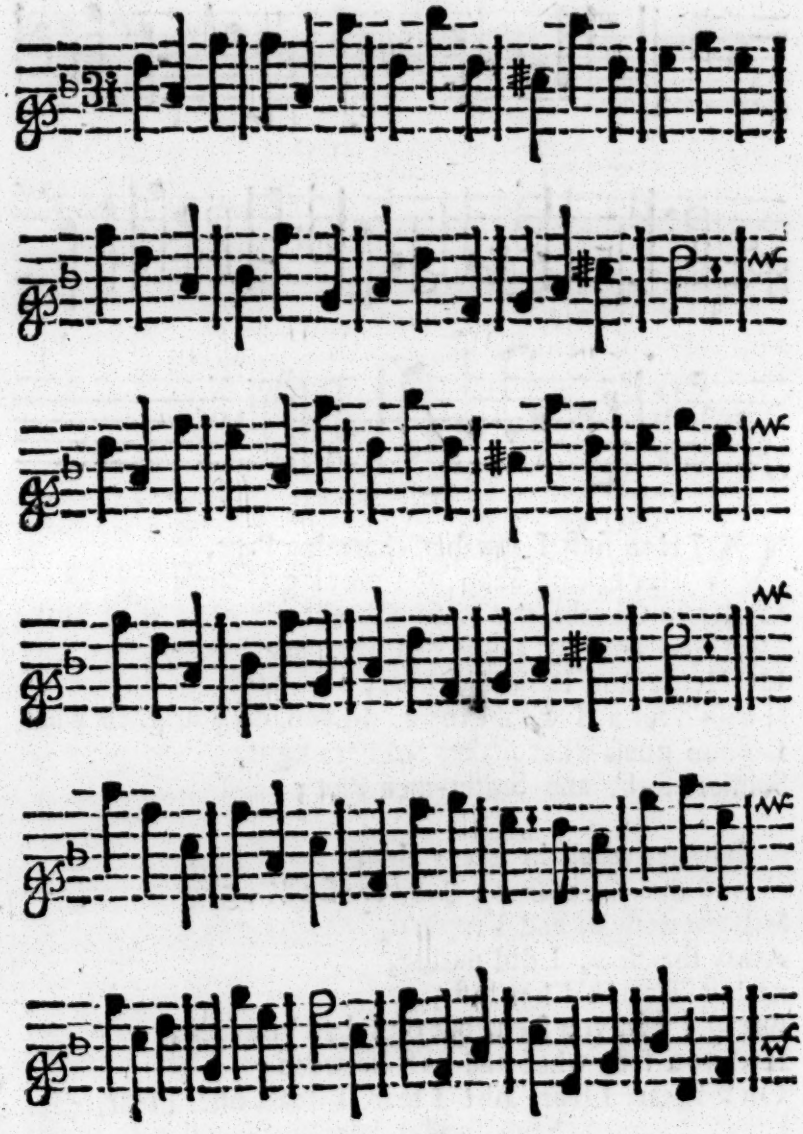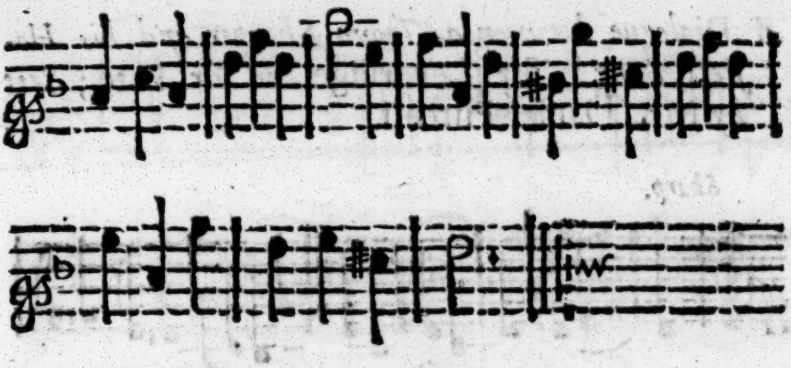




WHen firſt I ſaw her charming Face,
Her taking Shap and moving Grace;
My Roſie Cheeks, my Roſie Cheeks did glow with heat;
My Heart and my Pulſe did beat, beat, beat,
My Heart and Pulſe did beat;
I wiſh'd for a, I wiſh'd for a, do you, do you gueſs what,
Do you gueſs what makes Soldiers fight,
Soldiers fight and States-men Plot;

Subdues us all in every thing,
And makes, makes a Subject of a King,
Still ſhe deny'd, and I reply'd,
Away ſhe flew, I did purſue,
At laſt I catch'd her faſt;
But oh! had you ſeen, but oh! had you ſeen,
Had you ſeen what had paſt between;
Oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear,
I fear, I fear, I have ſpoil'd her Waſt.

A SONG *on the* Campaigners. *The Words by* Mr. Tho. D'Urfey, *to a Tune of the late* Mr. Henry Purcell's.
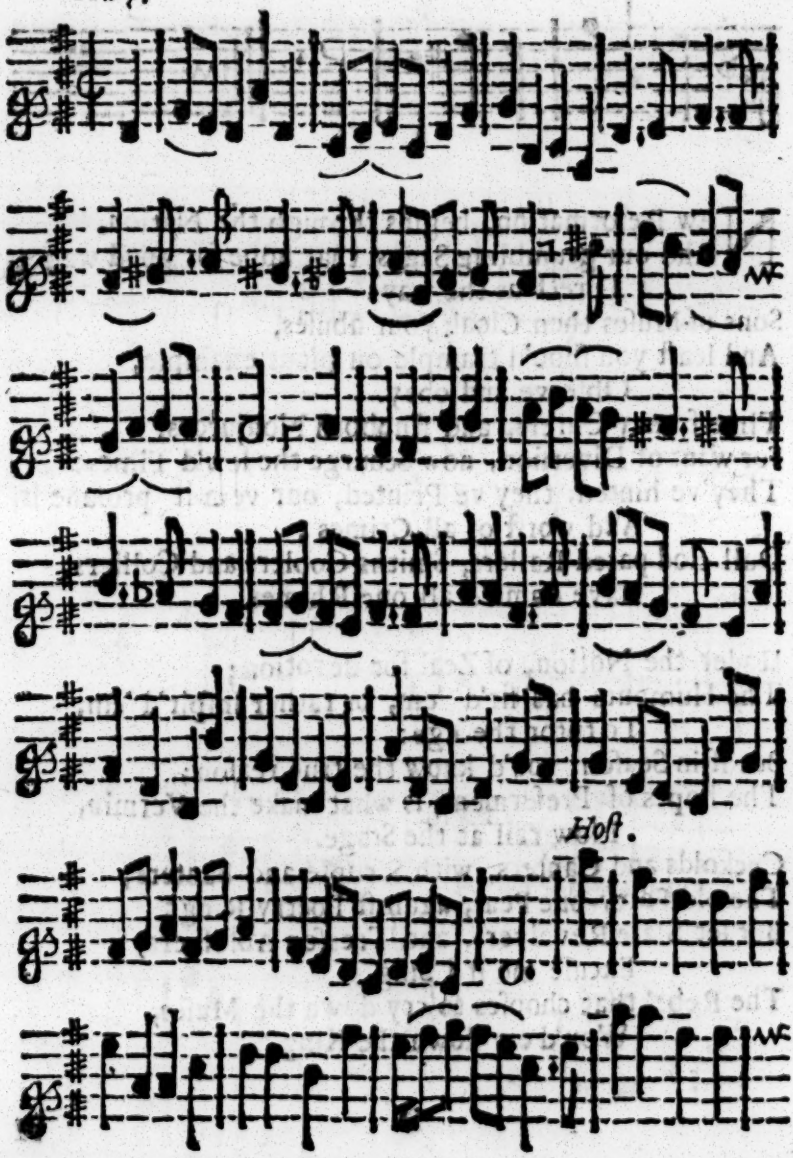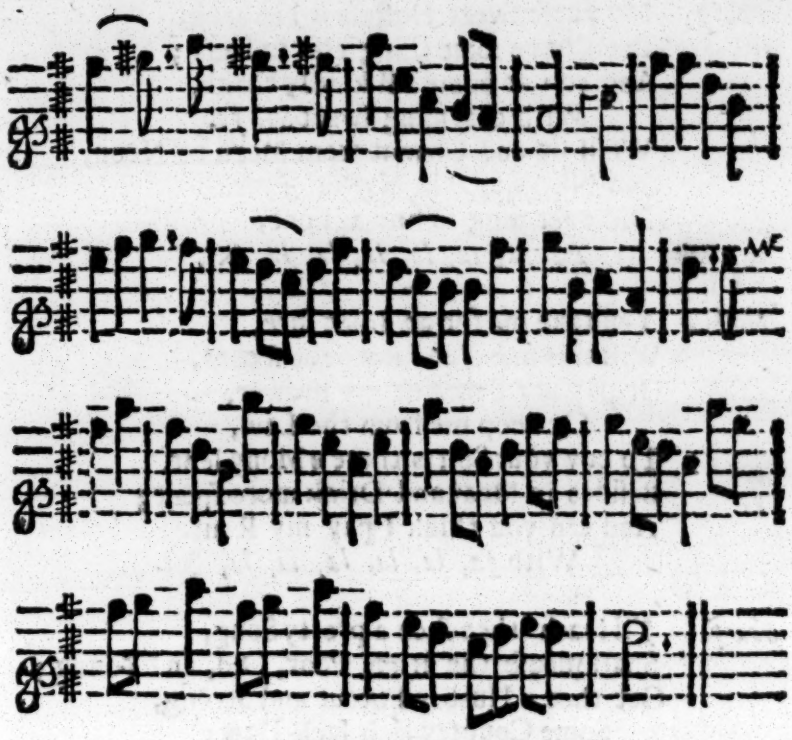




NEw Reformation, begins through the Nation,
And our grumbling Sages, that hope for good wages,
Direct us the way:
Sons of Muſes then Cloak your abuſes,
And leaſt you ſhou'd trample on pious example,
Obſerve and obey.
Time frenzy Curers, and ſtubborn Nonjurors,
For want of Diverſion, now Scourge the lew'd Times:
They've hinted, they've Printed, our vein it profane is,
And worſt of all Crimes;
Dull clod pated Railers, Smiths Coblers and Colliers,
Have damn'd all our Rhimes.

Under the Notion, of Zeal for devotion;
The Humours has fir'd 'em, or rather inſpir'd 'em,
To tutor the Age:
But if in Seaſon, you'd know the true reaſon;
The hopes of Preferment, is what make the Vermin,
Now rail at the Stage.
Cuckolds and Canters, with Scruple and Banters;
The old Forty-one Peal, againſt Poetry Ring:
But let State Revolvers, and Treaſon Abſolvers,
Excuſe me if I Sing,
The Rebel that chooſes to cry down the Muſes,
Wou'd cry down the King.

A Dialogue between a Town Sharper and his Hoſteſs, Sung by Mr. Leveridge *and Mr.* Pate; *Sett by* Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sharp.





Sharp. WHilſt wretched Fools ſneak up and down,
Play hide and ſeek about the Town;
Depreſt by Depts, and Fortunes frown,
By Duns too kept in awe:
When ever my occaſions call,
And 'mongſt my Creditors I fall;
I've one fine Song that Pays 'em all;
Fa, la, &c.

Hoſt. Good morrow Sir, I'm glad to ſee,
Your Humour is ſo brisk and free;
I hope the better 'tis for me,
If you your Purſe will draw;
Y'have been two years at Bed and Board,
And I, Lord help me took your Word;
But now muſt have what here is Scor'd,
For all your Fa, la, la, la.
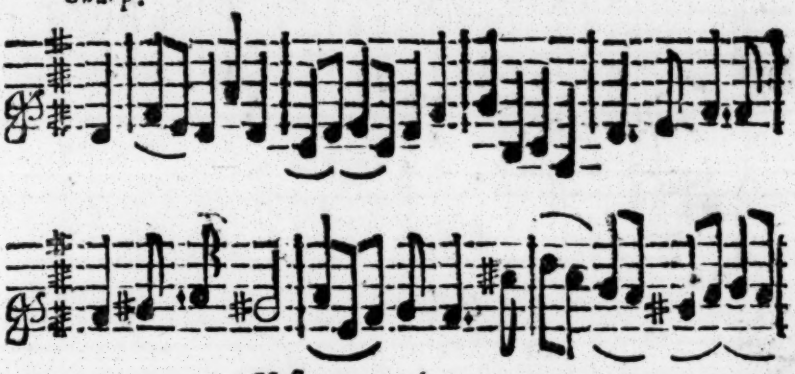
Sharp. My purſe ſweet Hoſteſs is but lank,
But I have ſome thing elſe in bank;
And you at home I'll kindly thank,
With charming ſweet *Sol fa.*
We'll ſit and Chaunt from Morn to Noon,
No Nightingal in *May* or *June*,
Did ever Sing ſo fine a Tune,
As *fa, la, la, la, la, la,* &c.

Hoſt. You take me for an Idiot ſure,
Will this fine Tune my debt ſecure,
Or pay my Baker or my Brewer,
Or keep me from the Law,
To buy your Shirts there's Mony lent,
Beſides in Meat and Drink more ſpent;
And can you think I pay my Rent,
With *fa, la, la, la, la, la,* &c.
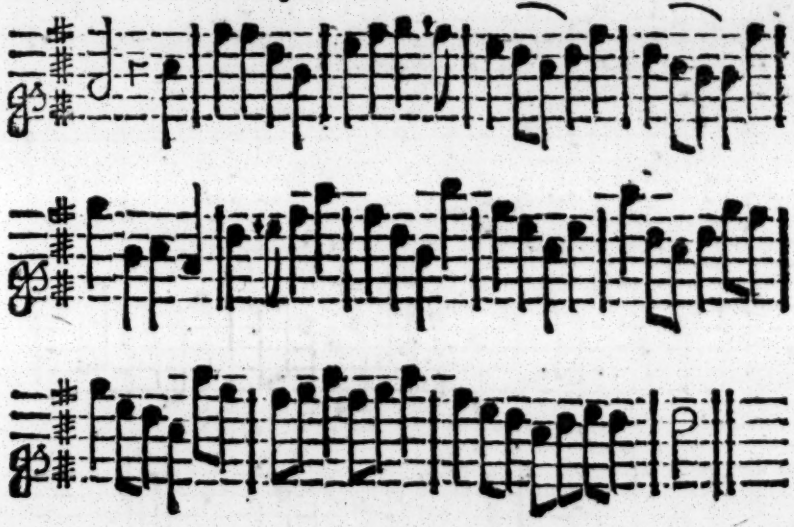
Sharp. I'll teach thee ſuch a pretty Song,
Shall pleaſe the Rich, Poor, Old, and Young;
Get thee a Husband Stout and Strong,
Some Country rich Jack-Daw;
Nay more I'll bring to quit my Scores,
A crew of Toping Sons of Whores;
Shall Drink all Night and Charm the Hours,
With *fa, la, la, la, la, la,* &c.

Hoſt. Ye cunning Rogue this wheedling talk,
You fancy will rub out my chalk;
But I your ſly deſign will balk,
When you to Jayl I draw;
Your boaſted Song's a fooliſh thing,
For do but you the Mony bring,
You'll find I can already ſing,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp.
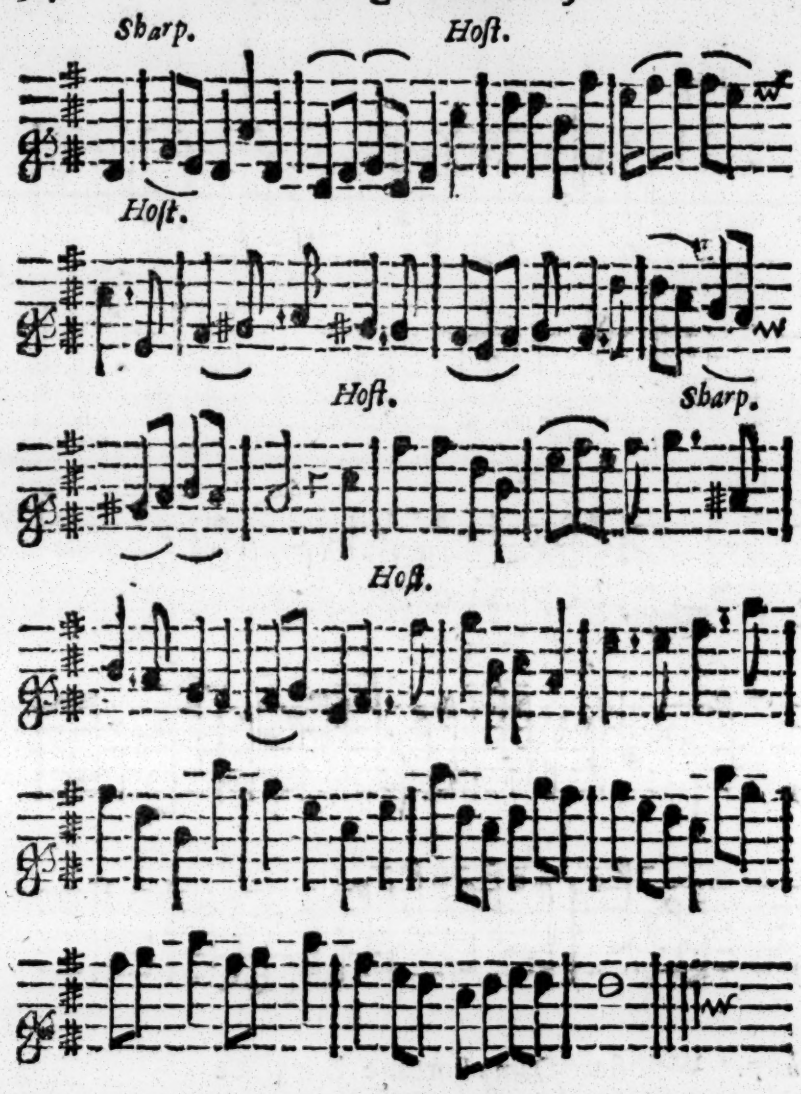


Hoſt.



Sharp. Well ſince Dame Fortune is my Foe
And that I muſt to Priſon go;
Let's have a Neat frisk or ſo,
And then rub on the Law.
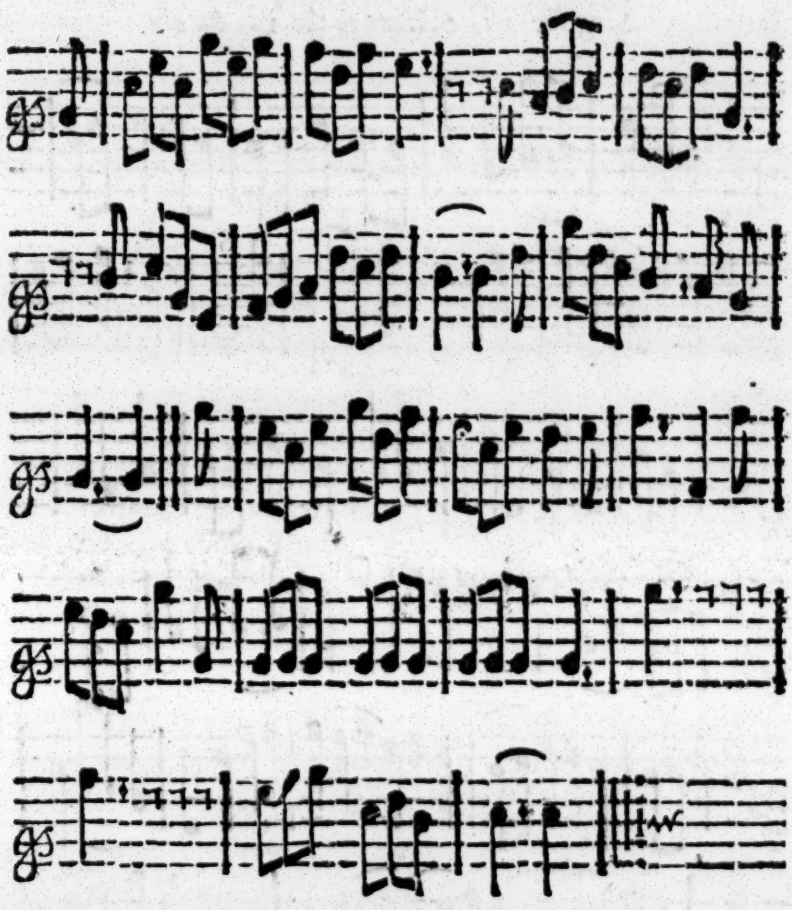
Hoſt. Well ſince you're on the merry Pin,
And make ſo ſlight the Counter-Gin;
I'll do't and let the Tune begin,
With Fa la &c.

They Dance.



Sharp. Has not my Dance ill Humour Charm'd?
Hoſt. I muſt confeſs my Blood is warm'd.
Sharp. And Heart I hope by Love alarm'd,
To laugh ha, ha, ha, ha.
Hoſt. You think you've catch'd me now I ſmile,
Sharp. No that I'll do at Night dear child.
Hoſt. Well I'll the Bayliffs ſtop a while,
To try your Fa, la, &c.
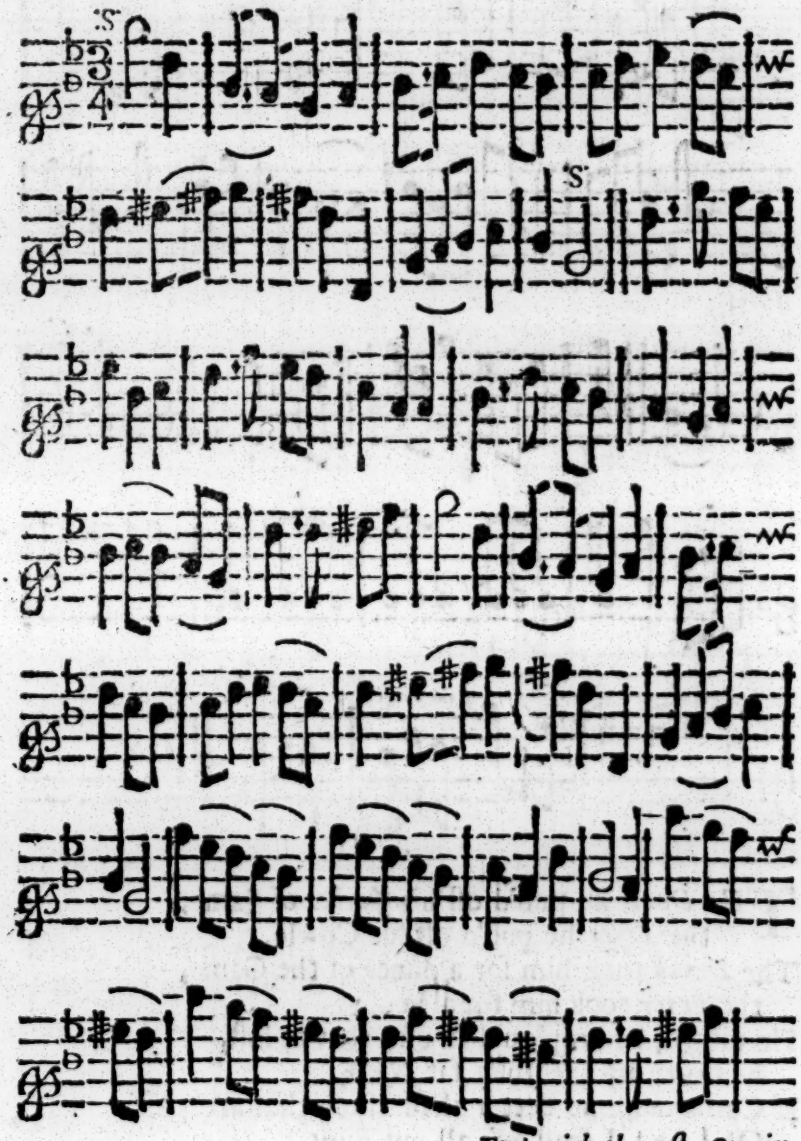
A SONG Set by Mr. *Ackeroyde.*



THe *Devil* he pull'd off his *Facket* of flame,
the *Fryer* he pull'd off his Cowle,
The *Devill* took him for a dunce of the Game,
the *Fryer* took him for a Fool;
He piqu'd, and repiqu'd ſo oft, that at laſt,
he ſwore by the Jolly fat *Nuns*,
If Cards came no better than thoſe that are paſt,
Oh! oh! I ſhall loſe all my *Buns*.

A SONG. Set by Mr. William Croft.

Sing the 1ſt. 6. lines to the 1ſt. Strain.



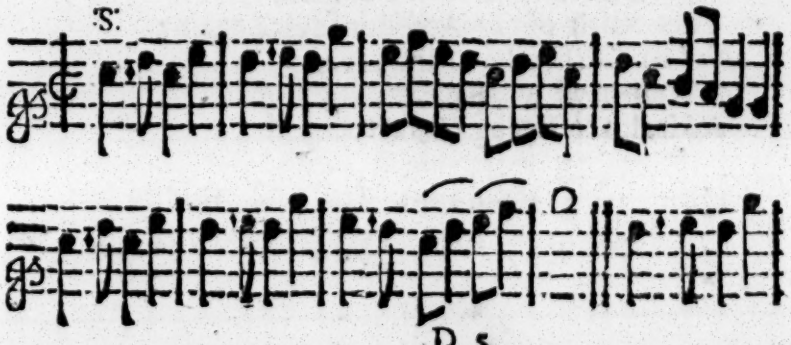
End with the 1ſt. Strain.

Ah

AH! How ſweet are the cooling Breeze,
And the Blooming Trees,
When into his Bower Love guides *Muſidora*;
When we meet there,
The Nightingale ſing pretty Tales,
Miſtaking my Dear,
For their Goddeſs *Aurora*:
Geſſamins and Roſes,
A Thouſand pretty Poſes;
The Summers Queen diſcloſes,
And ſtrews as ſhe walks,
Oh! *Venus*, oh! how ſweet are the cooling Breeze,
And the Blooming Trees,
When into his Bower Love guids *Muſidora*,
Paſſion, Devotion,
She gains with each Motion;
Lutes too, and *Flutes* too, are heard when ſhe Talks,
Oh *Venus*, oh! how ſweet are the cooling Breeze,
And the Blooming Trees,
When into his Bower Love guides *Muſidora*.

Young Guſtavus, *or the King of* Sweeden's *Health*; *Dedicated to all the* Sweediſh *Merchants in* London. *The Words by* Tho. D'Urfey, *to a March of Mr.* Jeremiah Clark's.
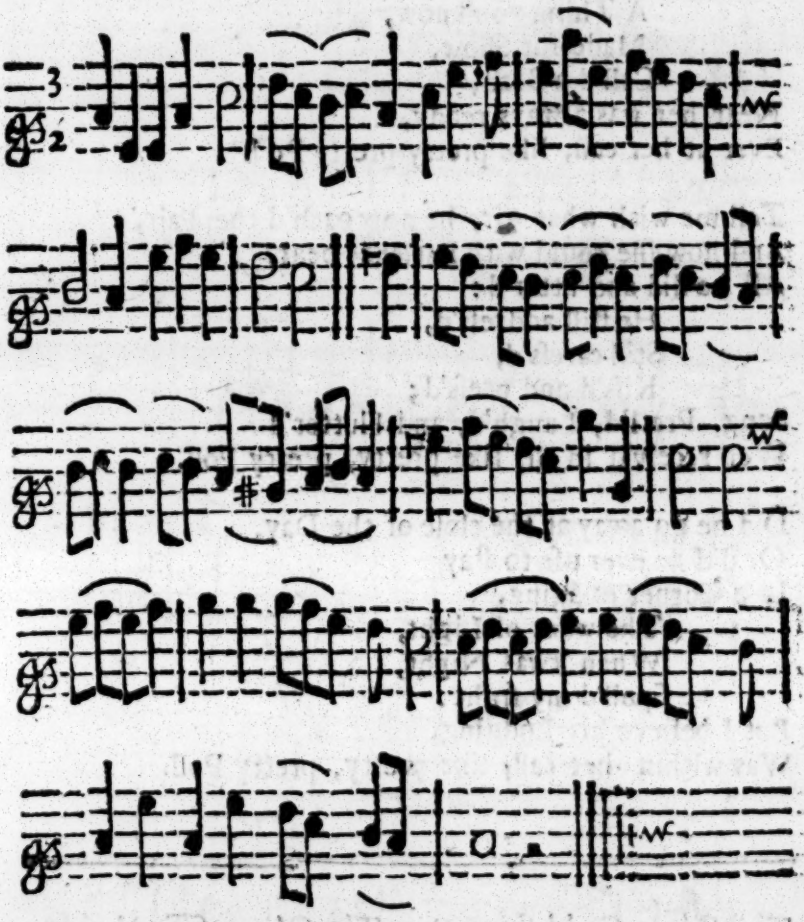
Sing the firſt 8 *Lines to the firſt Strain, and the reſt to the laſt.*





DRink, my Boys, Drink and rejoyce,
There never was this hundred Years,
For *Europe* better Cauſe;
The *Czar* is maul'd,
His Foxes hol'd,
In Shoals the Bears do fly;
Tho' 'tis clear,
His ſneaking here,
Was ſilly to be taught of us the Policy of War,
Yet who'd have thought the Frantick Sot,
Durſt fall on our Ally;
But he's gone,
He's quite undone,
His Money and Artillery the *Sweed* has won;
French Meaſures now will fail,
And *Spaniſh* wont prevail;
This Action has turn'd the Scale;
Follow then thou Flow'r of Men,
The Spirit of thy Anceſtor revive again;
And whilſt they howl and rave,
A Bumper we will have,
A Health to Young *Guſtave*.

A New Song Translated from the French.



PRetty Parret, say when I was away,
And in dull Absence pass'd the day
What at home was doing?
With Chat and Play,
We are Gay,
Night and Day,
Good Chear and Mirth renewing;
Singing, Langhing all, Singing Laughing all, like pretty,
(pretty Poll.
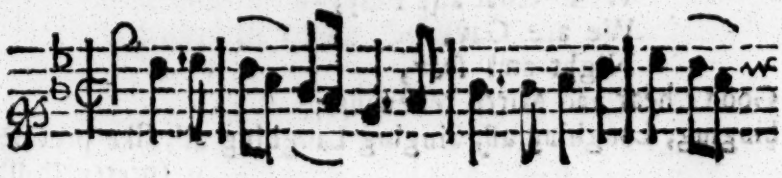
Was
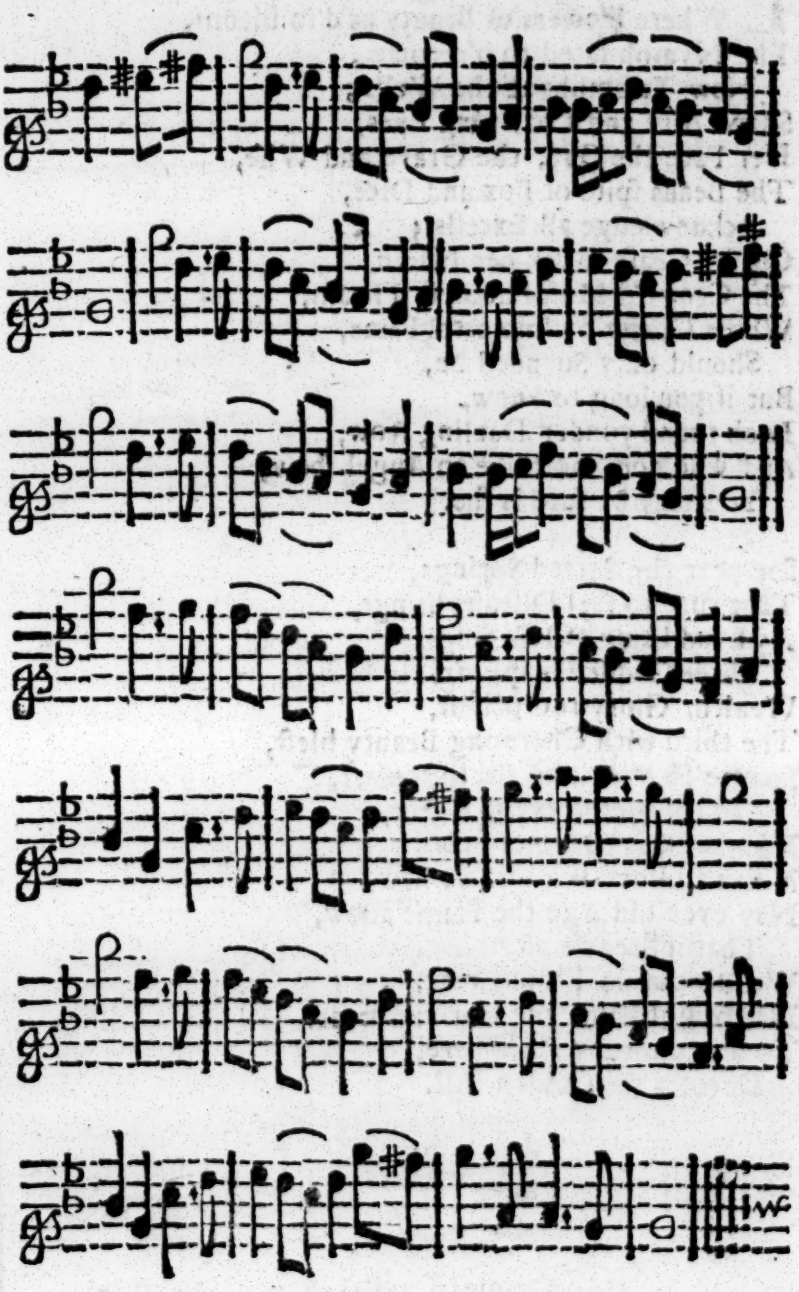
Was no Fop ſo rude, boldly to Intrude,
And like a ſawcy Lover wou'd
Court, and Teaze my Lady:
A Thing you know,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty Poll.

Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how ſhe could with Patience bear,
All he did and utter'd:
He ſtill addreſs'd,
Still careſs'd,
Kiſs'd and preſs'd;
Sung, Pratl'd, Laugh'd, and Flutter'd
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away at the cloſe of the Day,
Or did he ever uſe to ſtay
In a Corner dodging,
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my ſight:
But I believe his Lodging,
Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

The Three Goddeſſes: Or, *The Glory of* Tunbridge Wells. *The Words by Mr.* D'Urfey, *made to a Tune of Mr.* Barretts.
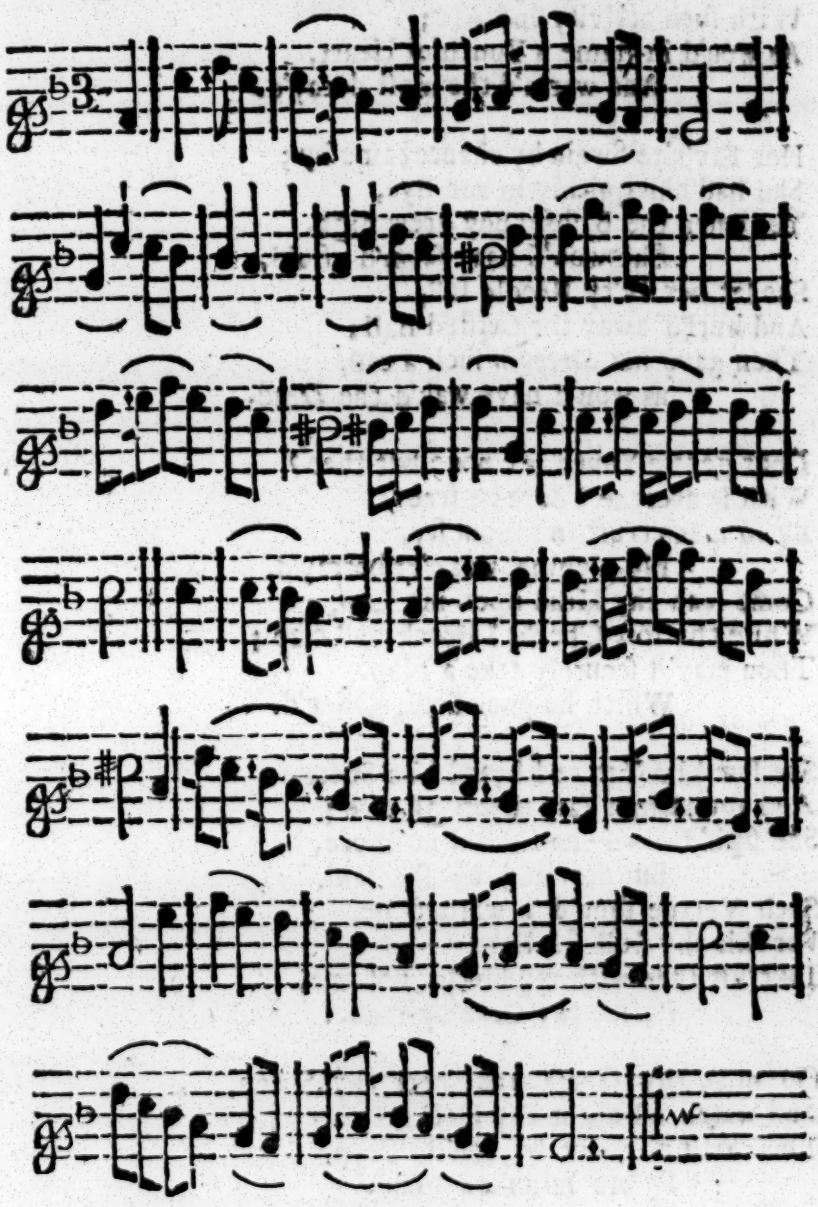




Leave

LEave, leave the drawing Room,
Where Flowers of Beauty us'd to Bloom,
The Nymph fated to o'recome,
Now Triumphs at the Wells;
Shape Air, and Charming Eyes,
Her Face the Gay, the Grave and Wise,
The Beaus spite of Box and Dice,
Acknowledge all Excells;
Cease, Cease to ask her Name,
The Crown'd Muses nobleſt Theam,
Whose Graces by Immortal Fame,
Should only Sounded be,
But if you long to know,
Look round yonder Dazling Row,
And who does most like an Angel show,
You may be sure is she.

See near the Sacred Springs,
That cure to feel Diseases brings,
As Loud Fame of Idia Sings,
Three Goddesses appear,
Wealth, Glory too possest,
The third with Charming Beauty blest,
So rare Heaven and Earth confest,
She conquered every where,
Like her this Charmer now,
Makes all Love-sick Gazers bow,
Nay even old Age the Flame allow,
That influences all,
Wealth can no Trophy rear,
Nor bright Fame the Garland wear;
To Beauty every *Paris* here,
Devotes the Golden Ball.

A Song by a Perſon of Honour. Set by Mr. J. Weldon.



AT Noon in a ſultry Summer's day,
The brighteſt Lady of the *May*,
Young *Cloris* Innocent and Gay,

Sat

Sat Knotting in a ſhade:
Each ſlender Finger play'd its part,
With ſuch activity and Art;
As wou'd in-flame a Youthful Heart,
And warm'd the moſt decay'd.
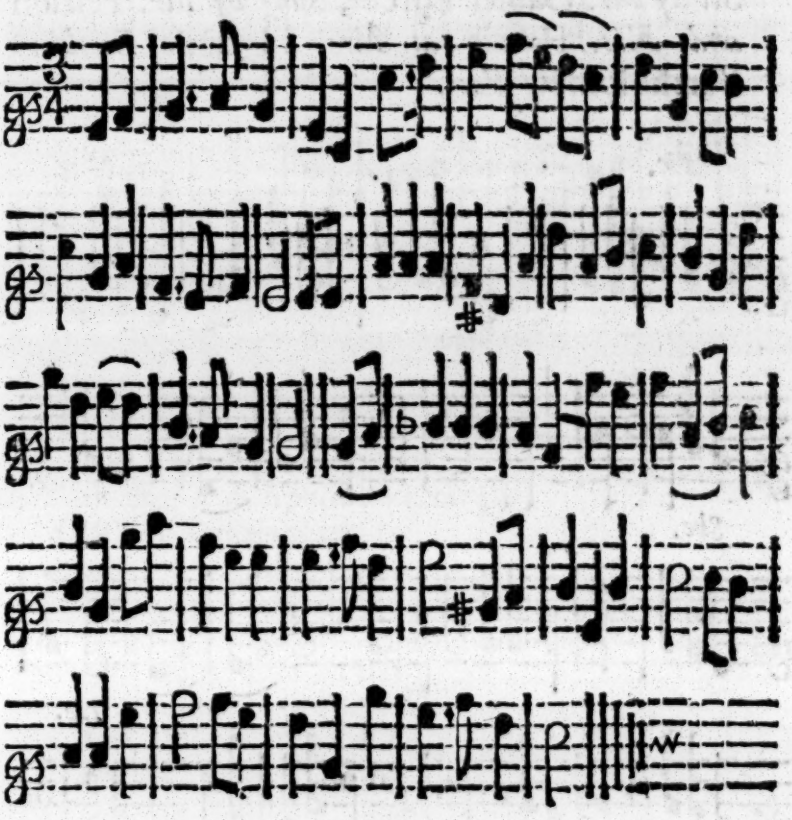
Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by;
She had him quickly in her Eye,
Yet when the Baſhful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have ſeem'd afraid,
She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball;
Then gave her *Strephon* ſuch a call,
as wou'd have wak'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much truſt and modeſty,
No Nymph was e'er betray'd,
Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy ſoft Cheeks I ſtroak and clap;
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a Nap,
Which he poor Fool, Obey'd.

She ſaw him Yan and heard him Snore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o're;
She ſigh'd———and cou'd no more,
But Starting up ſhe ſaid.
Such Vertue ſhou'd rewarded be,
For this thy dull fidelity;
I'll truſt thee with my Flocks, not me,
Purſue thy Grazing trade.
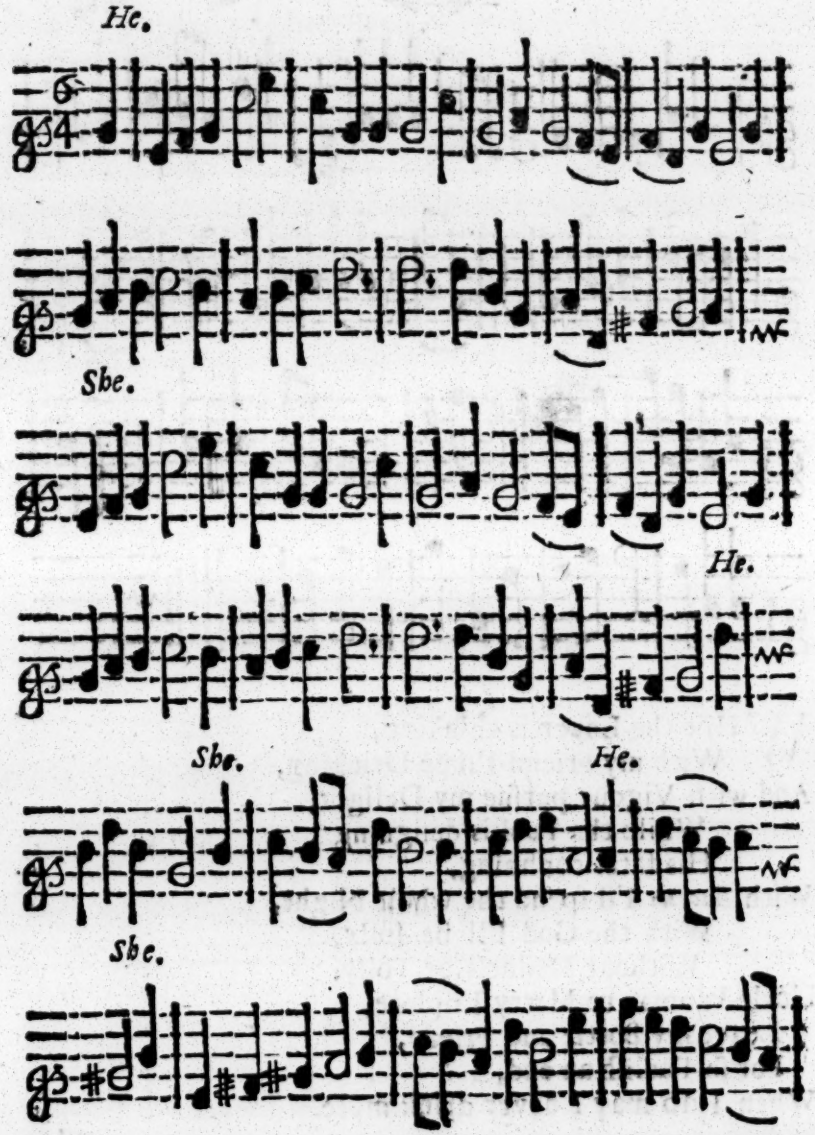
Go milk thy Goats and Sheer thy Sheep,
And watch all night thy Flocks, to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep,
By me miſtaken Maid.
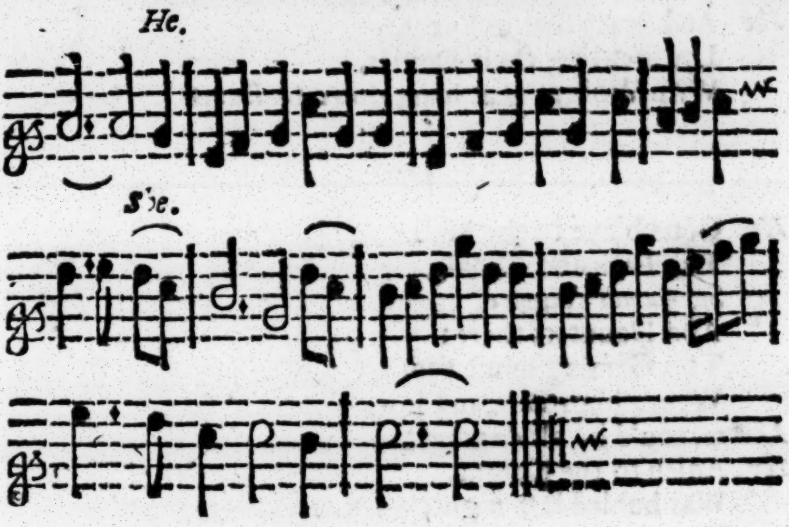
A Song. Set by Mr. Jeremy Clark.



While the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be Drinking,
And with Vigour purſue my Delight,
While the Fool is deſigning
His fatal confining,
With *Baccus* I'll ſpend the whole Night,
With the God I'll be Jolly,
Without Madneſs or Folly.
Fickle Woman to Marry Implore,
Leave my Bottle and Friend,
For ſo Fooliſh an end,
When I do may I never drink more.

The Country-Dialogue made by Mr. Tho: D'Urfey, *Set by Mr.* Daniel Purcel, *Sung by Mr.* Peirſon *and Mrs.* Harris *at Mrs.* Mynns's *Booth in* Bartholomew-*Fair.*





He WHere Oxen do Low,
And Apples do grow;
Where Corn is ſown,
And Graſs is mown;
Where Pigeons do fly,
And Rooks Neſtle high;
Fate give me for Life a Place:
She Where Hay is well Cock'd,
And Udders are Stroak'd,
Where Duck and Drake,
Cry quack, quack, quack;
Where Turkeys lay eggs,
And Sows ſuckle Pigs,
Oh! there I would paſs my days.
He On nought we will feed,
She But what we do breed;
And wear on our backs,
He The wool of our flocks;
She And tho' Linnen feel rough,
Spun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' courſe it comes.
He Town follyes and Cullies,
And Molleys and Dolleys,
For ever adiu, and for ever;

She

She And Beaus that in Boxes,
Lye ſnugling their Doxies,
With Whiggs that hang down to Bums.

II.

He Good b'uye to the Mall.
The Park and Canal;
St. *James*'s Square,
And Flaunters there:
The Gaming houſe too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all degrees:
She Adieu to the Knight,
Was bubled laſt night,
That keeps a Blowz,
And beats his ſpouſe;
And now in great haſte,
To pay what he's loſt,
Sends home to cut down his Trees.
He And well fare the Lad,
She Improves e'ery Clad,
He That ne'er ſets his hand,
To Bill or to Bond,
She Nor barters his Flocks,
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouſe him of half his Days:
He But Fiſhing and Fowling,
And hunting and Bowling,
His Paſtime is ever, and ever;
She Whoſe Lips when you buſs 'em,
Smell like the Bean-bloſſom,
Oh he 'tis ſhall have my praiſe!
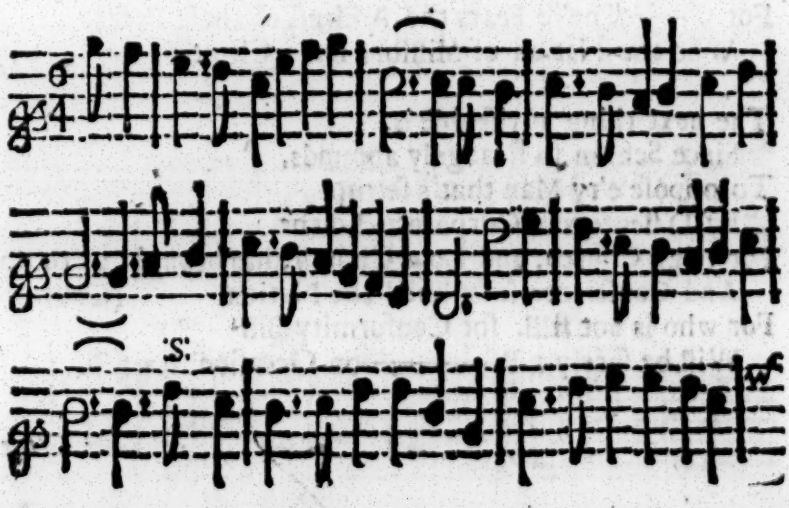
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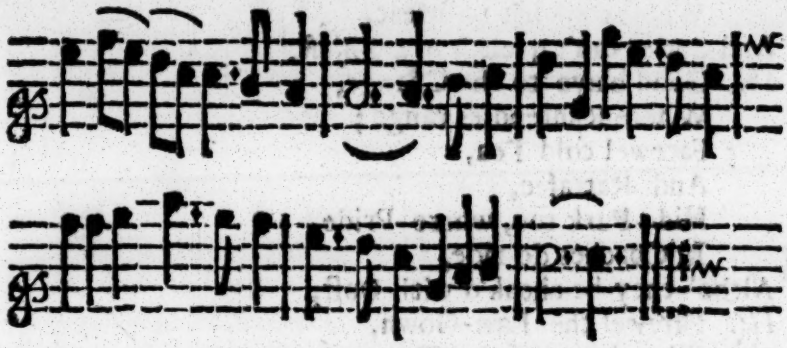
He To Tavern where goes
Sow'r Apples and Sloes.
A long adieu!
And farewel too,

The

The Houſe of the Great,
Whoſe cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirſt.
She. Good b'uye to the Change,
Where Rantepoles range;
Farewel cold Tea,
And Rattafee,
Hide-Park too, where Pride
In Coaches do ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with Duſt,
He. Farewel the Law-Gown,
She. The plague of the Town,
He. And Foe to the Crown,
That ſhould be run down;
She. With City-Jack-daws,
That make Staple-Laws,
To Meaſure by Yards and Ells.
He. Stock-Jobbers and Swobbers,
And Packers and Tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever;
Cho. *We know what you're doing,*
And home we're both going,
And ſo you may ring the Bells.

A Health to the Tackers.





HEre's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
But mine A——ſe for the Tackers about,
May the brave *Engliſh* Spirits come in,
And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out:
Since the Magpyes of late, are confounding the State,
And wou'd pull our Eſtabliſhments down,
Let us make 'em a Jeſt, for they ſhit in their Neſt
And be true to the Church and the Crown.
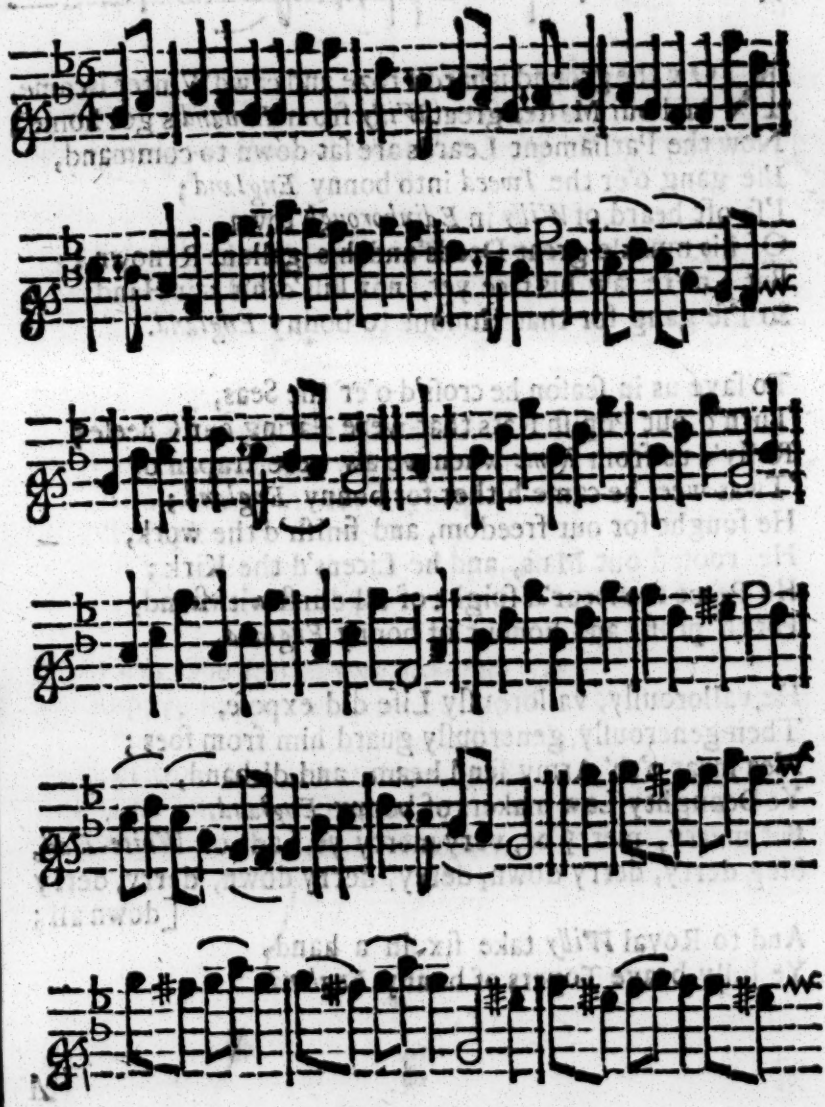
Let us chooſe ſuch Parliament Men
As have ſtuck to their Principles tight,
And wou'd not their Country betray
In the Story of *Aſhby* and *White*,
Who care not a T—d, for a Whig or a Lord,
That won't ſee our Accounts fairly ſtated,
For *C——ll* ne're Fears the Addreſs of thoſe Peers,
Who the Nation of Millions have Cheated.
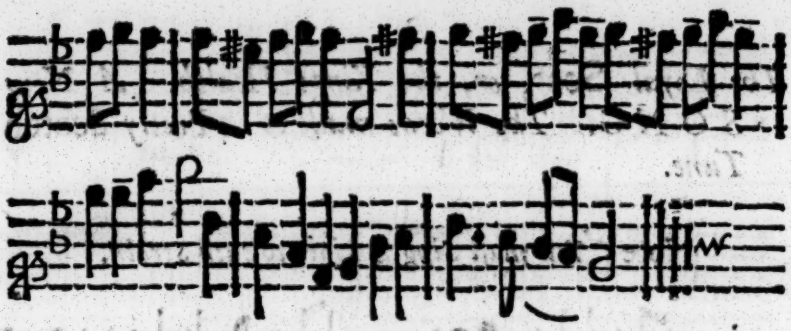
The next thing adviſeable is,
Since Schiſm ſo ſtrangely abounds,
To oppoſe e'ry Man that's ſet up
By Diſſenters in Corporate Towns,
For High Church, and Low Church, has brought us to no Church,
And Conſcience ſo bubbl'd the Nation,
For who is not ſtill. for Conformity Bill
Will be ſurely a R————on Occaſion.

The

The Loyal Scot, *or, the King's Health. A New* SONG. *The Words made to a Pretty* Scotch *Tune.*

Note: *You must Sing* 8 *Lines to each Strain.*
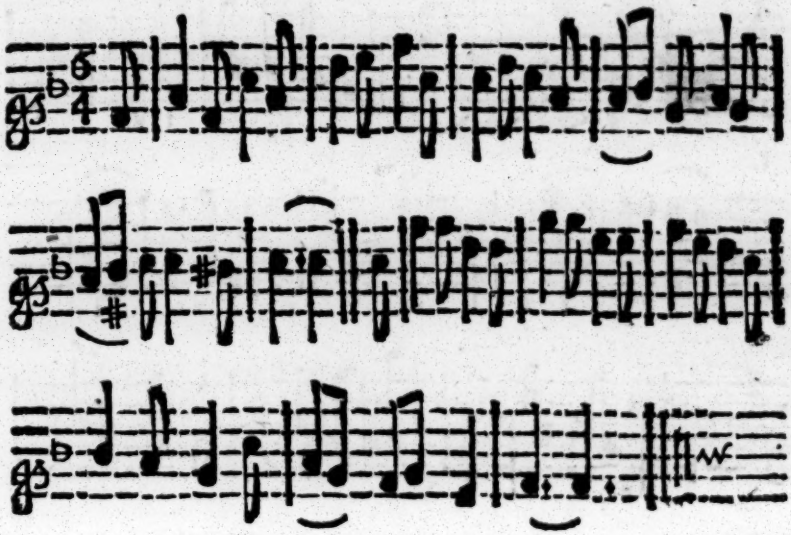




NOw the ground is hard Froze and cawd Winter is come,
And our Maſter great *Willy* from *Holland*'s got home;
Now the Parliament Leards are ſat down to command,
I'ſe gang o'er the *Tweed* into bonny *England*;
I'ſe oft heard of *Willy* in *Edinborough* Town,
Of his muckle great Deeds and his gallant Renown;
But I ne're ſaw his face yet, nor kiſs'd his fair Hand,
So I'ſe gang for that Honour to bonny *England*.

To ſave us in ſeaſon he croſs'd o'er the Seas,
Turn'd out Popiſh Rats that were Eating our Cheeſe;
Reliv'd us from *Rome* when we aw were trapan'd,
'Twas weel he came hither for bonny *England*;
He fought for our freedom, and finiſh'd the work,
He rooted out Maſs, and he Licens'd the Kirk;
He Peace too ſecur'd ſpight of all durſt withſtand,
For th' profit and honour of bonny *England*.

He vallorouſly, vallorouſly Life did expoſe,
Then generouſly, generouſly guard him from foes;
Nea mear o'th' Army ſend heam, and disband,
Ye Deaughty Law makers of bonny *England*.
But merry, merry be, very merry ye Lads of *White-Hall*,
Sing derry, derry down, derry, derry down, derry, derry down all;
And to Royal *Willy* take ſix in a hand,
Ye Jolly brave Topers of bonny *England*.
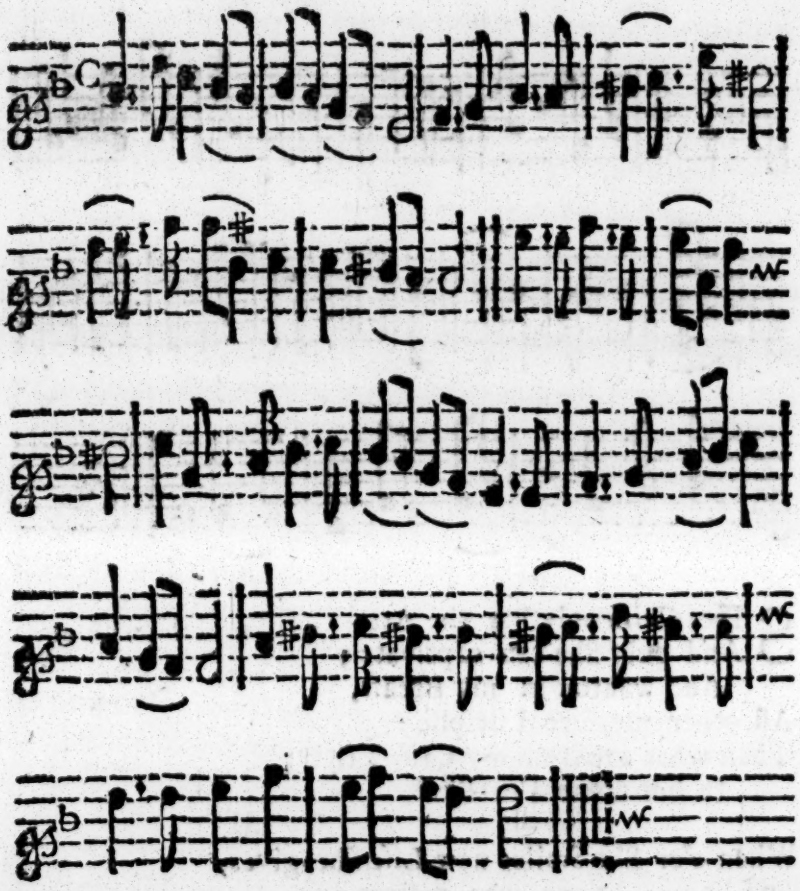
A SONG, Set by Mr. Anthony Young.



SInce *Cælia* only has the Art,
And only She can captivate;
And wanton in my Breaſt,
All other pleaſure I deſpiſe:
Than what are from my *Cælia*'s Eyes;
In her alone I'm Bleſt.
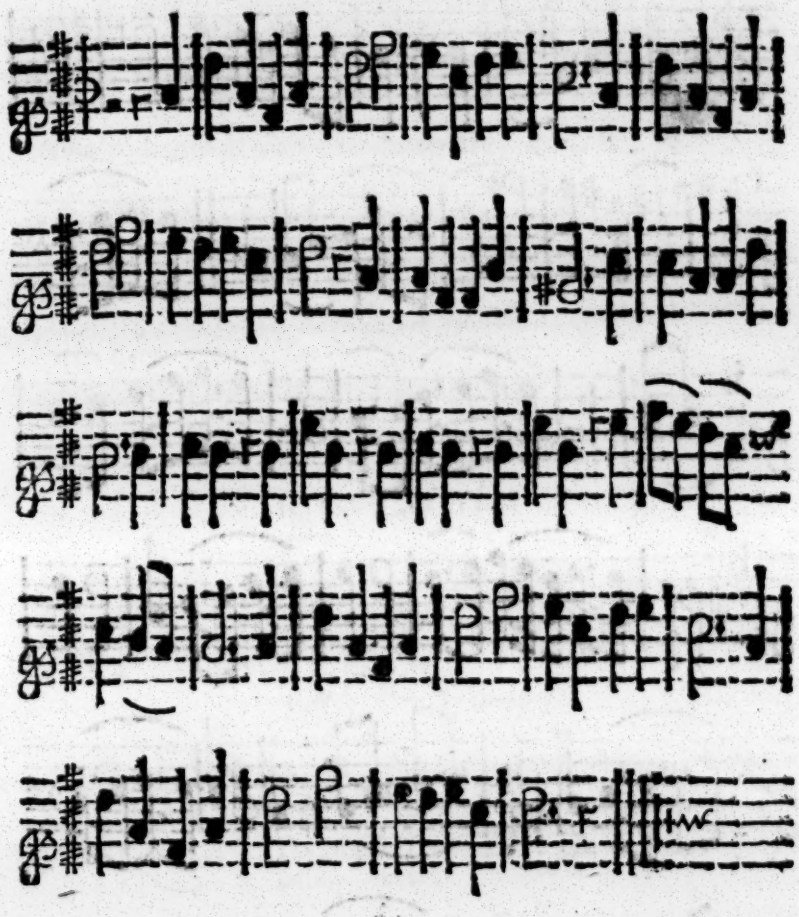
When e'er She Smiles new Life She gives,
And happy, happy who reciives;
From her Inchanting Breath:
Then prithee *Cælia* ſmile once more,
Since I no longer muſt adore,
For when you frown 'tis death,

A SONG.
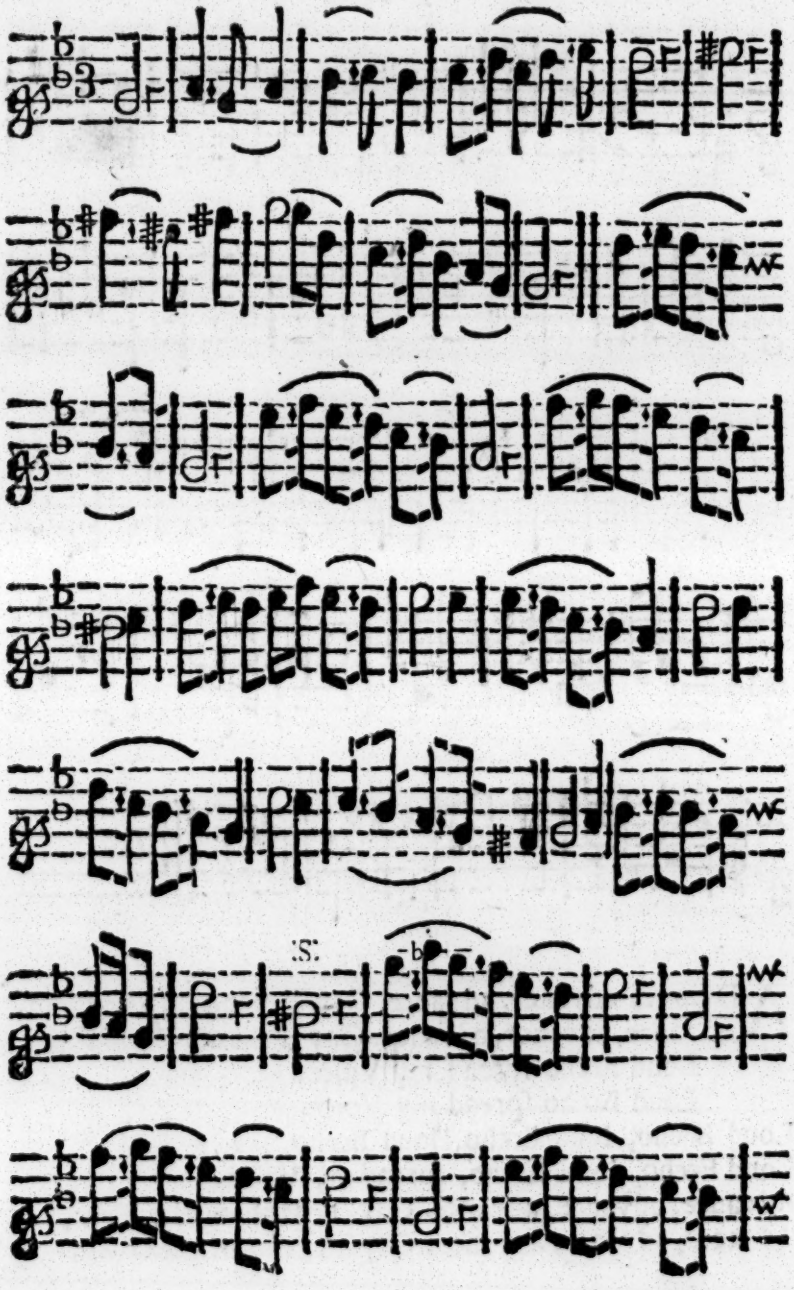


AH! how lovely ſweet and dear,
Is the kind relenting Fair,
Who Reprieve us in Deſpair;
Oh! that thus my Nymph wou'd ſay,
Come, come my dear, thy cares repay,
Be Bleſt my Love, be mine to day,
Come, come my dear, thy cares repay,
Be Bleſt my Love, be mine to day.

A SONG. *Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.



ADvance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,
Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,
Loud Eccho ſpread my Voice,
Loud Eccho ſpread my Voice,
Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho,
Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, ſpread my Voice,
Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,
Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain.

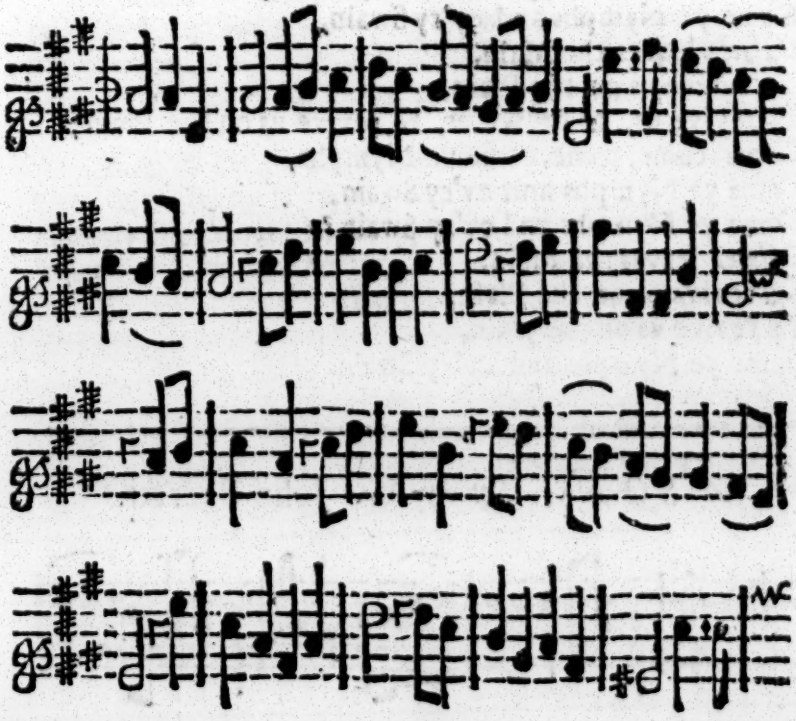
A SONG *Sung* by *Mrs.* Bracegirdle.
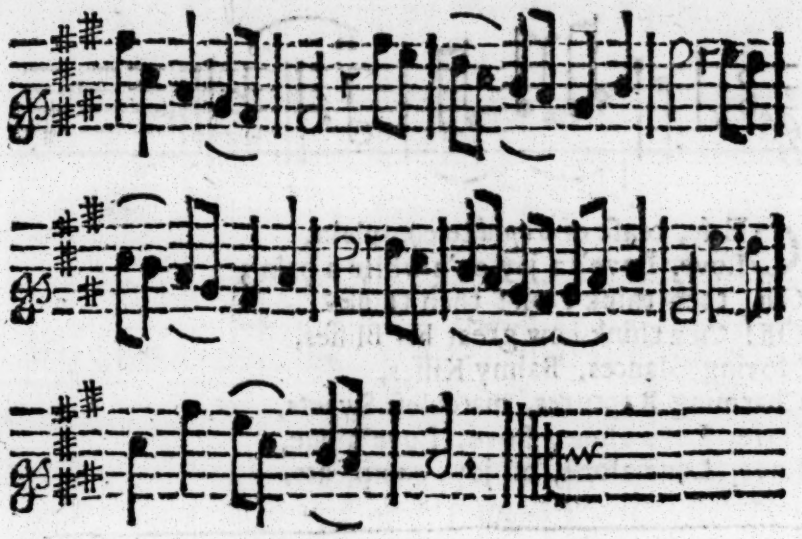




CEaſe, ceaſe of *Cupid* to complain,
Love, Love's a joy ev'n while a pain;
Oh! then think! oh! then think?
Oh! then think how great his Bliſſes,
Moving Glances, Balmy Kiſſes,
Charming Raptures, matchleſs Sweets,
Love, Love alone, Love, Love alone,
Love, Love alone, all joys compleats.
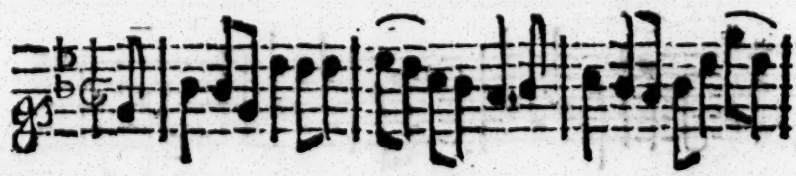
A SONG, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.
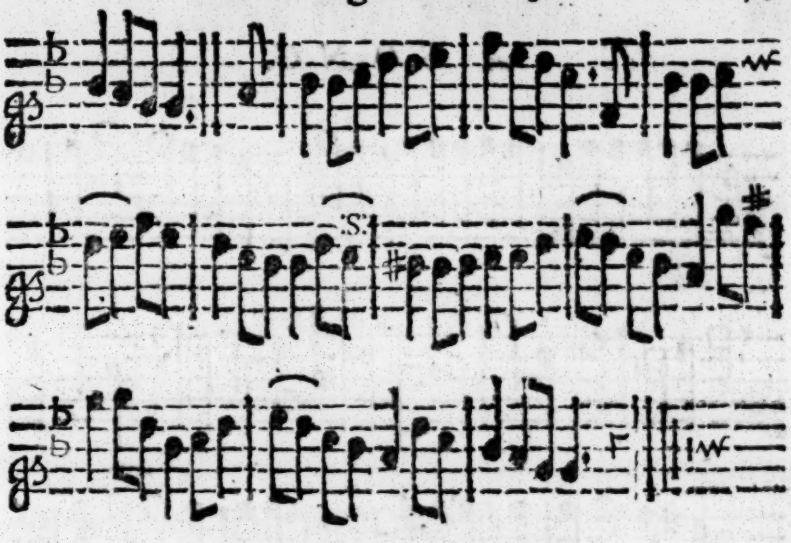




COme, come ye Nymphs
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;
Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain?
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us on the plain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

A SONG. Set by Mr. John Barrett.
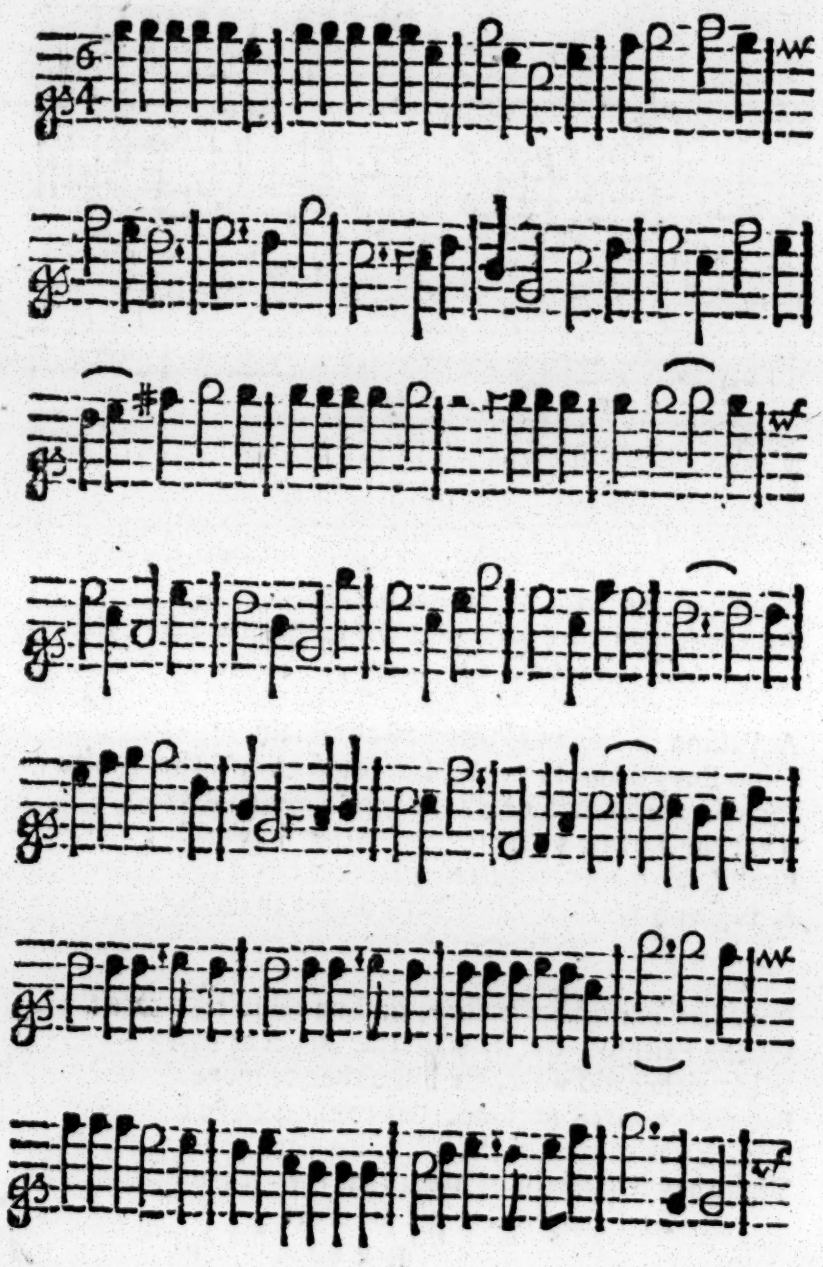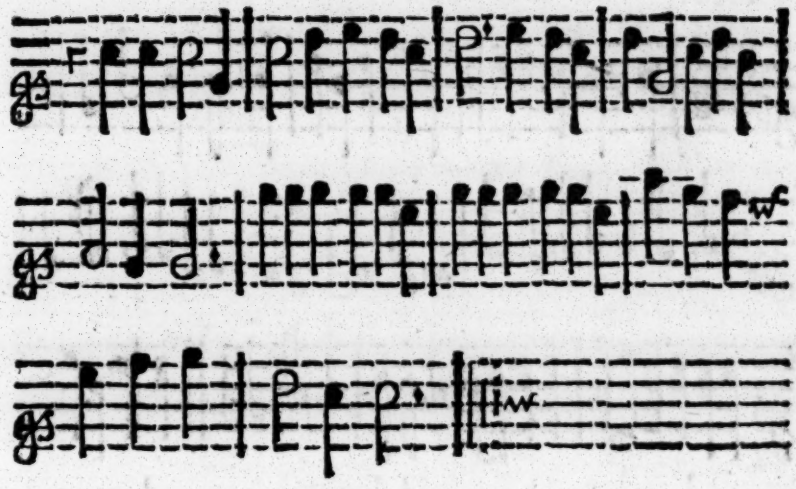




Anthe the Lovely, the joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was Lov'd and Lov'd *Iphis* again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their Care:
No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
Still the fonder they grew,

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some Envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain.
Some swore 'twould be pitty their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other was made:
But all, all consented, that none ever knew;
A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
Or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care:
Of the Faithful, the Tender the Innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to Love:
Said, 'twas all that to bless 'em his God-head cou'd do,
That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
And they still might be true.
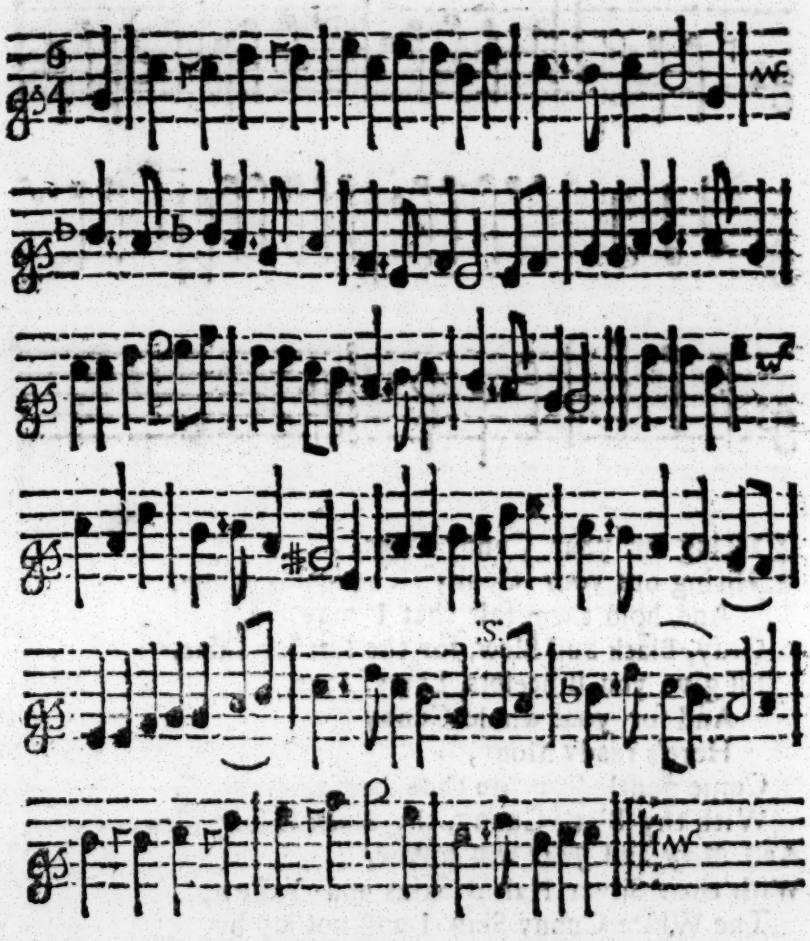
A SONG.
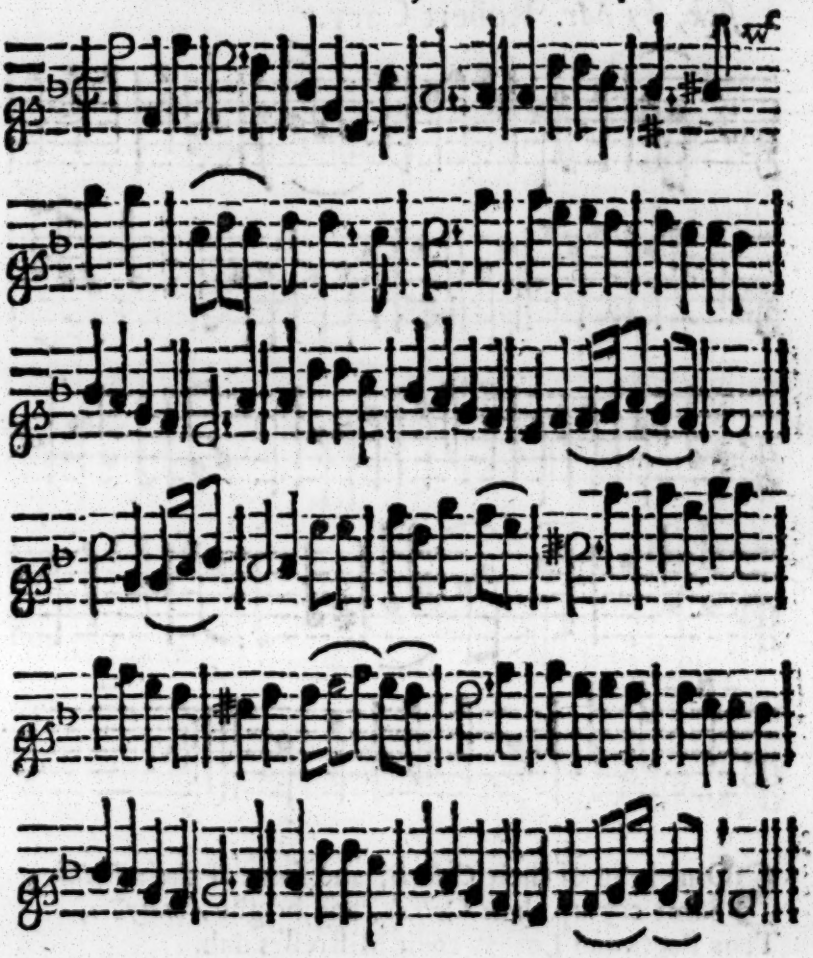




BRing out your Cunny Skins,
Bring out your Cunny Skins Maids to me,
And hold them fair that I may ſee,
Gray, Black and Blew, for the ſmaller Skins,
I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,
And for your whole Cunny
Here's ready Mony,
Come gentle *Joan* do thou begin,
With thy Black Cunny, thy Black Cunny Skin,
And *Mary* and *Joan* will follow,
With their Silver Hair'd Skins and Yellow,
The White Cunny Skin I will not lay by,
For though it be faint it is fair to the Eye,
The Gray it is worn, but yet for my Mony,
Give me the bonny bonny black Cunny;
Come away fair Maids your Skins will decay,
Come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,
Ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins,
Ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to ſell.

The Words by Mr. Cloſſold, *Sett by* Mr. John Wilford.



NAy piſh, nay piſh, nay piſh Sir, what ailes you; Lord! (what is't you do?
I ne'er met with one ſo uncivil as you;
You may think as you pleaſe, but if evil it be,
I wou'd have you know, your miſtaken in me.
You Men now, ſo rude and ſo boiſtrous are grown,
A Woman can't truſt her ſelf with you alone:
I cannot but wonder what 'tis that ſhou'd move ye?
If you do ſo again, I ſwear, I ſwear, I ſwear, I ſwear, I ſwear I won't love ye.
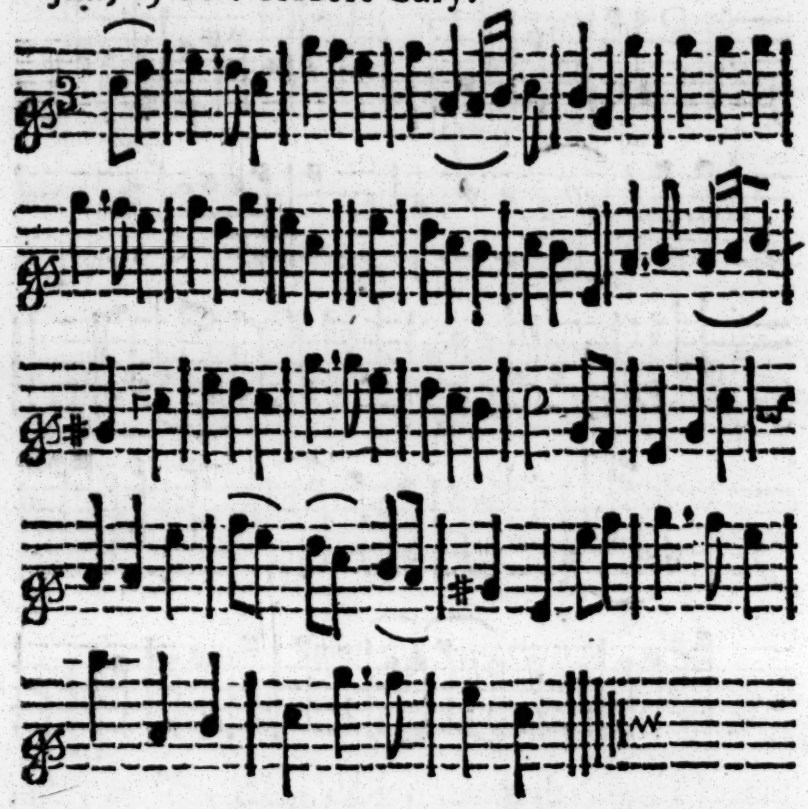
A SONG. *Sett by* Mr. Motley.



DRaw *Cupid* draw, and make fair *Sylvia* know;
The mighty pain, her ſuf'ring Swain does for her un-
(der go;
Convey this Dart, into her Heart, and when ſhe's ſet on
(Fire,
Do thou return, and let her burn, like me in chaſt deſire:
That by experience ſhe, may learn to pitty me,
When e're her Eyes, do Tyrannize, o'er my Captivity,
But when in Love, we joyntly move, and tenderly imbrace,
Like Angels ſhine, and ſweetly Join, to one anothers Face.

A

A Song, the Words by a Person of Quality, Set to Musick, by Mr. Robert Cary.
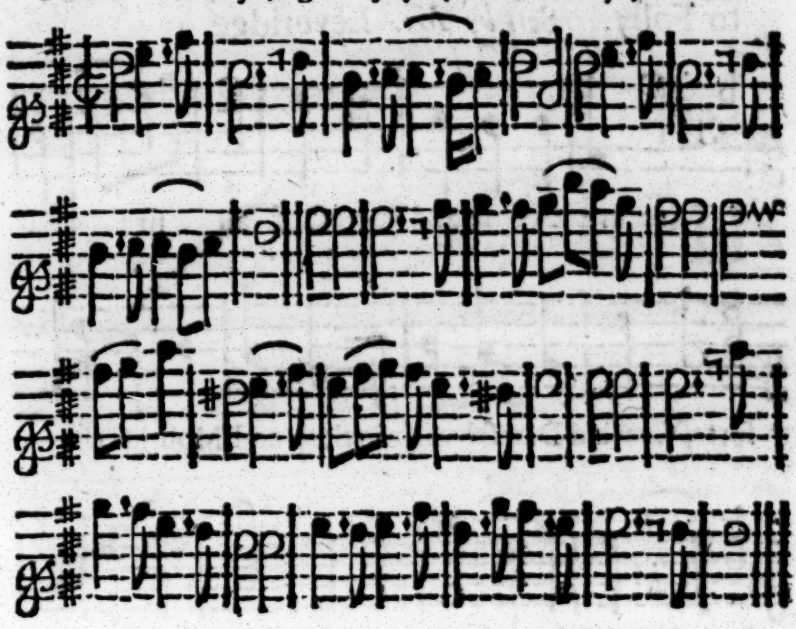


SOme brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phillis*;
Some cry up their *Cælia*'s, and bright *Amaryllis*,
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
And Goddesses fram'd, from the Wash-bowl and Tub:
But away with these Fictions, and Counterfeit Folly,
There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my *Dolly*.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
Like Manna to each She's a Relishing Bit!
She alone by Enjoyment, the more does prevail,
And still with fresh Pleasures, does hoist up your Sail:
Nay had you a Surfeit but took of all others,
One, Look from my *Dolly* your Stomack recovers,

The Franck Lover.

Note: *You muſt ſing the firſt 4 lines to the firſt Strain.*
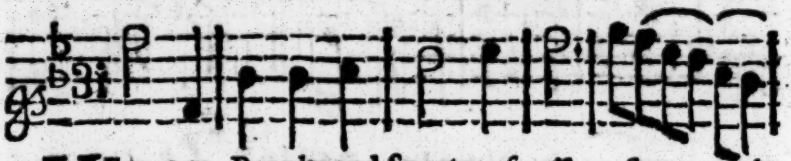


DEareſt believe me without Reſervation.
What neither Time nor Fate ſhall e'er controul;
Be you but kind and conſtant to your paſſion,
No ſtormy change ſhall e'er diſturb my Soul:
Jealouſie, the bane to Lovers pleaſures,
Far from our Hearts for ever will remove,
My full Joy, what mortal then can meaſure,
Happy in my charming *Muſidora*'s love.
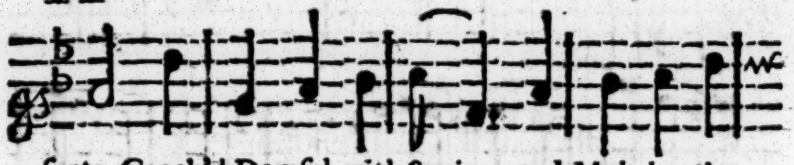
When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,
Over your *Tea* regale with who you can;
Or if you find me with a Vizard Prattle,
Do you the ſame with any other Man:
For *Chloe*'s Face when Ogling I ſhew Paſſion,
'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconſtant be;
And when at large I tope the red Potation,
'Twill but more inflame my Heart with Love of thee.

The

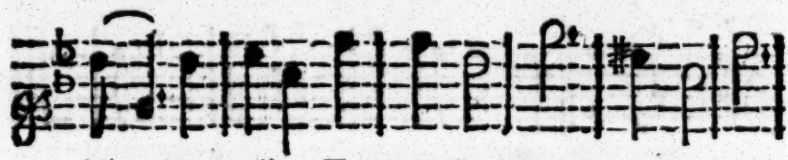
The Mountebank. SONG, *Sung by Dr.* Leverigo *and his merry Andrew* Pinkanello, *in* Farewel to Folly. *Sett by Mr.* Leveridge.



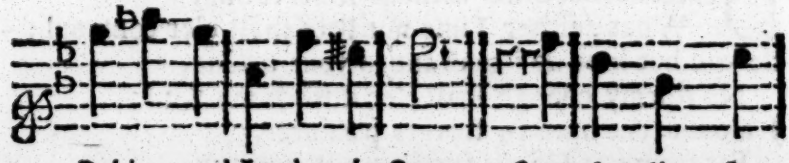
HEre are People and Sports, of all ſize and



ſorts, Coach'd Damſel with Squire, and Mob in the



Mire, Tarpaulins, Trugmallions, Lords, Ladys, Sows,



Babies, and Loobes in Scores. Some howling, ſome
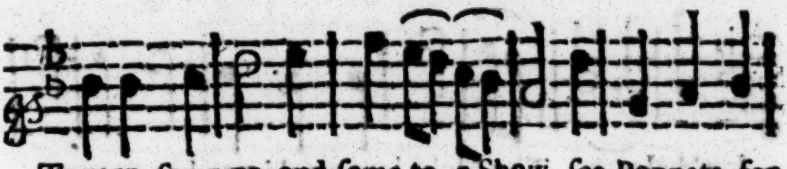


Bawling, ſome Leering, ſome Fleering, ſome Loving ſome
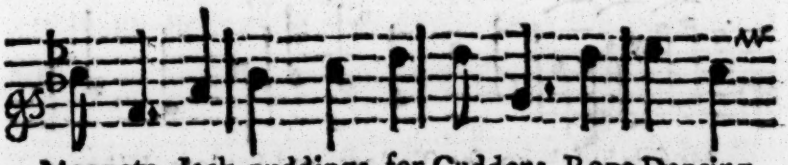


Shoving, with Legions of Furbelow'd Whores. To the
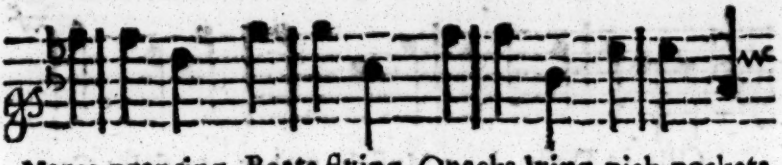
Ta-



Tavern, ſome go, and ſome to a Show, ſee Poppets, for



Moppets, Jack-puddings, for Cuddens, Rope Dancing,



Mares prancing, Boats flying, Quacks lying, pick-pockets,



Pick plackets, Beaſts, Butchers, and Beaus. Fops
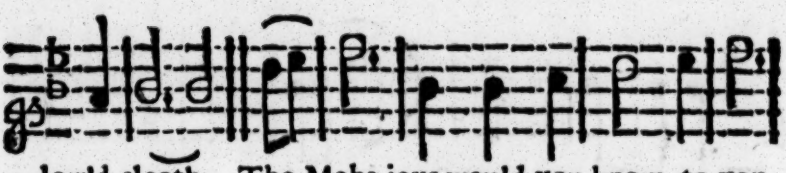


prat'ling. Dies rat'ling, Rooks ſhaming, Puts Daming,



Whores painted, Mask's tainted, in Tally-mans Furbe—
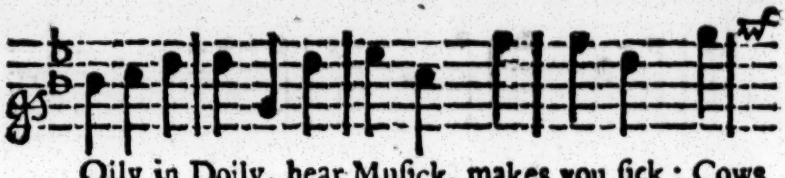
——low'd



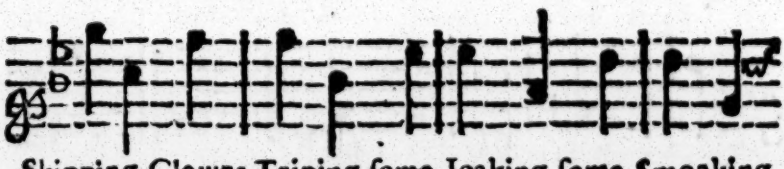
—low'd cloath. The Mobs joys would you know, to yon



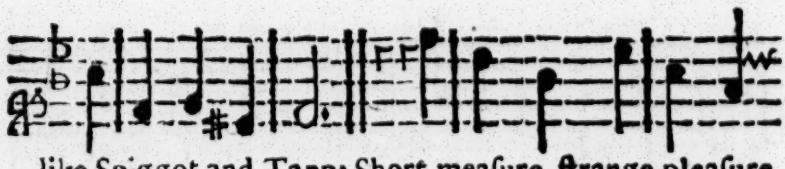
Muſick-houſe go, ſee Tailors, and Saylors, Whores



Oily in Doily, hear Muſick, makes you ſick: Cows



Skipping, Clowns Triping, ſome Joaking, ſome Smoaking,
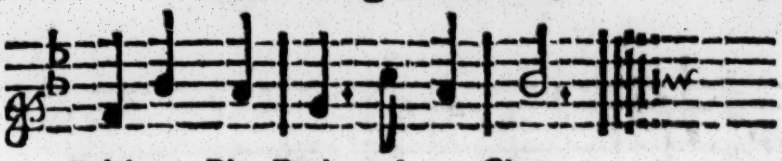


like Spiggot and Tapp; Short meaſure, ſtrange pleaſure,
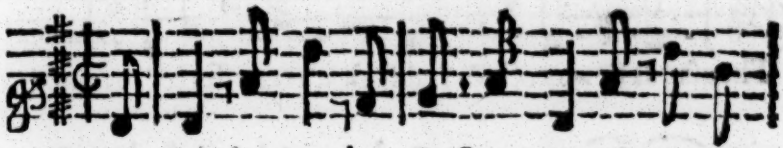


thus Billing, and Swilling, ſome yearly, get fairly, for

Fair-
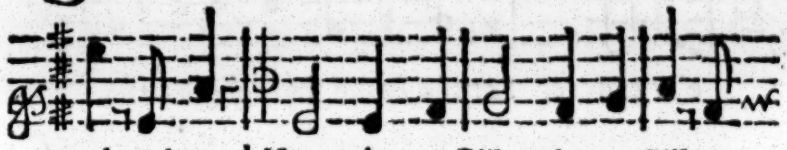


Fairings Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

The Mountebanck SONG; Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge. *in a New Play call'd* Farewel to Folly.



SEE, Sirs, ſee here! a Doctor rare, who travels



much at home! Here take my Bills, take my Bills, I



cure all Ills, paſt, preſent, and to come; the Cramp, the
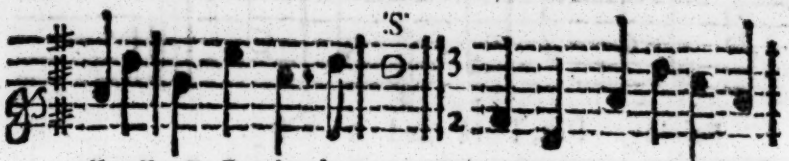


Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the Gout, the Stone, the

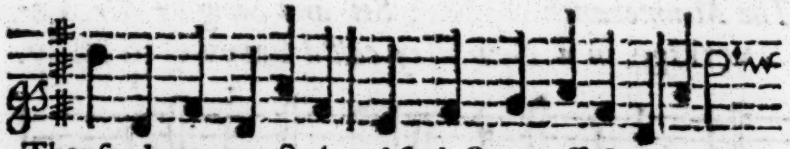


Pox, the Mulligrubs, the Bonny Scrubs, and all, all,
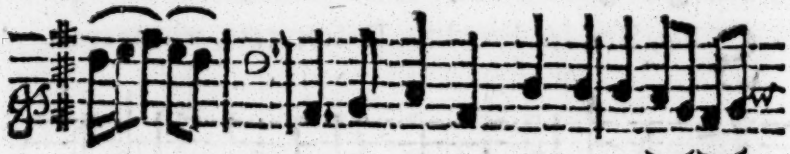
all



all, all, all, *Pandora*'s Box; Thouſands I've Diſſected,



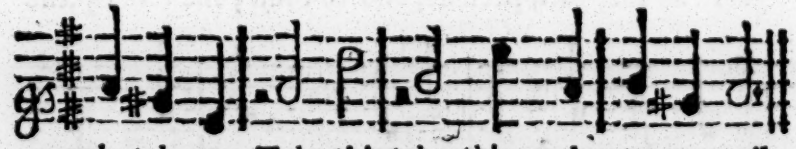
Thouſands new erected, and ſuch Cures effected, as none



e'er can tell. Let the Palſie ſhake ye, let the Chol-



—lick rack ye, let the Crinkums break ye, let the Mur-
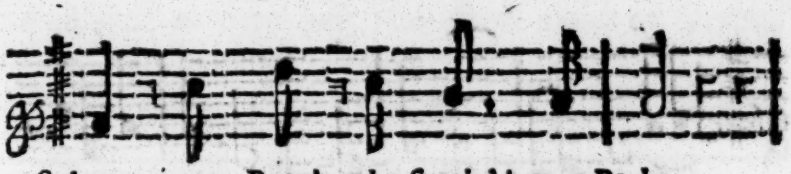


—rain take ye; Take this take this and you are well.
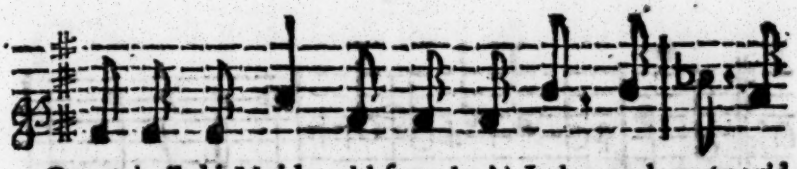


Thouſands &c. Come wits ſo keen, devour'd with
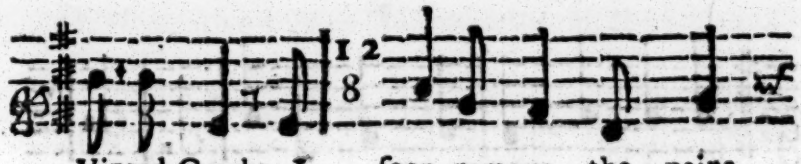
Spleen



Spleen; come Beau's who ſprain'd your Backs,



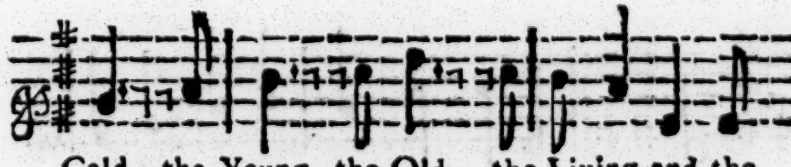
Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades, and pepper'd



Vizard Cracks. I ſoon remove the pains



of Love, and cure the Love-ſick Maid; the Hot, the
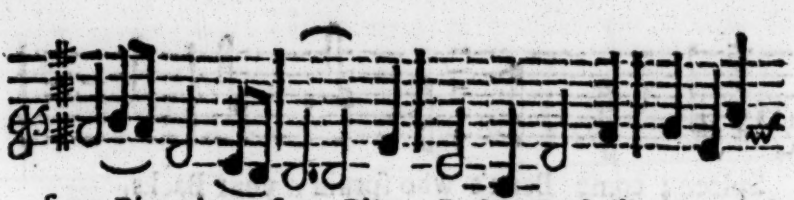


Cold, the Young, the Old, the Living and the
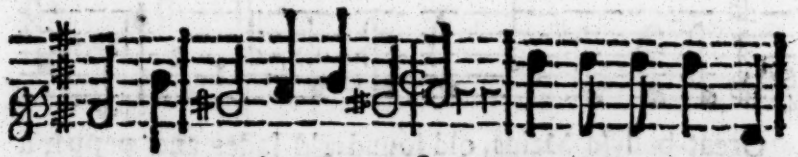


Dead. I clear the Laſs with wainſ-coat face, and

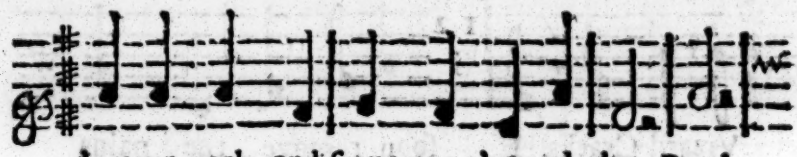
from



from Pim-ginets free, Plump Ladies Red, like *Saracen's*



—head, with toaping Rat--tafie. This with a Jirk, will



do your work, and ſcour you o'er and o'er, Read,



Judge and Try, and if you die, never believe me
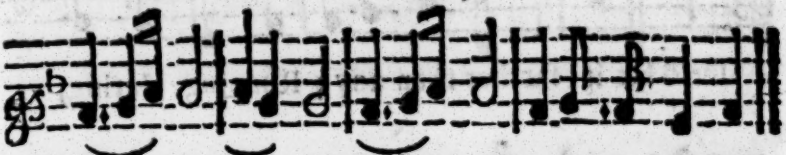


more, never, never, never, never,



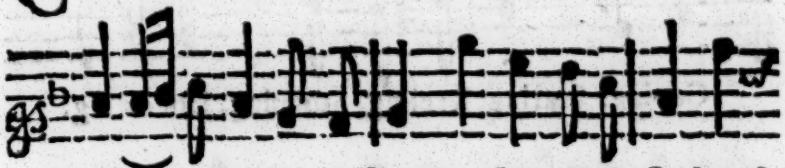
never be--lieve me more.

A

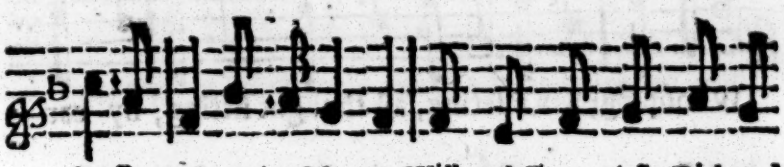
A Match at Stool-ball, the Words made to Ground by Mr. Thomas D'urfey.



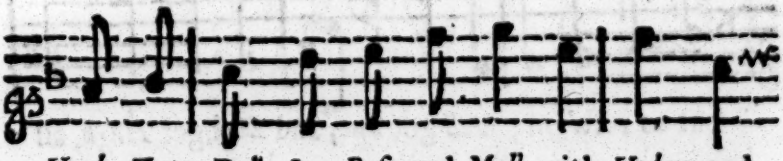
COme all, great, ſmall, ſhort, tall, away to Stoolball;



Down in a Vale on a Summersday, all the Lads and



Laſſes met to be Merry; *Will* and *Tom*, *Hall*, *Dick* and



Hugh, *Kate*, *Doll*, *Sue*, *Beſs* and *Moll*, with *Hodge*, and
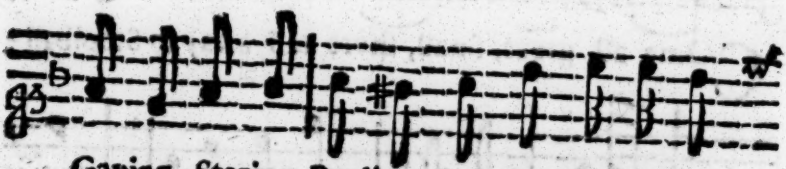


Bridget, and *James*, and *Nanny*; but when plump
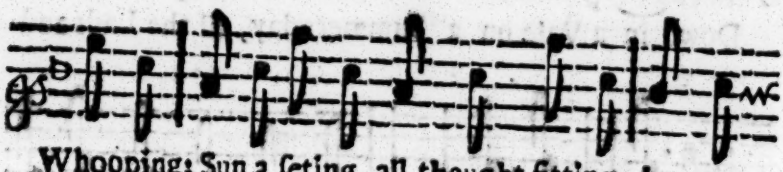


Griſs, got the Ball in her Mutton Fiſt, once fretted, ſhe'd



she'd hit it farther than any; Running, Haring,
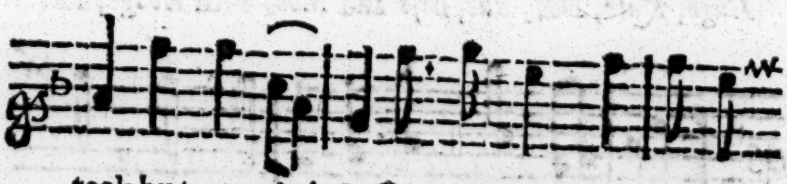


Gaping, Staring, Reeling, Stooping, Hollowing,
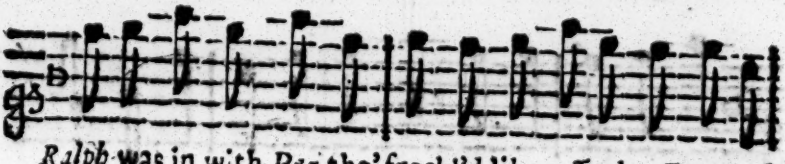


Whooping; Sun a seting, all thought fitting, by con—



—sent to rest 'em; *Hall* got *Sue*, and *Doll* got *Hugh*, all
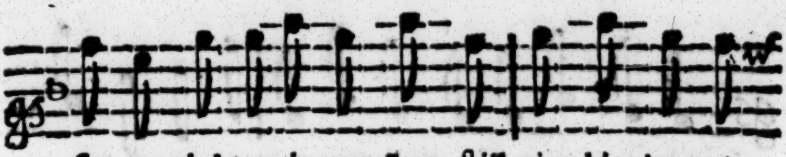


took by turns their Lasses and Buss'd 'em. Jolly

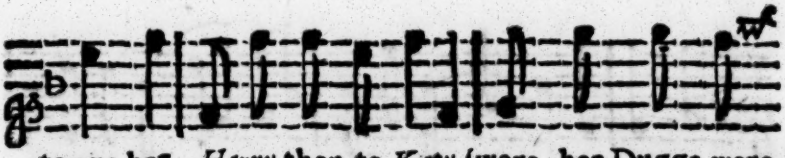


Ralph was in with *Peg*, tho' freckl'd like a *Turkey* Egg, and

she



ſhe as right as is my Leg, ſtill give him leave to
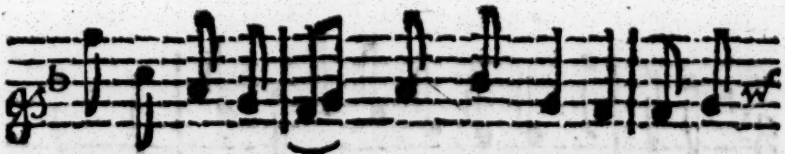


towze her. *Harry* then to *Katy* ſwore, her Duggs were



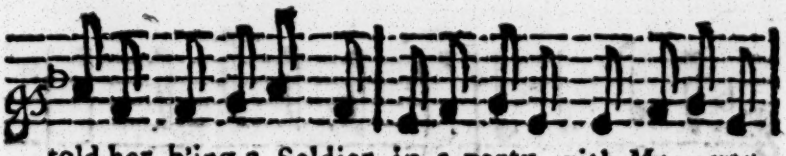
pretty, tho' they were all ſweaty, and large as any



Cows are. *Tom* melancholy was with his Laſs; for *Sue*
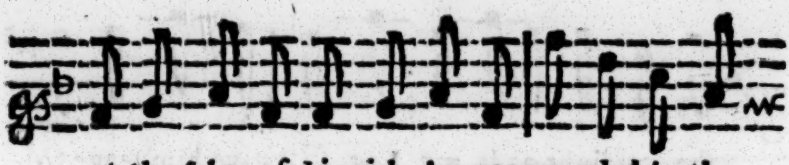


do what e'er he cou'd, wou'd not note him. Some had
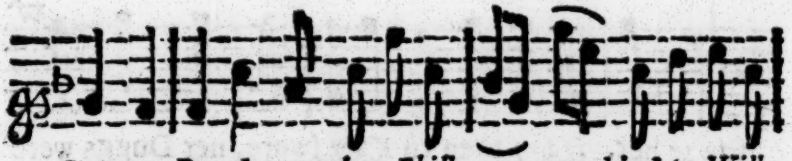


told her, b'ing a Soldier in a party, with *Mac-carty*,
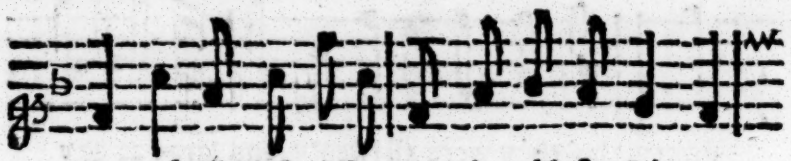
at
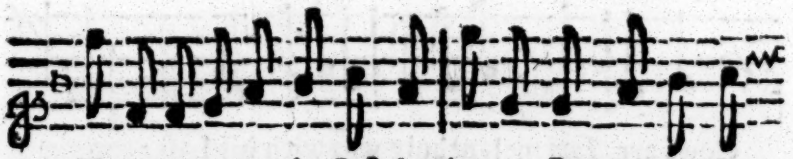


at the ſeige of *Limrick*, he was wounded in the



Scrotum. But the cunning *Philly*, was more kind to *Willy*,



who of all their Ally, was the ableſt Ringer;



He to carry on the Jeſt, begins a Bumper to the

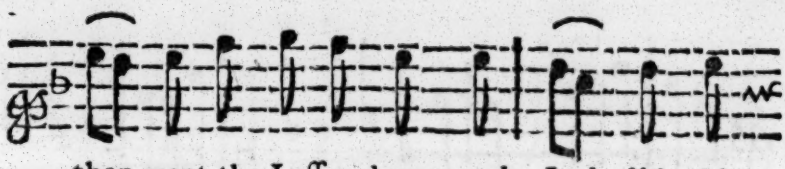


beſt, and winks at her of all the reſt, and ſqueez'd her
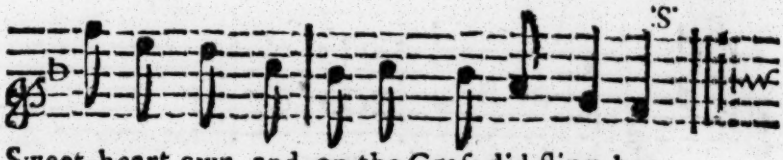


by the Finger. Then went the Glaſſes round,

then
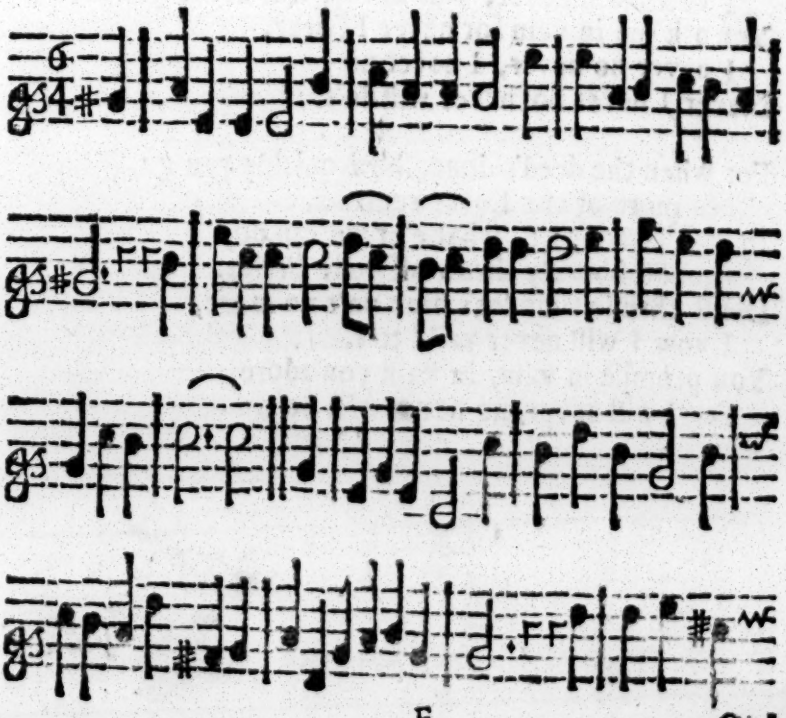


then went the Laſſes down, each Lad did his
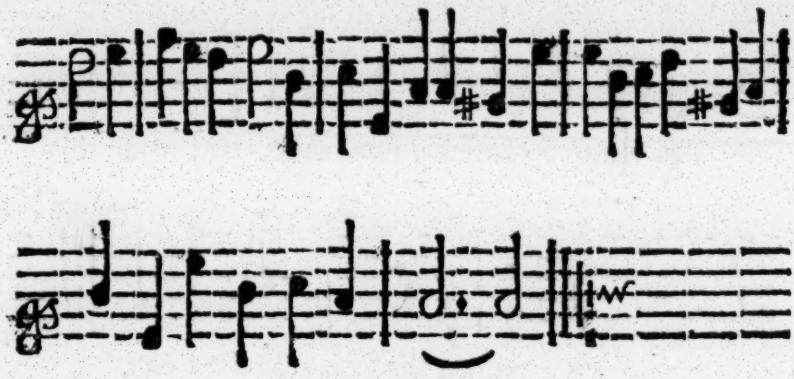


Sweet-heart own, and on the Graſs did fling her.

A SONG in the (Mock Marriage,) *Sung by Mrs.* Knight. *Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell.



F Oh!



OH how you proteſt and Solemly ſwear,
Look humble and fawn like an Aſs;
I'm pleas'd I muſt own when ever I ſee,
A Lover that's brought to this paſs.
Keep, keep furthur off you'r naughty I fear,
I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to't;
You ask me in vain for never I ſwear,
I never no never, I never no
Never I never no never will do't.

For when the deed's done, how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains,
In haſt you depart, what e'er we can do,
And Stubbornly throw off your chains.
Deſiſt then in time let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never yeild to't,
You promiſe in vain, in vain you adore,
For I will never, no never will do't.

Jockey's

Jockey's *Lamentation.*

"Over the Hills I far away" Recreations Scotch Tune from Purcell's



Jockey met with *Jenny* fair
Betwixt the Dawnig and the Day,
And *Jockey* now is full of Care,
For *Jenny* ſtole my Heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
Yet ſhe, alas, has prov'd unkind,
That which do make poor *Jockey* rue,
For *Jenny*'s fickle as the Wind:
And, *'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,*
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blow'd my Plaid away.

Jockey was a bonny Lad,
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;
But now poor *Jockey* is run mad,
for *Jenny* cauſes his Deſpair;

Jockey was a Piper's Son,
And fell in Love while he was young;
But all the Tunes that he could play,
Was, *o'er the Hills, and far away,*
And *'Tis*, &c.

When firſt I ſaw my *Jenny*'s Face,
She did appear with ſike a Grace,
With muckle Joy my Heart was fill'd;
But now alaſs with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twou'd put an end to my Deſpair;
But ah, alas this is unkind,
Which ſore does terrify my Mind,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
That Jenny *ſtole my Heart away.*

Did ſhe but feel the diſmal Woe
That for her ſake I undergo,
She ſurely then would grant Relief,
And put an end to all my Grief:
But oh, ſhe is as falſe, as Fair,
Which cauſes all my ſad Deſpair;
She triumphs in a proud Diſdain,
And takes delight to ſee my Pain.
Tis o'er, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fall in Love,
With one that does ſo faithleſs prove,
Hard was my fate to court the Maid,
That has my conſtant Heart betray'd:
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſwore,
She would be true for evermore:
But oh! alas with grief I ſay,
She's ſtole my Heart, and run away.
'Twas o'er, &c.

Good

Good gentle *Cupid* take my part,
And pierce this falſe one to the Heart,
That ſhe may once but feel the Woe,
As I for her do undergo;
Oh! make her feel this raging pain,
that for her love I do ſuſtain;
She ſure would then more gentle be,
And ſoon repent her Cruelty,
'Tis o'er, &c.

I now muſt wander for her ſake,
Since that ſhe will no pity take,
Into the Woods and ſhady Grove,
And bid adieu to my falſe Love:
Since ſhe is falſe whom I adore,
I ne'er will truſt a Woman more,
From all their Charms I'll fly away,
And on my Pipe will ſweetly play,
'Tis o'er, &c.

There by my ſelf I'll ſing and ſay,
'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,
That my poor Heart is gone aſtray,
Which make me grieve both Night and Day;
Farewel, farewel, thou cruel ſhe,
I fear that I ſhall die for thee?
But if I live this Vow I'll make,
To love no other for your ſake.
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blow'd my Plad away.

The Recruiting Officer; *Or the Merrie Voluntiers. Being an Excellent New* Copy *of Verſes upon Raiſing Recruits. To the foregoing Tune.*

HArk! now the Drums beat up agen,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us lift and March I ſay,
Over the Hills and far away,
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
To *Flanders*, *Portugal* and *Spain*,
Queen *Ann* Commands and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,
To ſerve the Queen that's good and kind,
Come lift and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
To *Flanders*, *Portugal* and *Spain*,
Queen *Ann*, &c.

Here's forty Shilling on the Drum,
For thoſe that Voluntires do come,
With Shirts and Cloaths and preſent Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, *&c.*

Hear that brave Boys and let us go,
Or elſe we ſhall be Preſt you know,
Then Lift and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, *&c.*

The Conſtables they ſearch about,
To find ſuch brisk young Fellows out,
Then let's be Voluntiers I ſay,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, *&c.*

Since

Since now the French ſo low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got;
Who then behind wou'd ſneaking ſtay,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over, *&c.*

No more from ſound of Drum retreat,
While *Marlborough* and *Gallaway* beat,
The French and Spaniards every day,
When over the Hills and far away; *&c.*

He that is forc'd to go and Fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Voluntiers ſhall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away,
Over, *&c.*

What tho' our Friends our abſence mourn,
We all with honour ſhall return.
And then we'll ſing both Night and day,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over, *&c.*

The Prentice *Tom* he may refuſe,
To wipe his angry Maſter's Shooes:
For then he's free to Sing and play,
Over the Hill and far away, *&c.*

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,
We all ſhall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both night and day,
When over the Hills and far away, *&c.*
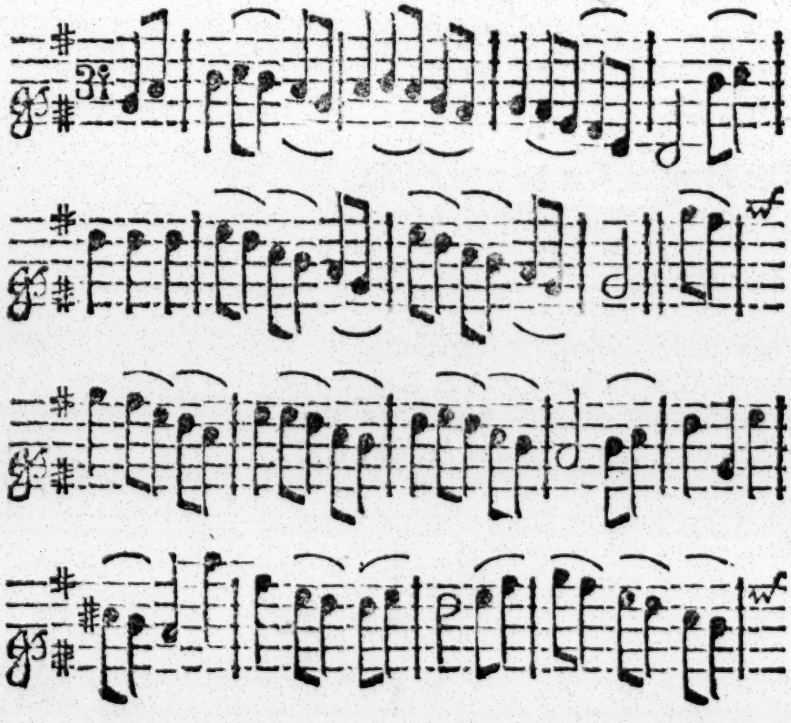
We then ſhall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That ſcold on both Night and Day,
When o're the Hills and far away, *&c.*

Come on then Boys and You ſhall ſee,
We every one ſhall Captains be,
To whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away, *&c.*

For if we go 'tis one to ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away, *&c.*

HAMPTON COURT. *A SONG, The Words made by Mr.* D'Urfey, *to a pretty New Tune made by a Perſon of Quality.*

Note: *You muſt ſing the firſt 4 lines to the 1ſt. Strain.*
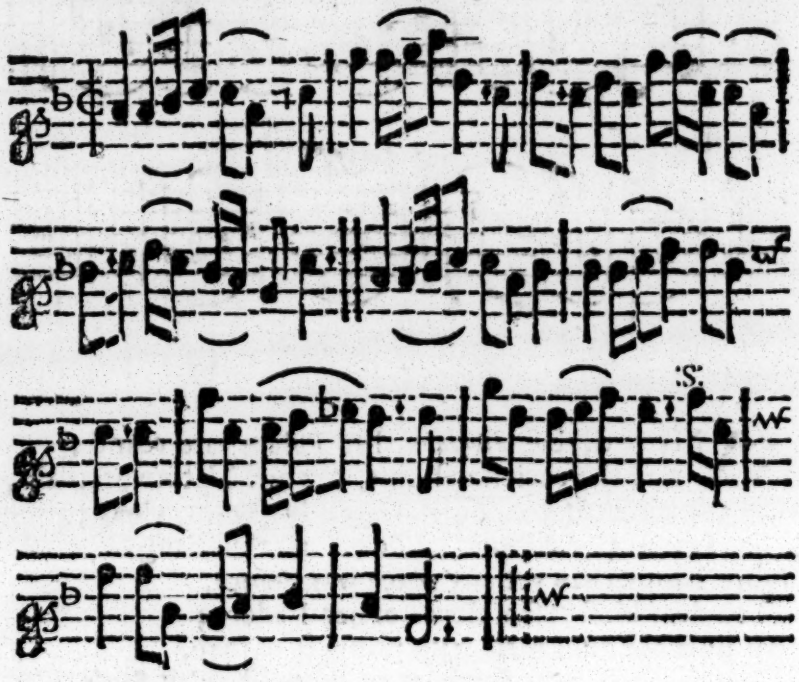




WHere divine *Gloriana*, her Palace late rear'd;
And the choicſt delights, Art and Nature prepar'd,
On the bank of ſweet *Thames*, gently gliding along;
The Love-ſick *Philander* ſat down and thus Sang:
More happy than yet any place was before,
Thou dear bleſt reſemblance of her I adore;
All Eyes are delighted with proſpect of thee,
Thou charm'ſt ev'ry Senſe, thou charm'ſt ev'ry Senſe,
Ah! juſt ſo does ſhe.

As the River's clear Waves Zephyr ſoftly does rowl,
So her breath moves the Paſſions, that flow in my ſoul;
As the Trees by the Sun, feel a nouriſhing joy;
So my Heart is refreſh'd, by a glance from her Eye:
The Birds pretty Notes, we ſtill hear when ſhe ſpeaks;
And the ſweeteſt of Gardens, ſtill blooms in her Cheeks,
Had I that dear bliſs for no other I'd ſue:
Who enjoys this ſweet *Eve*, who enjoys this ſweet *Eve*,
Has all Paradiſe too.
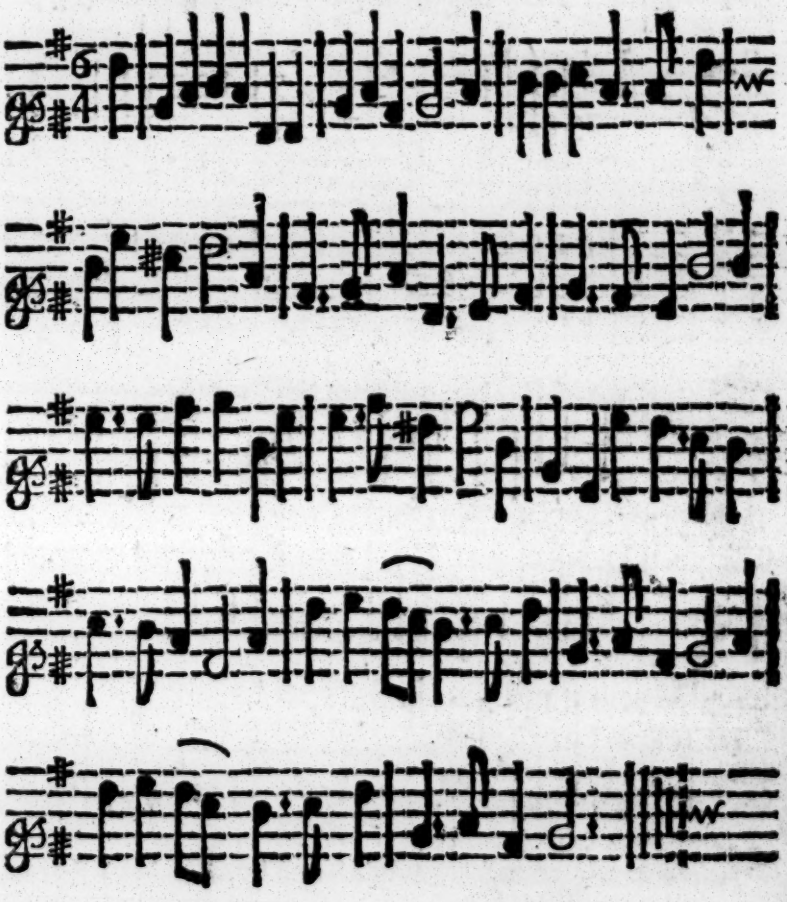
A Scotch *SONG. Sett by Mr.* John Barrett.



AH! fooliſh Laſs what mun I do?
My modeſty I well may rue,
Which of my Joy bereft me;
For full of Love he came,
But out of ſilly ſhame,
With piſh and Phoo I play'd,
To muckle the coy Maid,
And the raw young Loon has left me.
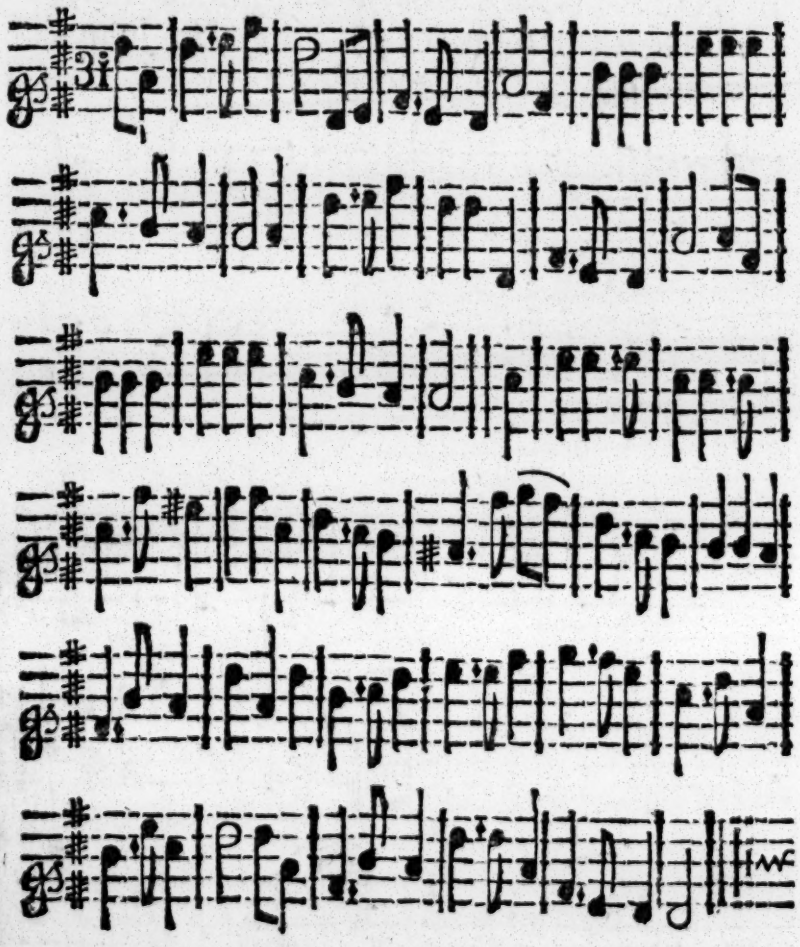
Wou'd *Jockey* knew how muckle I lue:
Did I leſs art or did he ſhew,
More nature, how bleaſt I'd be;
I'd not have reaſon to complain,
That I lue'd now in vain;
Gen he more a Man was,
I'd be leſs a coy Laſs,
Had the raw young Loon weele try'd me.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd* (Juſtice Buiſy, *or the* Gentleman-Quack;) *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.



NO, no ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew;
Where ever I go, I have Lovers enough:
I dreſs and I dance; and I Laugh and I Sing;
Am loveley and lively, and gay as the Spring:
I viſit, I game, and I caſt away Care,
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air;
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air.
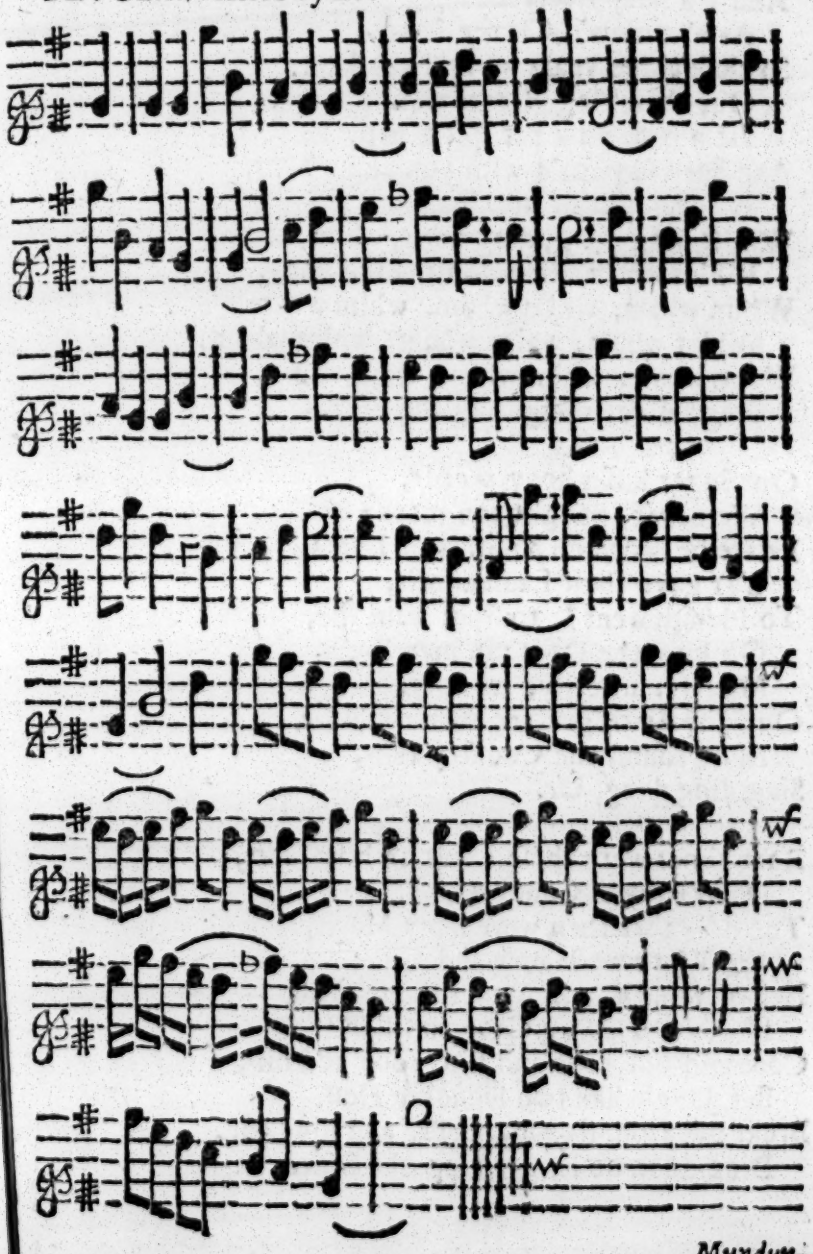
A SONG, Sett by Mr. Willis.



NOw my freedom's regain'd, and by *Bacchus* I Swear,
All whining dull whimsys of Love I'll cashire,
The Charm's more engaging in Bumpers of Wine,
Then let *Cloe* be Damn'd, but let this be Divine;
Whilst youth warms thy veins Boy embrace thy full Glasses,
Damn *Cupid* and all his poor proselyte Asses:
Let this be thy rule *Tom*, to square out thy Life,
And when Old in a Friend, thoul't live free from all strife,
Only envied by him that is plagu'd with a Wife.

Mr.

Mr. Dogget's *Country* SONG, *in the* (Kingdon of Birds) *the Words by Mr.* Tho. D'Urfey; *Sett by Mr.* Sam. Akeroyde.
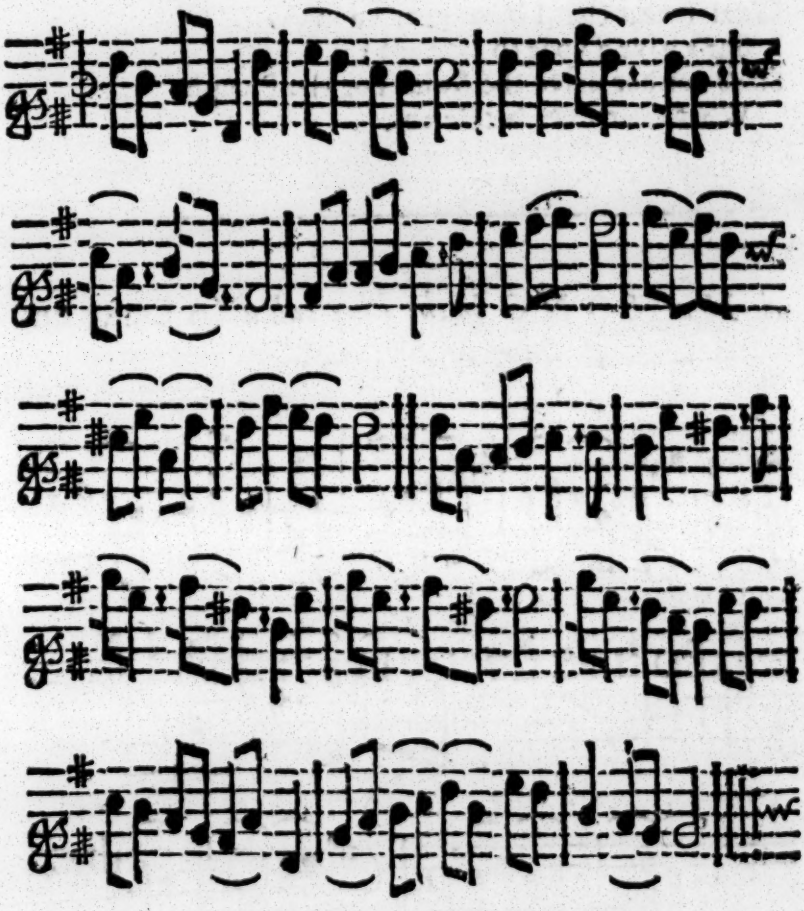


Mundun-

Mundunga was as feat a Jade,
As e'er was in our Town;
And I a lufty lively Lad
As e'er mow'd Clover down,
So cloſe three years we ty'd the knot,
Our thumping Hearts went pit a pat,
Pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat:
And both ſo pleas'd with you know what,
We thought of nothing elſe;
Whilſt ding dong, ding dong, whim wham,
Whim wham, ding dong, ding dong,
Whim wham, whim wham, whim wham,
Whim wham, whim wham, whim wham,
Whim wham, whim wham, ding, ding,
ding, ding, dong rung the Bells.

Our Sugar kiſſes hony words,
We never thought too much;
I dare be ſworn no Knights or Lords,
E'er gave their Ladies ſuch,
To Plough went I, to Spin went ſhe,
Oh how the Days ran merrily,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Our Joy Since greater none cou'd be,
Fame round the Country tells,
Sing ding dong, *&c.*

Rare times were theſe; but ah how ſoon,
Do Wedlocks Comforts fall,
The days that then were hony Moon,
Are Wormwood now and Gall:
Her Tongue Clacks louder than a Mill,
No longer do we Cooe and Bill,
Cooe and bill, cooe and bill, cooe and bill,
But Jangle like two Fiends of Hell,
Broke out from flaming Cells, and ding *&c.*
Ding dong no longer ring the Bells.

A Scotch *SONG, the Words by Mr.* Peter Noble, *Sett by Mr.* John Wilford.
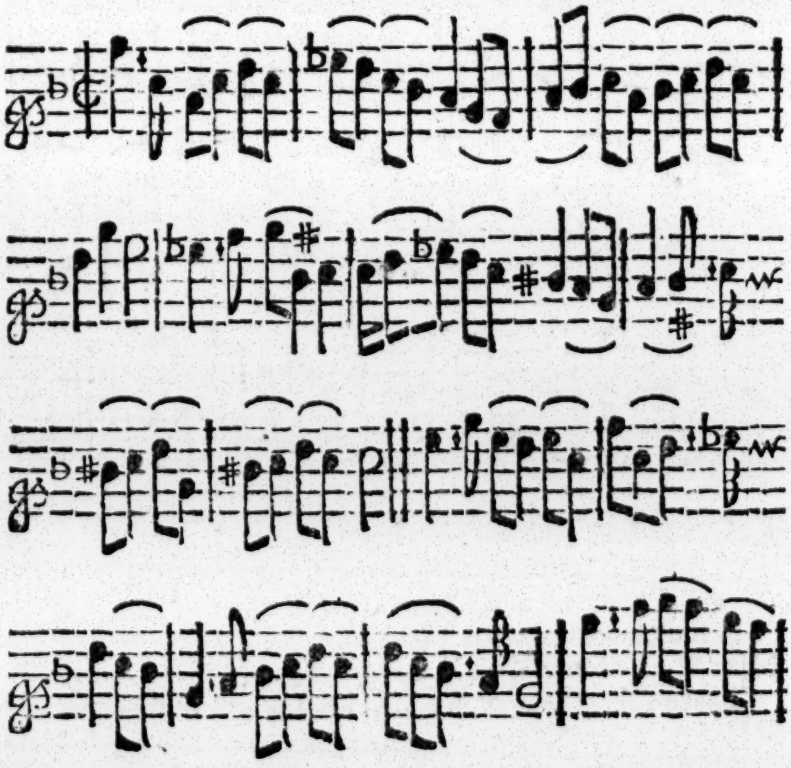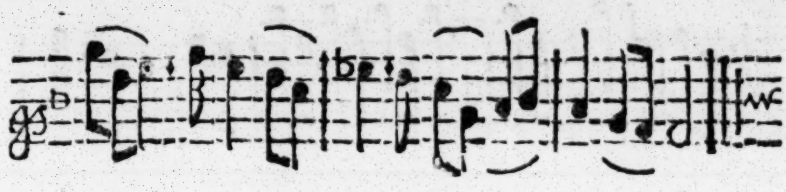


BOnny *Scottiſh* Lads that keens me weel,
Lith ye what ye what good Luck I'ſe fund;
Moggey is mine own in Spite o'th De'el,
I alone her Heart has won:
Near St. *Andrews* Kirk in *London* Town,
There I'ſe, I'ſe met my Deareſt Joy;
Shineing in her Silken Hued and Gown,
But ne'er ack, ne'er ack She prov'd not coy.

Then

Then after many Compliments,
  Streight we gang'd into the Kirk;
There full weel ſhe tuck the documents,
  And flang me many pleaſing Smirk:
Weel I weat that I have gear enough,
  She's have a yode to ride ont;
She's neither drive the Swine nor the Plough,
  What ever does betide ont.

A New SONG in the Play call'd (A Duke and no Duke,) *Sung by Mrs.* Cibber.
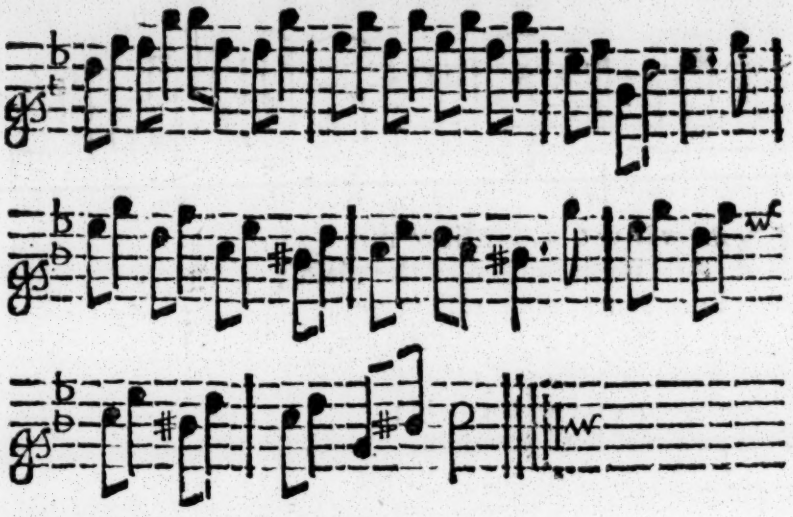




Damon if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing o'er the plain;
Songs nor Sonets can't relieve ye,
Faint attempts in Love are vain,
Urge but home the fair occaſion,
And be maſter of the field;
To a pow'rful kind Invaſion,
'Twere a madneſs not to yeild.

Tho' ſhe vow's ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Says you'r rude and much to blame;
And with tears Implores your pity,
Be not merciful for ſhame:
When the firſt aſſault is over,
Chloris time enough will find;
This ſo fierce and Cruel Lover,
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

A SONG, The Words made to a Tune of the late Mr. Henry Purcell's.
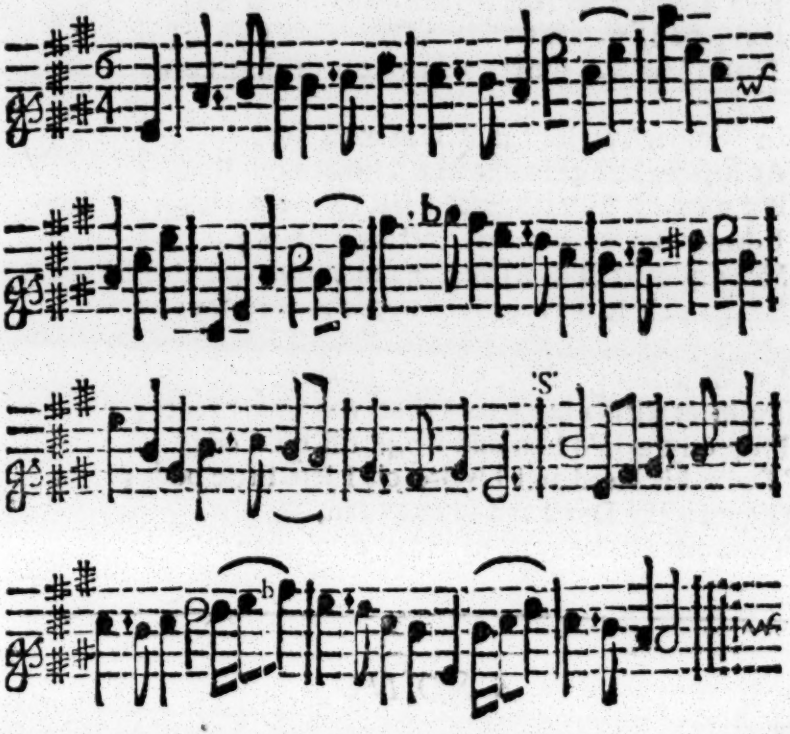




DRunk I was laſt Night that's poſs,
My Wife began to Scold;
Say what I cou'd for my Hearts Blood.
Her Clack ſhe wou'd not hold:
Thus her chat ſhe did begin,
Is this your time of coming in,
The Clock ſtrikes one, you'll be undone,
If thus you lead your life;
My Dear ſaid I, I can't deny,
But what you ſay is true;
I do intend, my life to mend,
Pray lends the pot to Spew.

Fye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear,
To riſe thus e'ery Night,
Tho' like a Beaſt you never care,
What conſequence comes by't;
The Child and I may ſtarve for you,
We neither can have half our due,
With grief I find, your ſo unkind,
In time you'll break my heart,
At that I ſmil'd, and ſaid dear Child,
I b'leive your in the wrong,
But if't ſhou'd be your deſtiny,
I'll ſing a merry Song.

The Gelding the Divel, Sett Mr. Tho. Wroth.



I Met with the Devil in the ſhape of a Ram,
then over and over the Sowgelder came,
I roſe and halter'd him faſt by the horns,
And pickt out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns;
Maa quoth the Devil, with that out he ſlunk,
And left us a Carkaſs of Mutton that ſtunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in diſguiſe of a Calf;
I bound him and gelt him e'er he did any evil,
For he was at the beſt but a young ſucking Devil;
Maa yet he cries and forth he did ſteal,
And this was ſold after for excellent Veal.
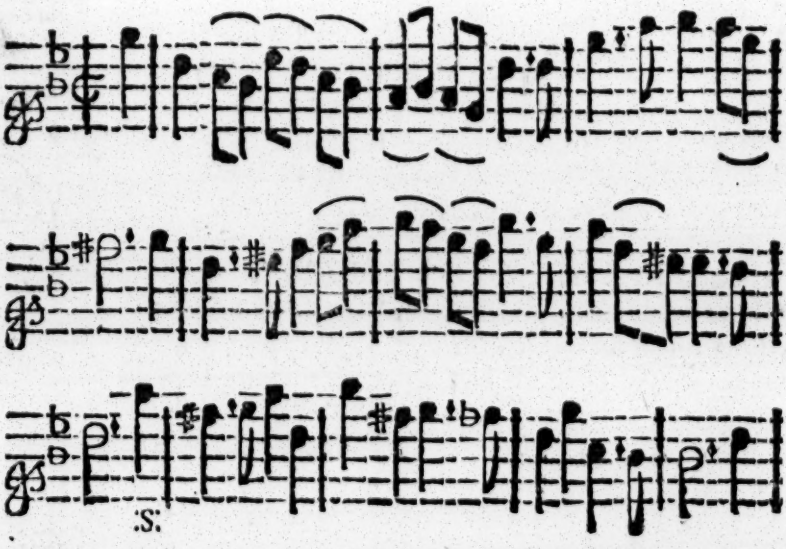
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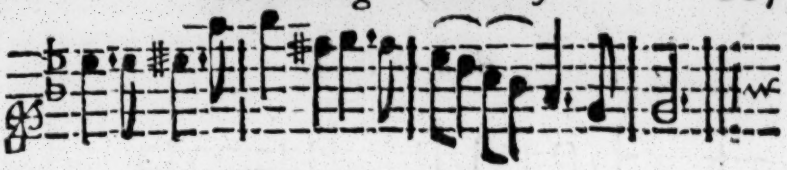
Some half a year after in the Form of a Pig,
I met with the rogue and he lookt very big;
I caught at his leg laid him down on a log,
E'er a man could fart twice I made him a Hog.
Huh, huh, quoth the Devil and gave such a Jirk,
That a Jew was converted and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's attire I met him most fine,
At first sight I thought him some Angel divine;
But viewing his crab face I fell to my trade,
I made him forswear ever acting a Maid;
Meaw quoth the devil and so ran away,
Hid himself in a Fryers old weeds as they say.

I walked along and it was my good chance,
To meet with a black coat that was in a Trance;
I speedily grip'd him and whipt off his Cods,
'Twixt his Head and his Breech I left little odds;
O quoth the Devil and so away ran,
Thou oft wilt be curst by many a Woman.

A SONG.
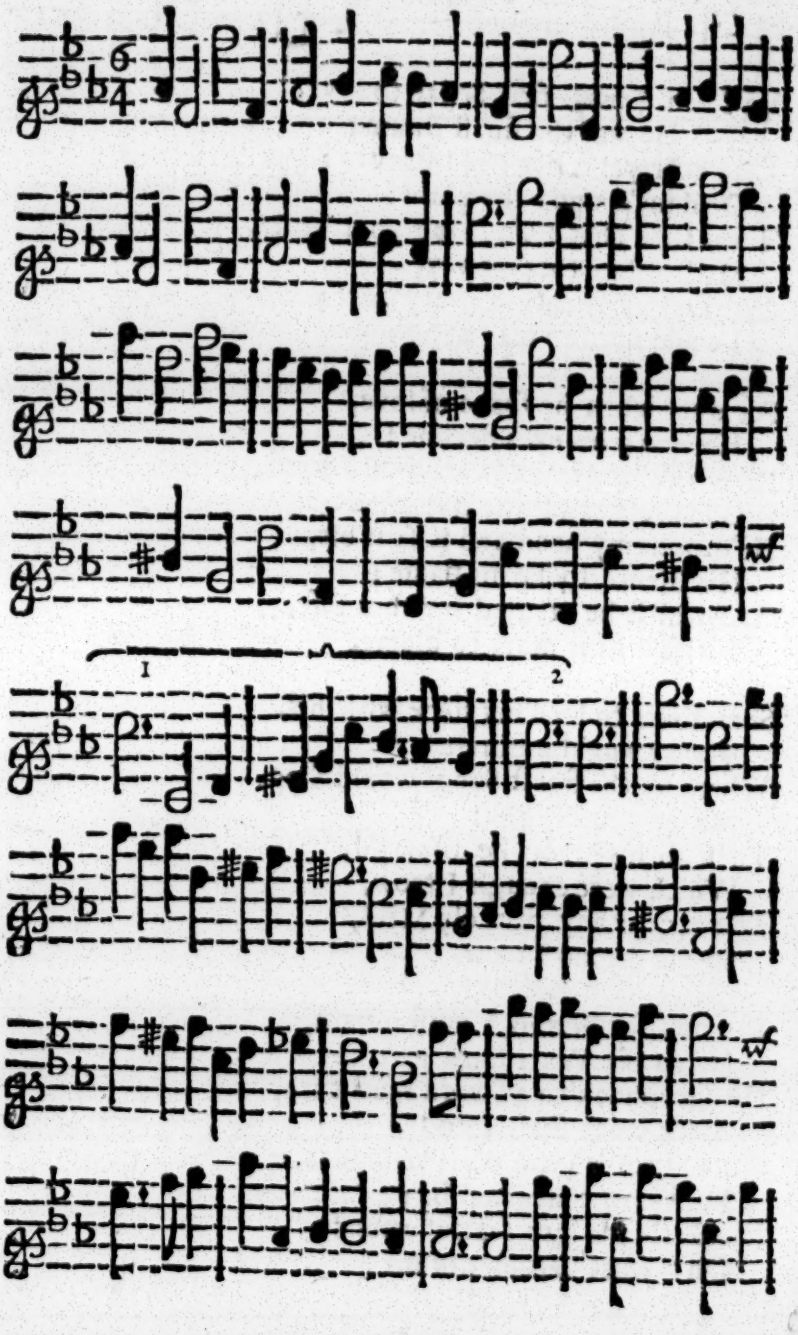




When *Femmy* firſt began to love,
He was the fineſt Swain;
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain:
'Twas then that I woe's me poor heart,
My freedom threw away,
And finding ſweets in every part;
I could not ſay him nay.
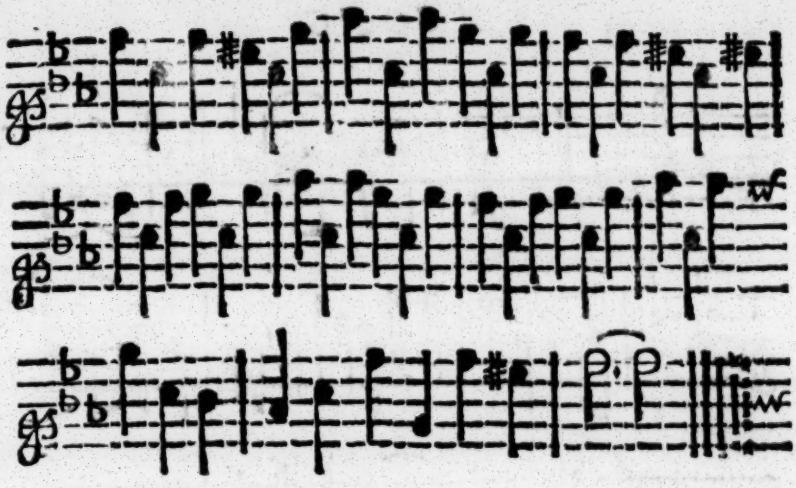
For ever when he ſpake of love,
He wou'd his eyes decline;
Each ſigh he gave a heart wou'd move,
Good faith and why not mine:
He'd preſs my hand and Kiſs it oft,
His ſilence ſpoke his flame;
And whilſt he treated me thus ſoft,
I wiſh'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flock with his,
Femmy wou'd me invite;
Where he the fineſt Songs would Sing,
Me only to delight:
Then all his graces he diſplay'd,
Which were enough I trow,
To conquer any princely Maid,
So did he me I trow.

But now for *Femmy* I muſt mourn,
He to the Wars muſt go;
His ſheephook to a Sword muſt turn,
Alack what ſhall I do?
His Baggpipe into Warlike ſounds,
Muſt now converted be;
His Garlands into fearful wounds,
Oh! what becomes of me?

A SONG.
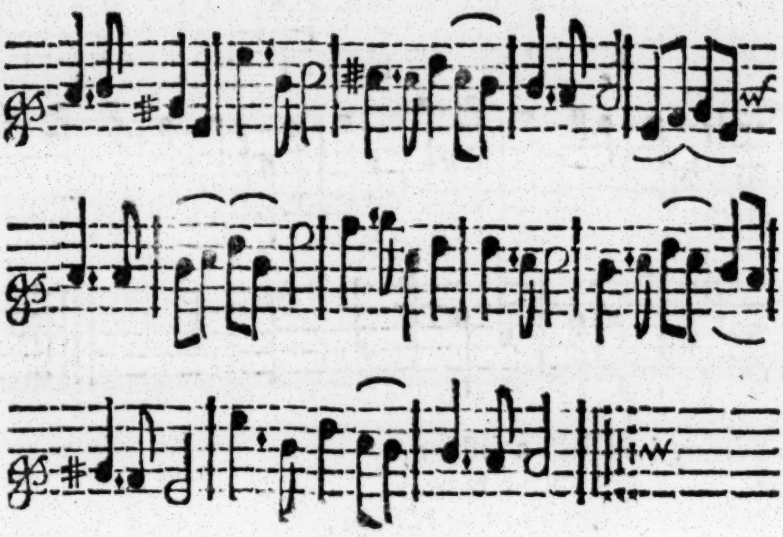




JIlting is in ſuch a faſhion,
And ſuch a fame.
Runs o'er the Nation;
There's never a Dame,
Of higheſt rank or of fame,
Sir but will ſtoop to your careſſes,
If you do but put home your addreſſes;
It's for that ſhe paints and ſhe patches,
All ſhe hopes to ſecure is her name Sir.

But when you find the love fit comes upon her,
Never truſt much to her honour,
Tho' ſhe may very high ſtand on't,
Yet when her love is aſcendant.
Her vertue's quite out of doors:
High breeding, rank feeding,
With lazy lives leading,
In eaſe and ſoft pleaſures,
And taking looſe meaſures,
With Play-houſe diverſions,
And midnight excurtions,
With Balls Maſquerading,
And Nights Serenading,
Debaucheth the Sex into Whores Sir,

A SONG.
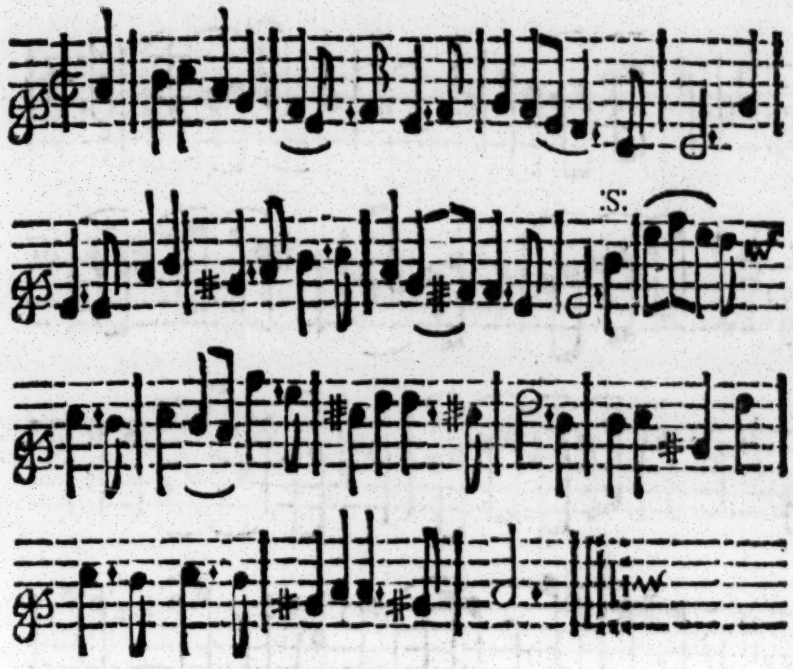


YOU I Love by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a paſſion far more great,
Than e'er Creature loved yet:
And yet ſtill you cry forbear,
Love no more, or Love not here.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the *Nun* not think of Man:
Silvia thus when you can do,
Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a think of Choice but Fate,
What makes me Love, that makes you hate;
Silvia you do what you will,
Eaſe or Cure, Torment or Kill:
Be Kind or Cruel, Falſe or True,
Love I muſt, and none but you.
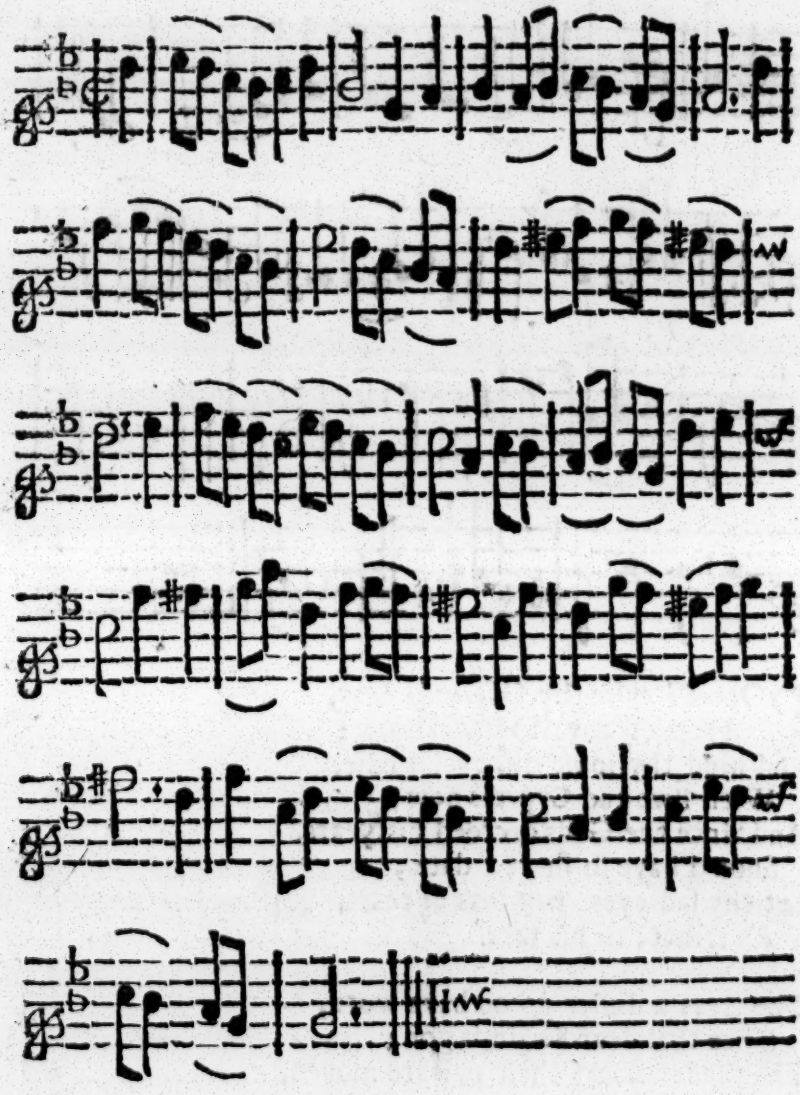
A SONG.



POor *Cleonice* thy Garlands tear,
From off thy Widow'd brow;
And bind thy looſe diſhevel'd hair,
With Ewe and Cypreſs now:
And Since the Gods decreed his years,
Shou'd have ſo ſhort a date;
Let thy ſad eyes, pay ſeas of tears,
As tribute to his fate.

The trees a duller green have worn,
Since that dear Swain is gon;
The tender flocks their paſture mourn,
And bleat a ſadder moan:
The Birds that did frequent theſe Groves,
To happy Manſions fly;
And all that once ſmil'd on our Loves
Now ſeem to bid me dye.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Pack.



FArewel ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my Perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature,
Believe a Man again:
The pleasure of poss-ssing,
Surpasses all expressing;
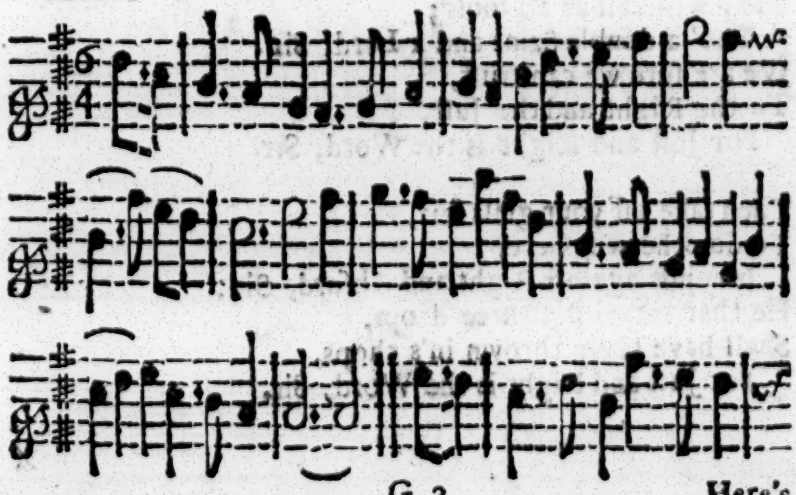
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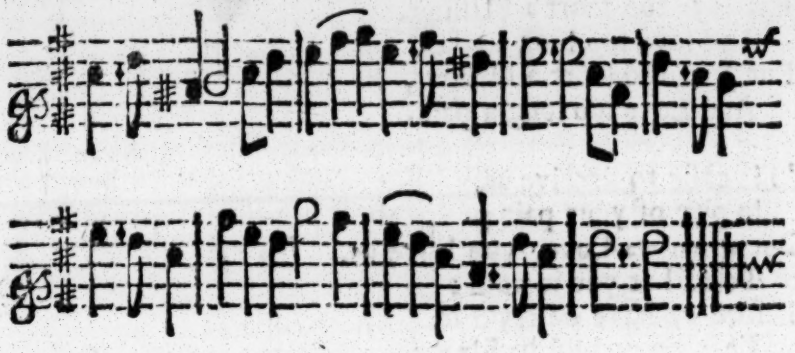
But Joys too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And love too long a pain,
But Joys too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a pain.

'Tis eaſie to deceive us,
in pity of your pain;
But when we Love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain:
Before we have deſcry'd it,
There is no bliſs beſide it;
But ſhe that once has try'd it,
Will never Love again.

The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain:
Your Love by ours we meaſure,
Till we have loſt our Treaſure;
But dying is a pleaſure,
When living is a pain.

The Northamptonſhire *Health, ſet by Mr.* Edward Keen.
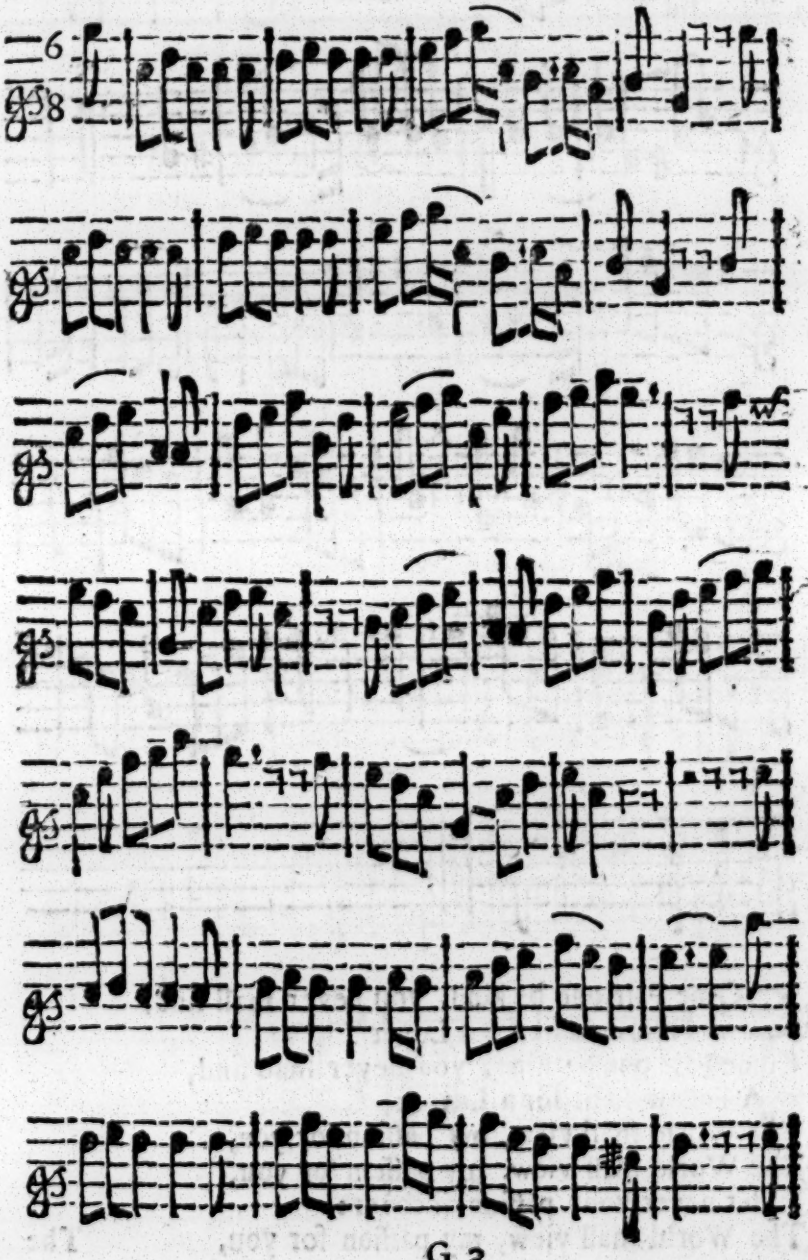




HEre's a health to thoſe Men,
That go with us again;
To chuſe Knights who can afford, Sir,
To ſerve without Penſion,
Or other pretenſion,
But Juſt and Right is the Word, Sir,
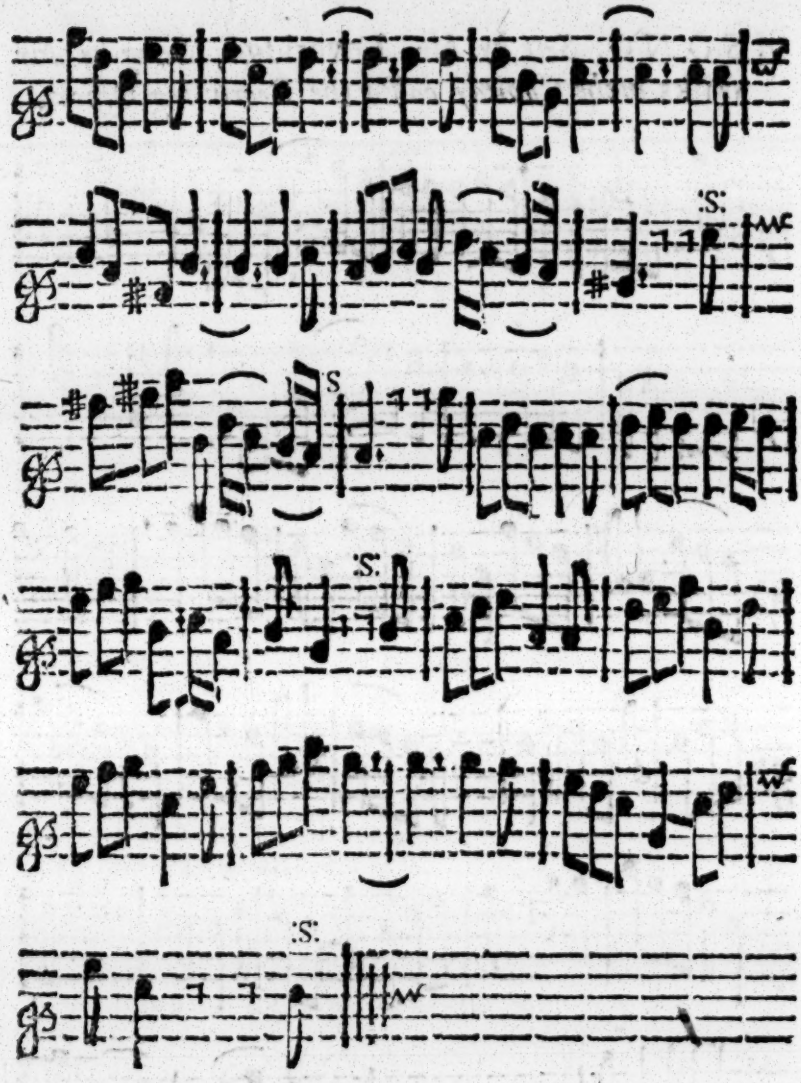
As for thoſe that have pay,
We have nothing to ſay;
Let the Souldier live by his Sword, Sir:
We're for them that are known,
To have Lands of their own,
And Juſt and Right is the Word, Sir,

Shou'd we chuſe the Court Tools,
They will call us all fools;
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir:
We are ſure we can truſt,
To the Right and the Juſt,
For Juſt and Right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your glaſs fair,
To do otherwiſe here,
Is unjuſt againſt Right and Abſurd, Sir:
He that leaves but three drops,
Shall have them thrown in's chops,
For Juſt and Right is the Word, Sir.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Leveridge, *Sung by Mr* Wilks *in the Comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer.*
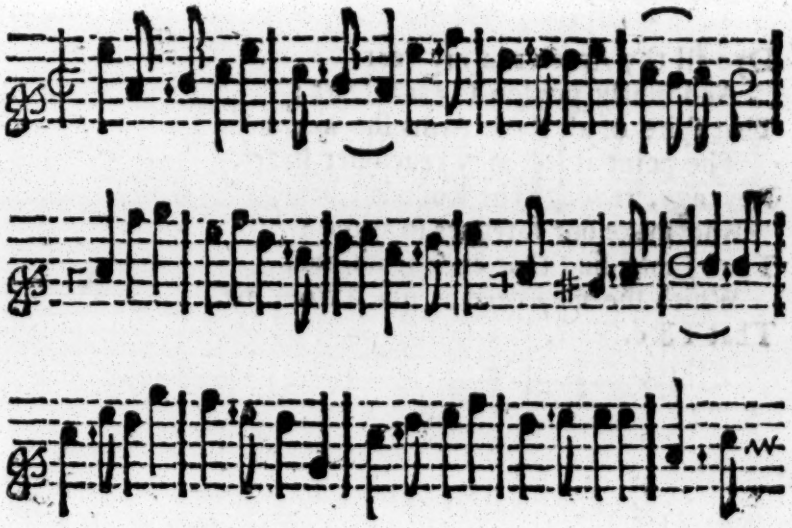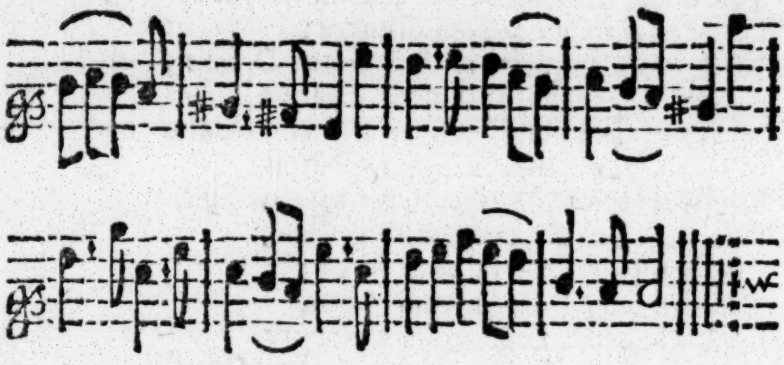




COme Fair one be kind, you never ſhall find,
A Fellow ſo fit for a Lover:
Come Fair one be kind, you never ſhall find,
A Fellow ſo fit for a Lover:
The World ſhall view, my paſſion for you,
The World ſhall view, my paſſion for you,
But never your paſſion diſcover:
The World ſhall view, my paſſion for you, The

The world ſhall view, my paſſion for you,
But never your paſſion diſcover:
I ſtill will Complain, of Frowns and Diſdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms,
I ſtill will Complain, of Frowns and Diſdain,
Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms:
The World ſhall declare, I die with deſpair,
I die with deſpair, I die with deſpair,
When only I die in your Arms;
When only I die in your Arms,
I ſtill will adore Love more and more,
But by Jove if you chance to prove Cruel,
I'll get me a Miſs, that freely will kiſs,
I'll get me a Miſs, that freely will kiſs,
Tho' after I drink water gruel.
I'll &c.

A SONG.
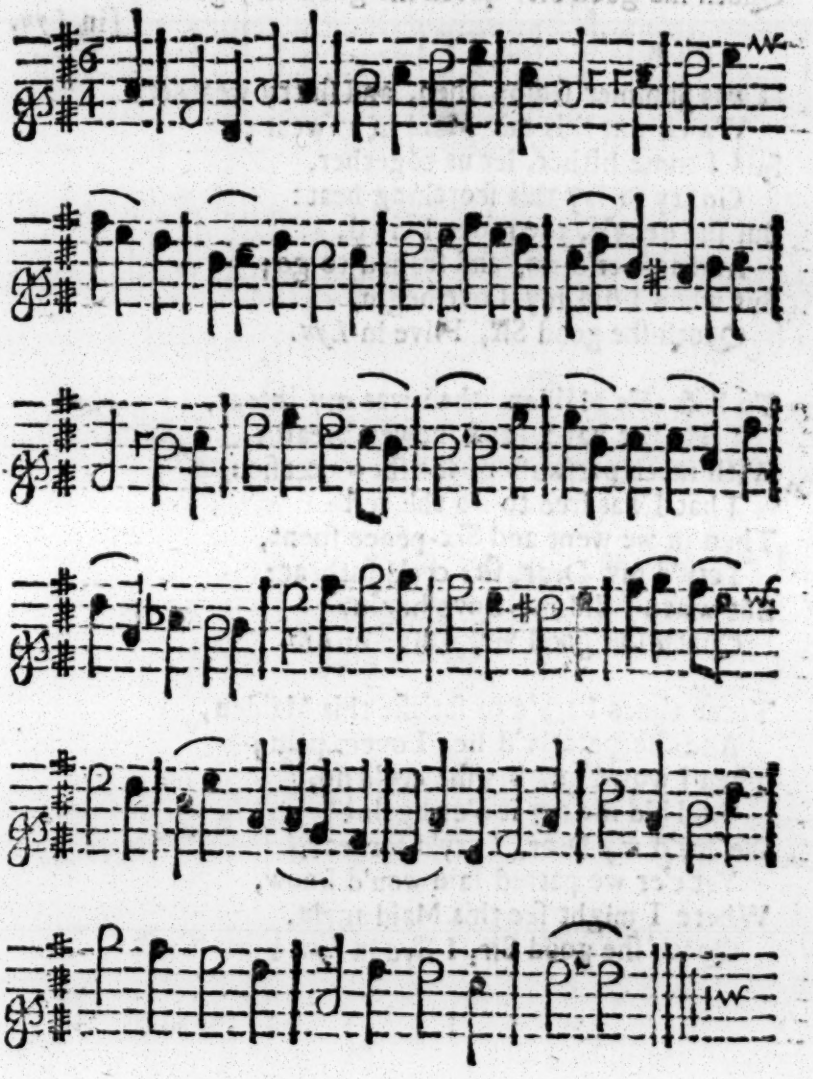




SPare Mighty Love O Spare a ſlave,
That at thy feet for mercy lies;
What wou'd thy cruel Godhead have,
See how he bleeds, ſee how he dyes:
Upon a noble Conqueſt go,
And for thy glory and my peace;
O make the ſcornful *Celia* know,
The pains ſhe now regardleſs ſees.
O make &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my tears,
And ſubtly poyſon ſo each Dart;
That ſpite of all thoſe Arms ſhe wears,
The point at laſt may reach her heart.
Revenge, revenge the wounds I bear,
And make our fortunes ſo agree;
That I may find that cure from her,
Which ſhe may need as much from me.
That I &c.

The Maid of LYN.



ON *Brandon* Heath, in ſight of *Methwold* Steeple,
In *Norfolk* as I Rode along;
I met a Maiden with Apples laden,
And thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song:
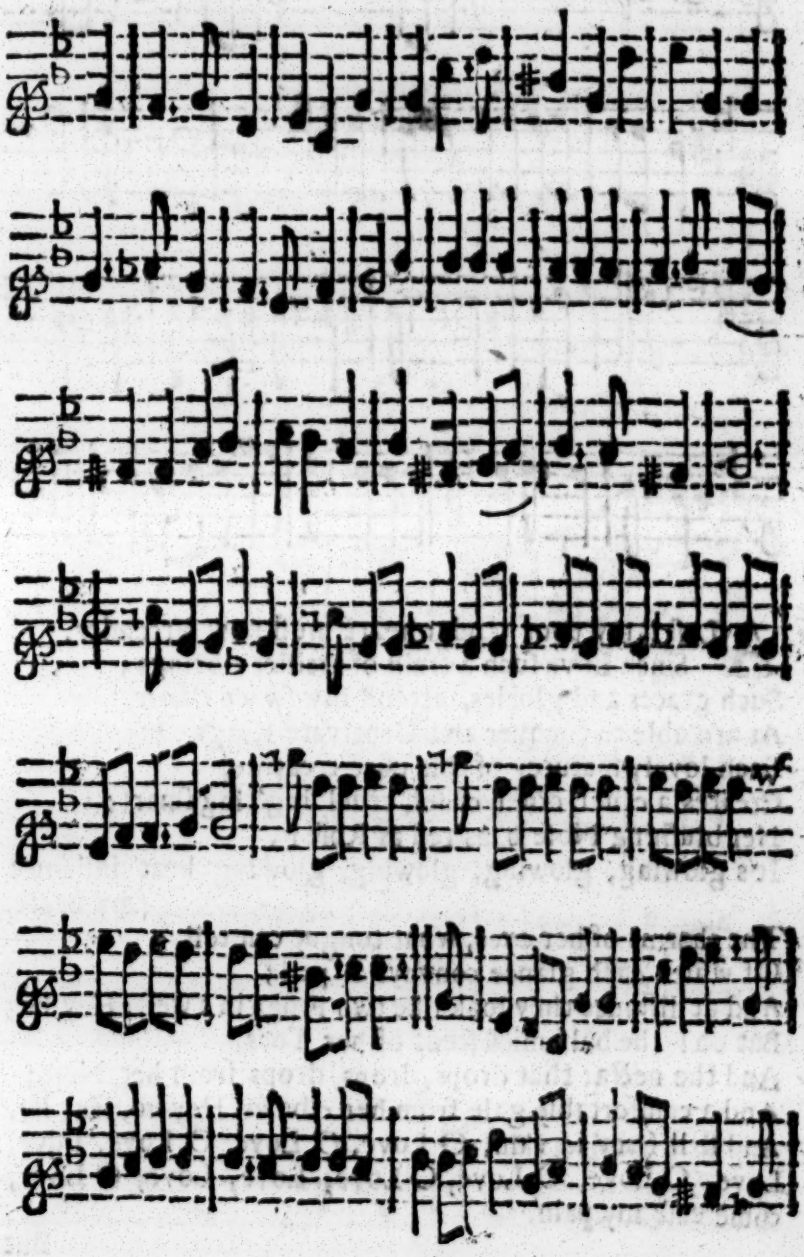
Kiſs me ſaid I, She anſwer'd no,
And ſtill ſhe cry'd I won't, I won't, I won't do ſo;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth ſhe good Sir, quoth ſhe good Sir, good Sir, I live
[in *Lyn.*
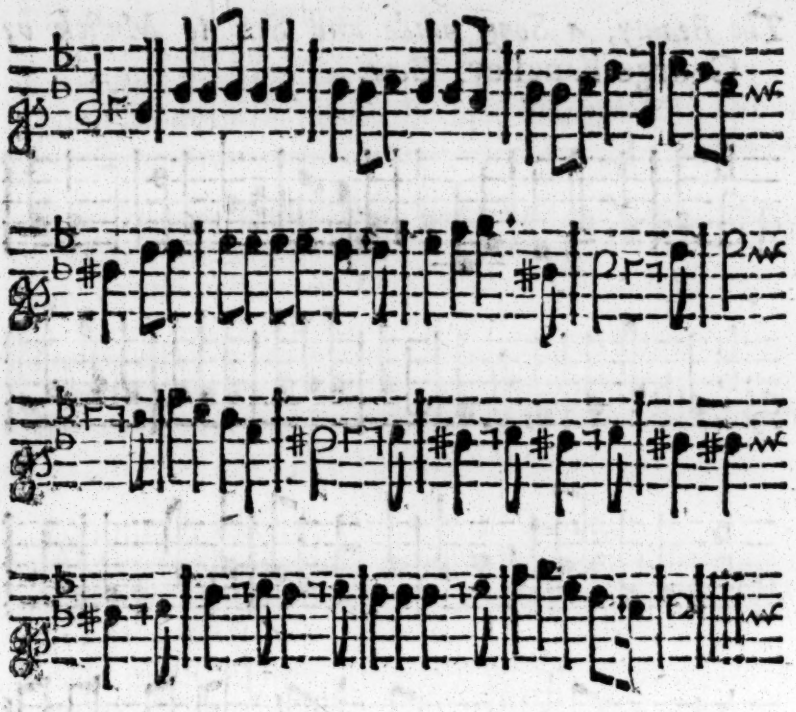
'Twas Summer ſeaſon then, and ſultry weather,
Which put this fair Maid in a ſweat;
Said I come hither, let us together,
Go try to lay this ſcorching heat:
But ſhe deny'd, the more I cry'd,
And anſwer'd no, and ſeem'd to go;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth ſhe good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

To Kiſs this Maiden, then was my intent,
I felt her hand, and ſnowey breaſt;
With much perſwaſion, ſhe ſhew occaſion,
That I was free to do the reſt:
Then in we went and Six-pence ſpent,
I cry'd my Dear, ſhe cry'd forbear;
But when I did my Love begin,
Quoth ſhe good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

Three times I try'd to ſatisfie this Maiden,
And ſhe perceiv'd her Lovers pain;
Then I wou'd go, but ſhe cry'd no,
And bid me try it o'er again:
She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,
Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know,
Where I might ſee this Maid again,
Quoth ſhe good Sir, I live in *Lyn.*

The Beauty, a Song made and Sett to Muſick by George Kingſley, *Gent.*
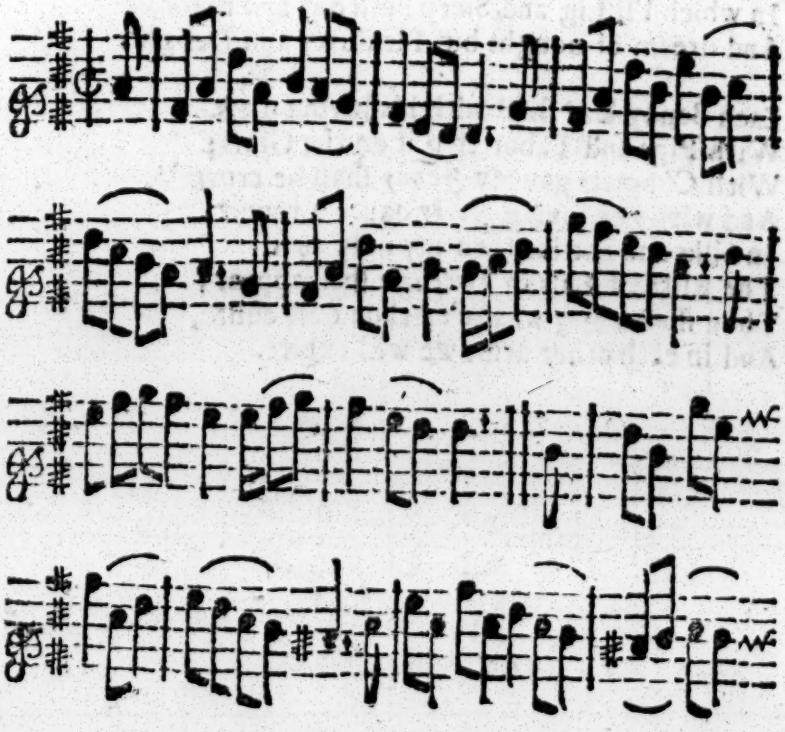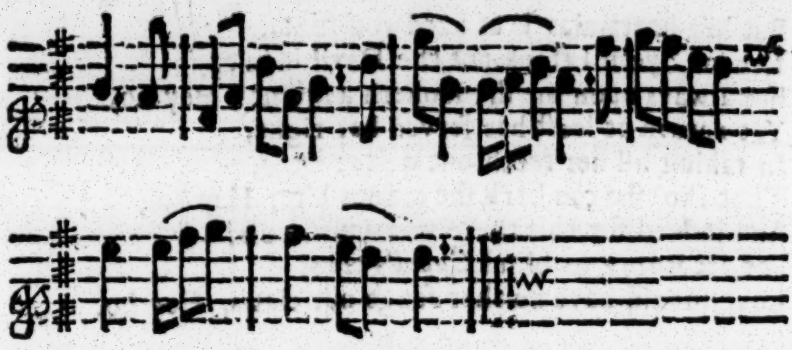




ALaſs! my poor tender heart muſt now ſurrender,
Since Love ſuch a train of artillery brings;
Such graces and glories, attend my ſweet *Cloris*,
As are able to conquer and Captivate Kings,
Each lovely feature, of this pure creature,
Creates a cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel ling'ring ſmart:
Her bluſhing Noſe is, as red as Roſe is,
It's glowing, glowing, glowing, glowing heat inflames (my heart.
The charms of her eyes, what tongue can tell,
Of which each glance conveys a ſpell;
And at diſtance they look like two Frogs in a well: Hey ho;
But oh! the balſamick ſcent of her Toes,
And the nectar that drops, drops, drops from her Noſe;
And a comfortable gale from her elbows: Hey ho, Hey ho,
And ſtill I cry in vain, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love,
Love, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love, Love, O Love,
come eaſe my pain.

But

But her heart alas is as hard as a flint,
Let me dye if I think not the Devil is in't;
For always upon me ſhe looketh a ſquint: Hey ho,
Yet nature at leaſt has ſerved her right,
In taking all her teeth out quite:
That tho' ſhe can bark ſhe cannot bite, Hey ho;
And indeed for this there was a juſt cauſe,
For according to blind *Cupid's* laws,
Love ſhould have neither fangs nor claws, Hey ho.

A Scotch *Song the Words by Mr.* John Hallam, *Sett to Muſick by Mr.* John Cotterell.
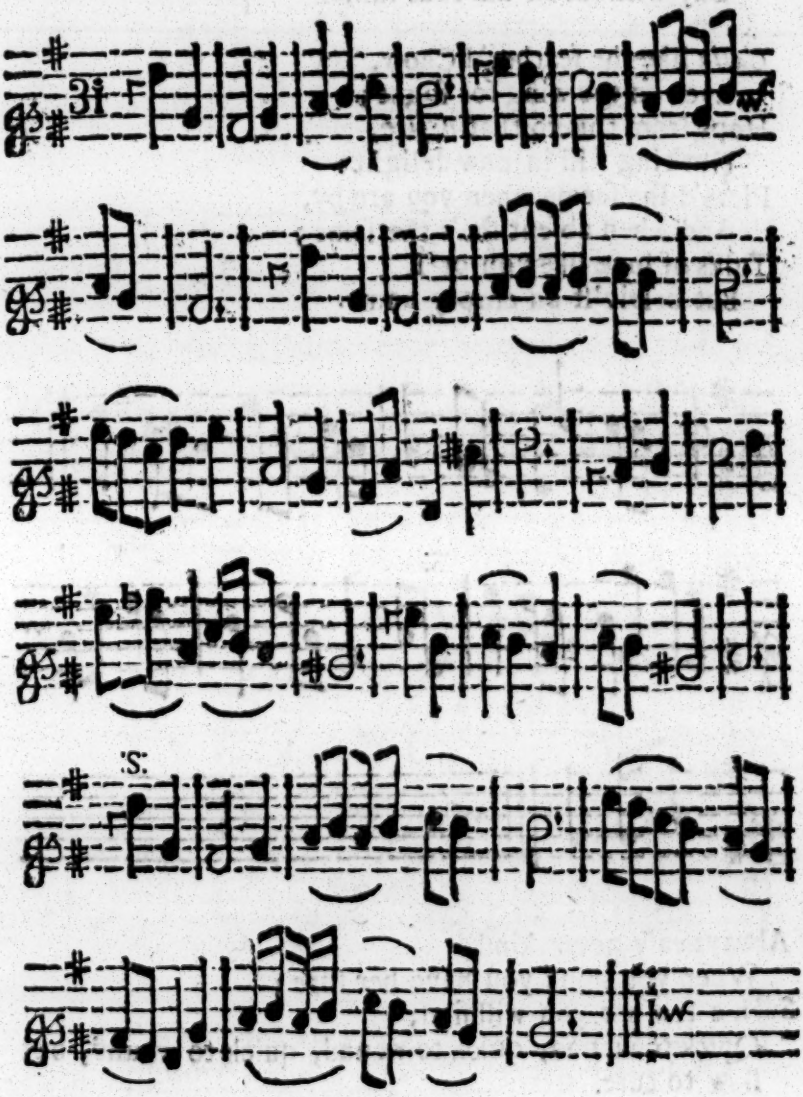




UPon the wings of Love my Dear I come,
No more I will depart from Thee and Home;
The Dreadful noiſe of Battles now do ceaſe,
Brave *Willy* is return'd with Joy and Peace:
The Trumpet ſhrill no more ſhall ſound alarms,
And call thy *Fockey* out of thy ſoft arms;
In which I'll Lig and Sleep both day and night,
And dream of nought but Pleaſures and Delight.

Each Bonny Lad ſhall with his loving Laſs,
With Pipe and Tabor trip it on the Graſs;
With Chaplets gay my *Fenny* ſhall be crown'd,
And with her loving *Focky* dance a round:
In Silks and Sattins then my only dear,
The Blitheſt Laſs in *Tweedale* ſhall appear;
Thou ſhalt enjoy what e'er thou doſt deſire,
And in each other arms we will expire.

A Song Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge, *at the Theatre Royal.*
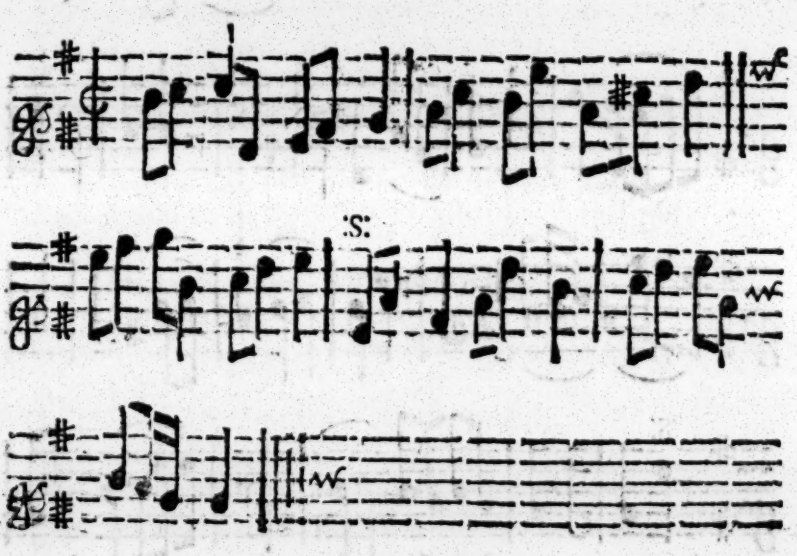


Foolish swain thy sighs forbare,
Nothing can her passion move;
Cælia with a careless Air,
Laughs to hear the tales of love;

Darts
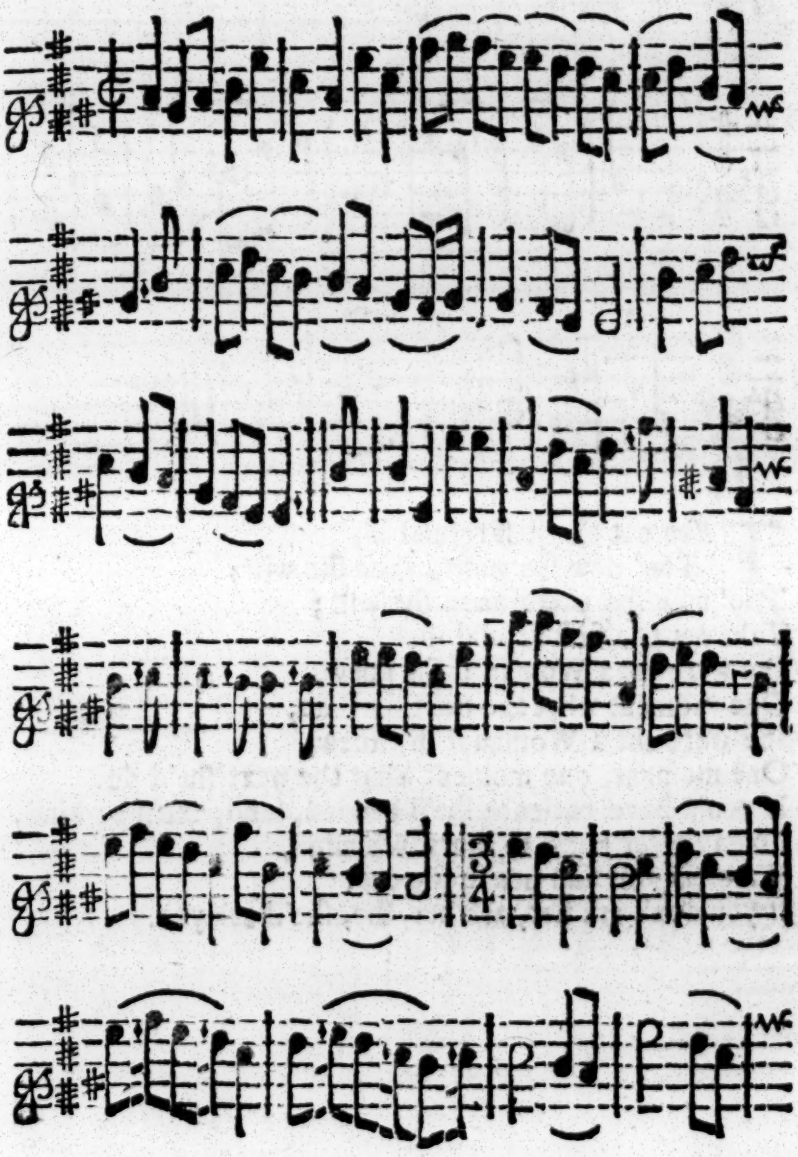
Darts and flames the nymph defyes,
  Toys which other hearts beguile;
Pleaſure ſparkles in her eyes,
  Gay without an am'rous ſmile.

Celia like the feather'd Choir,
  Ever on the wing for flight;
Hops from this to that deſire,
  Flut'ring ſtill in new delight:
Pleas'd ſhe ſeems when you are by,
  And when abſent ſhe's the ſame;
Talks of love like you or I,
  But beleiv'ſt an empty name.
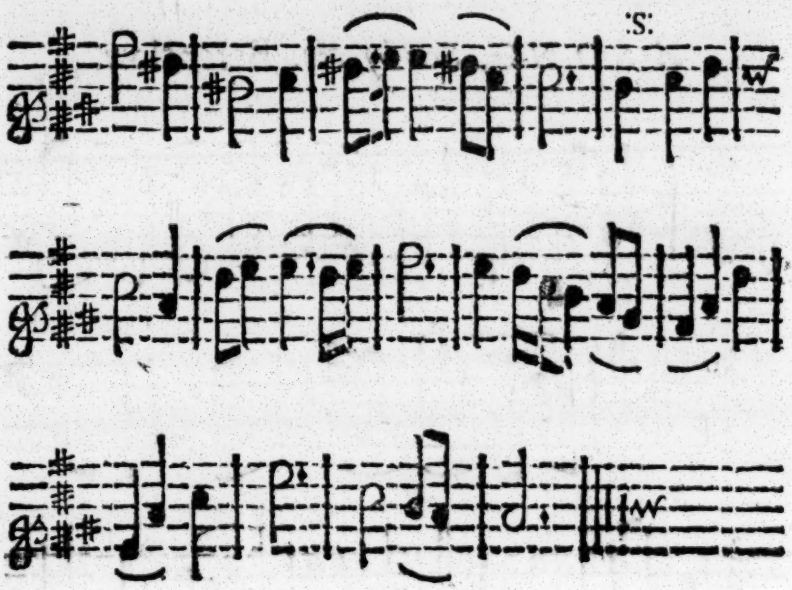


Always eaſy never kind,
  When you think you have her ſure;
Such a temper you will find,
  Quick to wound, quick to wound, quick to wound, but
  ſlow to cure.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Berenclow.
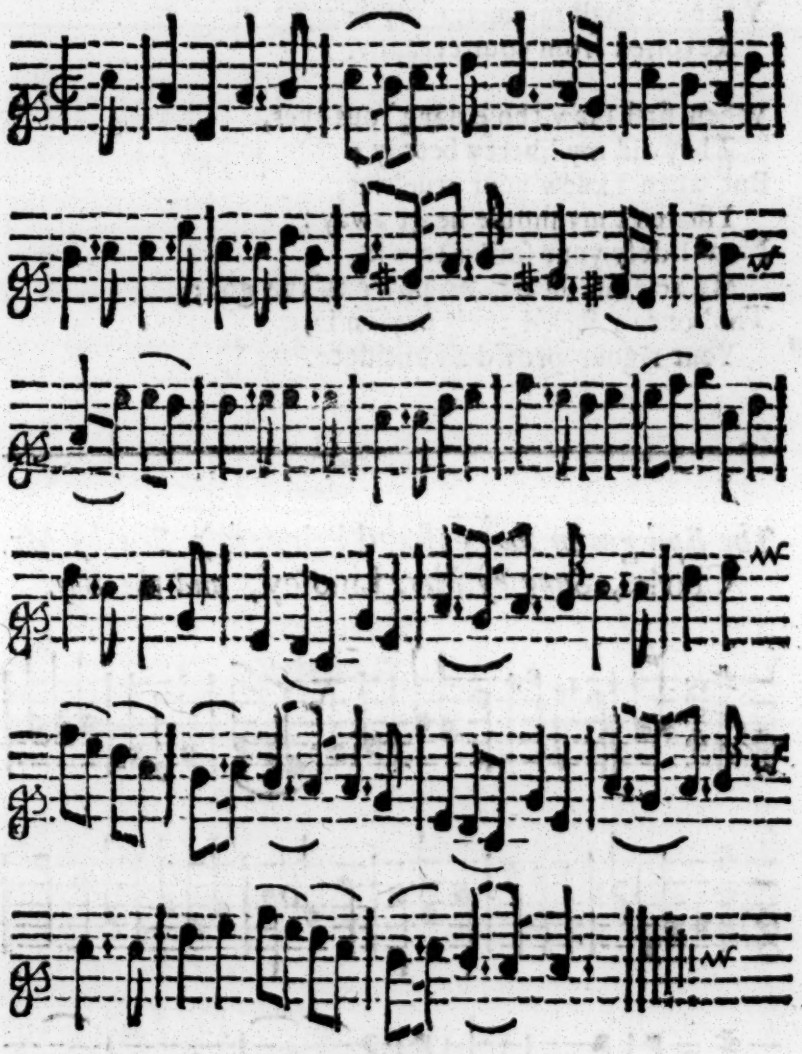


Take



TAke not the firſt refuſal ill,
Tho' now ſhe wont, anon ſhe will;
Tho' now ſhe won't anon ſhe will;
Take not the firſt refuſal ill,
She were not a Woman if ſhe knew,
One moment what the next ſhe'd do,
She were not a Woman if ſhe knew,
One moment, one moment what the next ſhe'd do.
If you'll have patience ſhe'll be kind, kind, ſhe'll be kind,
To day ne'er knew to morrow's mind,
Wait 'till you find her in the cue,
If you don't ask her, ask her, ſhe, ſhe'll ask you.

A New SONG, *the Words by Mr.* J. C. *Sett to Muſick by Dr.* Prettle.
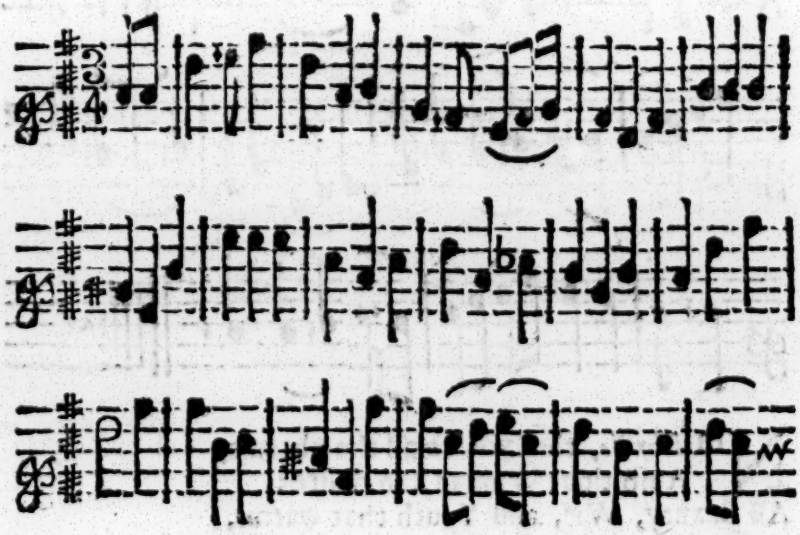


NO *Phyllis*, tho' you've all the charms,
Ambitious Woman can deſire;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or ſets our fooliſh hearts on fire;

Yet
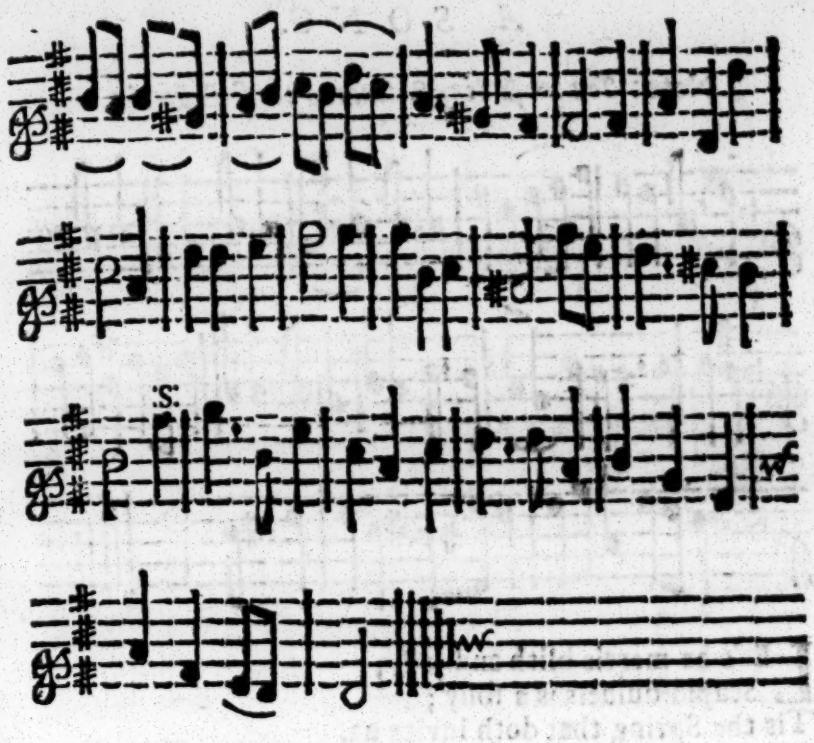
Yet you may practice all your Arts,
In vain to make a ſlave of me;
You ne'er ſhall re-engage my heart,
Revolted from your tyranny.
You ne'er ſhall re-engage my heart,
Revolted from your tyranny.

When firſt I ſaw thoſe dang'rous eyes,
They did my liberty betray;
But when I knew your cruelties,
I ſnatch't my ſimple heart away:
Now I defy your ſmiles to win,
My reſolute heart, no pow'r th'ave got;
Tho' once I ſuck'd their poyſon in,
Your rigour prov'd an antidote.

The Epilogue in the (Iſland Princes,) *Sett by Mr.* Clarke, *Sung by Mrs.* Lindſey, *and the Boy.*
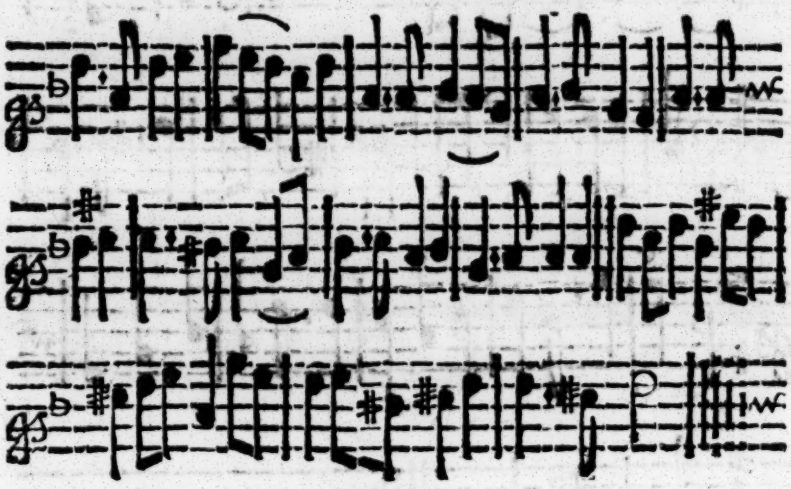


Now



NOw to you ye dry wooers,
Old Beaus and no doers,
So doughty ſo gouty,
So uſleſs and toothleſs,
Your blindneſs cold kindneſs
Has nothing of Man;
Still doating or gloating,
Still ſtumbling or fumbling,
Still hawking ſtill baulking,
You flaſh in the Pan:
Unfit like old brooms,
For ſweeping our rooms,
You're ſunk and you're ſhrunk,
Then repent or look to't,
In vain you're ſo upiſh (in vain you're ſo upiſh)
You're down ev'ry foot.

A SONG.
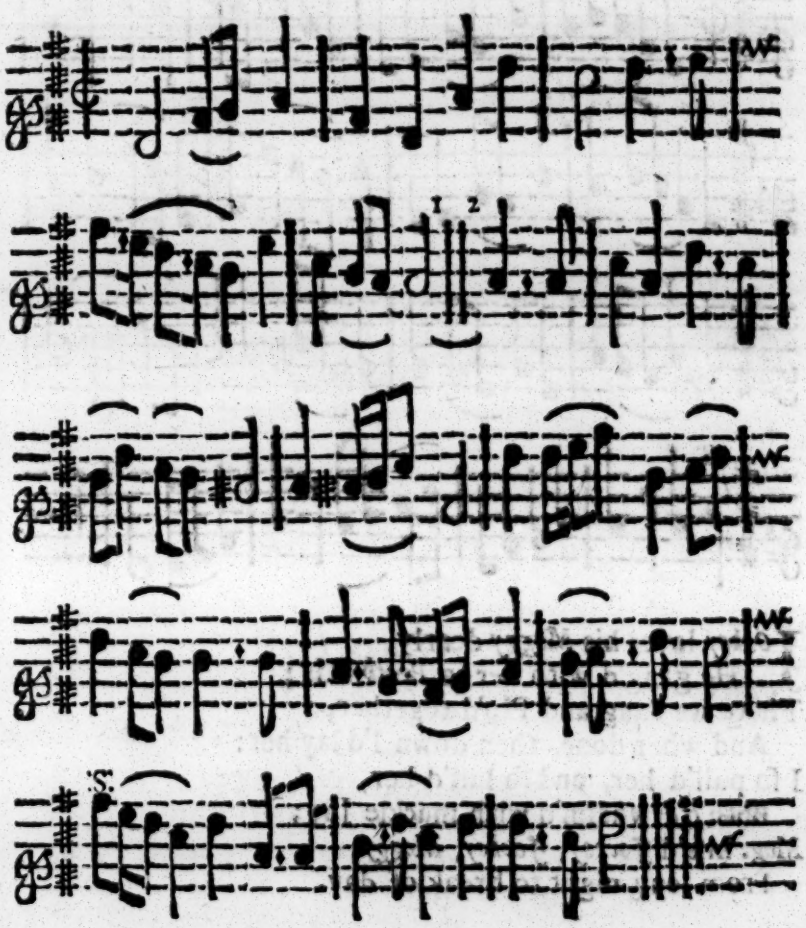
Note: *You muſt Sing* 8 *lines to the firſt Strain.*



LEt's be merrie blith and jolly,
Stupid dulneſs is a folly;
'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
Heark the chirping birds delight us:
Let us dance and raiſe our Voices,
Every Creature now rejoyces;
Airy blaſts and ſpringing flowers,
Verdant coverings pleaſant ſhowers;
Each playes his part to compleat this our joy,
And can we be ſo dull as to deny,
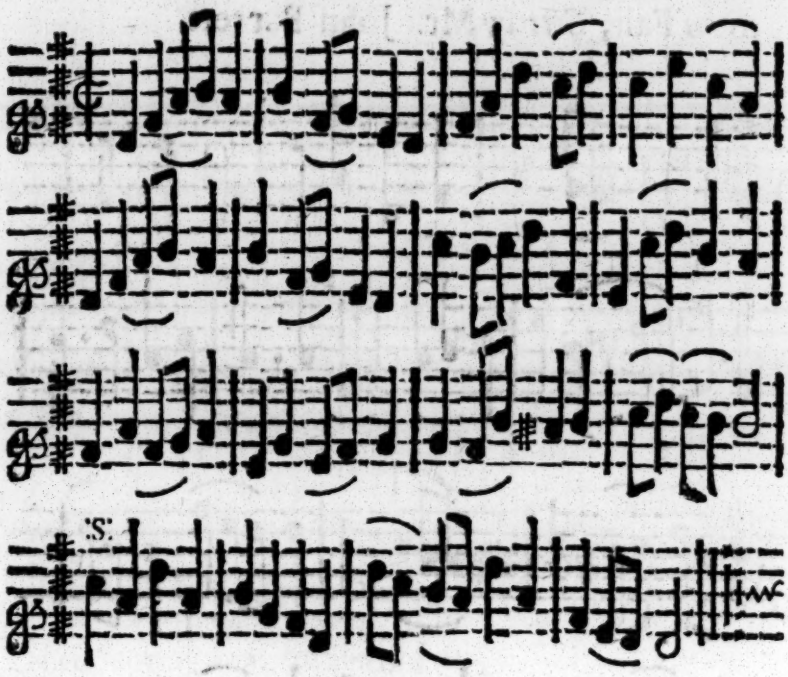
Here's no fooliſh ſurly Lover,
That his paſſions will diſcover;
No conceited foppiſh Creature,
That is proud of Cloaths or Feature:
All things here ſerene and free are,
They're not wiſe, are not as we are;
Who acknowledge Heavens bleſſings,
In our innocent careſſings.
Then let us Sing, let us dance, let us play,
'Tis the time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of *May*.

A SONG. *Sung at* Holmſe's *Booth in* Bartholomew Fair, *Sett by* Mr. John Barrett.



WAR, War and battle now no more,
Shall your thun'dring Cannons roar;
No more, no more of War complain,
Peace begins, Peace begins her *Halcyon* Reign;
For now the Tow'ring Bird of *Jove*,
Stoops, ſtoops to the gentle Billing *Dove*.
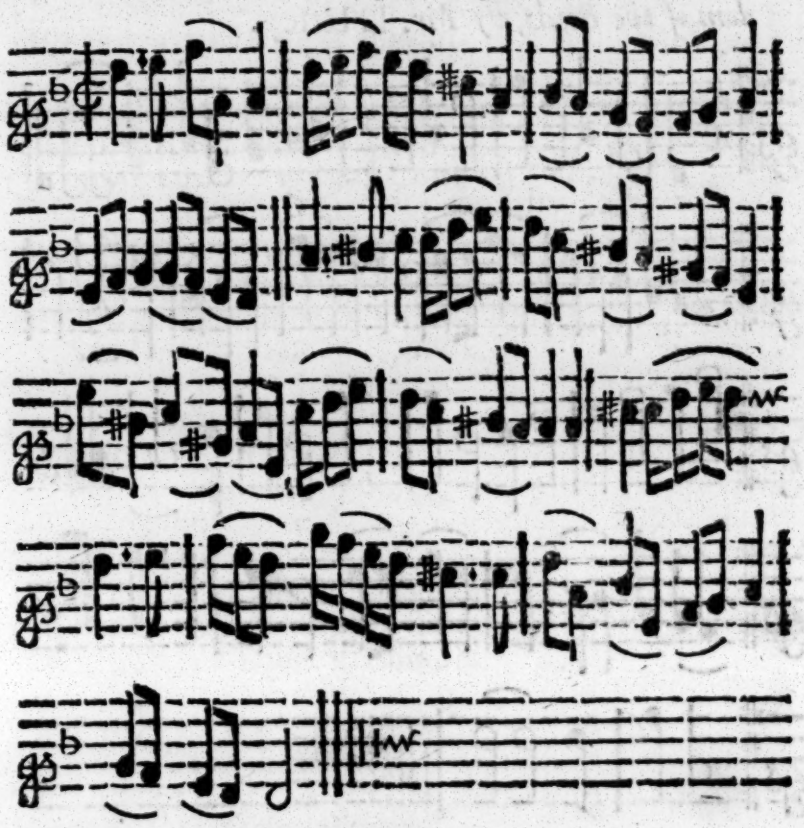
A Scotch *SONG, Sett by Mr.* R. Brown.



Jockey loves his *Moggy* dearly,
He gang'd with her to *Perth* Fair;
There we Sung and Pip'd together,
And when done, then down I'd lay her:
I ſo pull'd her, and ſo lull'd her,
Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle Joy;
Mog. kiſs'd *Jockey*, *Jockey*, *Moggy*,
From long night to break of day.

I told *Mog.* 'twas muckle pleaſing,
Moggey cry'd ſhe'd do again ſuch;
I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,
But 'twould waſt my mickle Coyn much:
She lamented, I relented,
Both wiſh'd bodies might increaſe;
Then we'd gang next year together,
And my Pipe ſhall never ceaſe.
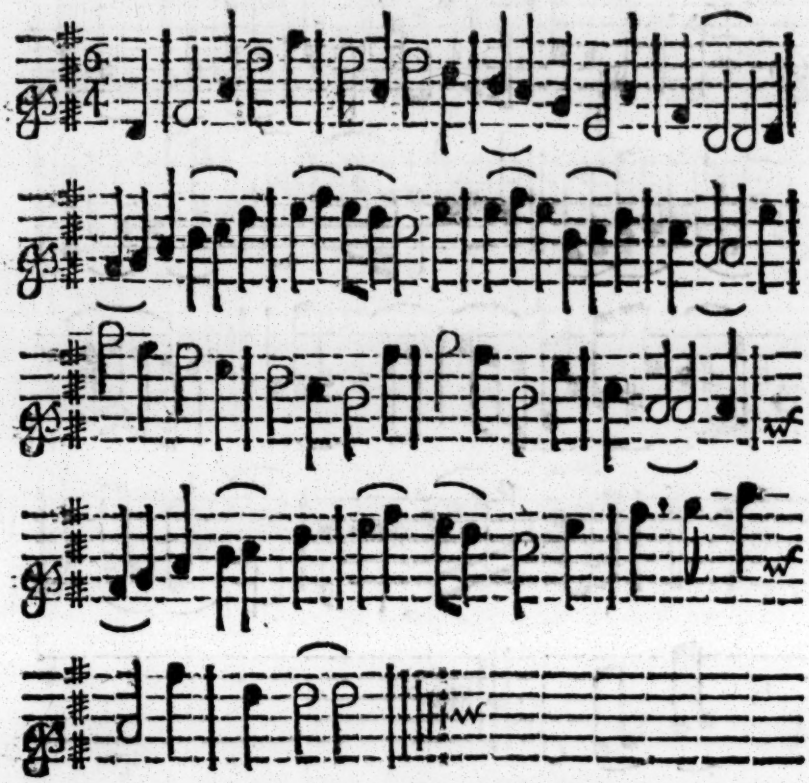
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Weldon.



SWain thy hopeleſs paſſion ſmother,
Perjur'd *Cælia* Loves another,
In his Arms I ſaw her Lying,
Panting, Kiſſing, Trembling, Dying;
There the Fair deceiver Swore,
As once ſhe did to you before.

Oh! ſaid you when She deceives me,
When that Conſtant Creature leaves me;
Iſis Waters back ſhall fly,
And leave their *Ouzy* Channels dry;
Turn your Waters leave your Shore,
For perjur'd *Cælia* loves no more.

A SONG in the Wonders of the Sun, or the Kingdom of the Birds, by Mr. D'Urfey.



SInce now the World's turn'd upſide down,
And all things chang'd in Nature;
As if a doubt were newly grown,
We had the ſame Creator:
Of Ancient Modes and former ways,
I'll teach ye, Sirs, the manner;
In good Queen *Beſſes* Golden days,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an Ancient Noble Seat,
Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin,
Where *Mutton, Beef*; and ſuch good Meat,
In th' Hall was daily chewing:

Of

Of huming Beer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor;
Where toping Knaves had many a pull,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Men of Home-ſpun honeſt Grays,
Had Coats and comly Badges,
They wore no dirty ragged Lace;
Nor e'er complain'd for Wages:
For gawdy Fringe and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no Threatning Dunner,
But wore a decent *Grogram* Gown,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I never thought *Cantharides*,
Ingredient good in Poſſet;
Nor ever Stript me to my Stays,
To play the punt at *Baſſet*;
In *Ritafie* ne'er made deboach,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner;
Nor letting Mercer ſeize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I ſtill preſerv'd my Maiden fame,
I ſpite of Oaths and Lying;
Tho' many a long chin'd Youngſter came,
And fain would be enjoying.
My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,
From *Cupid*'s lewder runner,
And many a *Roman* Noſe I rap'd,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Curling Locks, I never bought,
Of Beggars dirty Daughters,
Nor Prompted by a Wanton thought,
Above knee ty'd my Garters;
I never glow'd with Painted Pride,
Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbour ſtill I Treated round,
And Strangers that come near me:
The Poor to, always welcome found,
Whoſe Prayers did ſtill endear me.
Let therefore, who, at Court would be,
No Churl nor yet no Fawner;
Match in old Hoſpitality,
Queen *Beſſes* Dame of Honour.

A SONG, in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the Kingdome of the Birds, by Mr. D'Urfey; *To the Tune of the Jarring of the two* Eaſt-India *Companies,* Pag. 40.

WHat are theſe Ideots doing,
That dayly their Feuds advance,
As if they were purſuing,
New Ways to favour *France.*
For ſhame give over your Dance;
Your National Danger ſee:
Nor longer forfeit your Senſe,
But agree, ye raſh *Britains,* agree.

Whilſt ſtrange and trivial Reaſons,
The whimſical Brain allures,
You loſe the Happy Seaſon,
That ſhould encourage your Powers.
The Monſieur is at your Doors;
And if he received muſt be,
The Shame and Scandal is Yours:
Then agree, ye raſh *Britains,* agree.

Ye Soaring High-flown Peop e,
In Politicks ſo profound;
You Climb ſo high on your Ste-p'e,
It makes your Brain turn round.

Con-
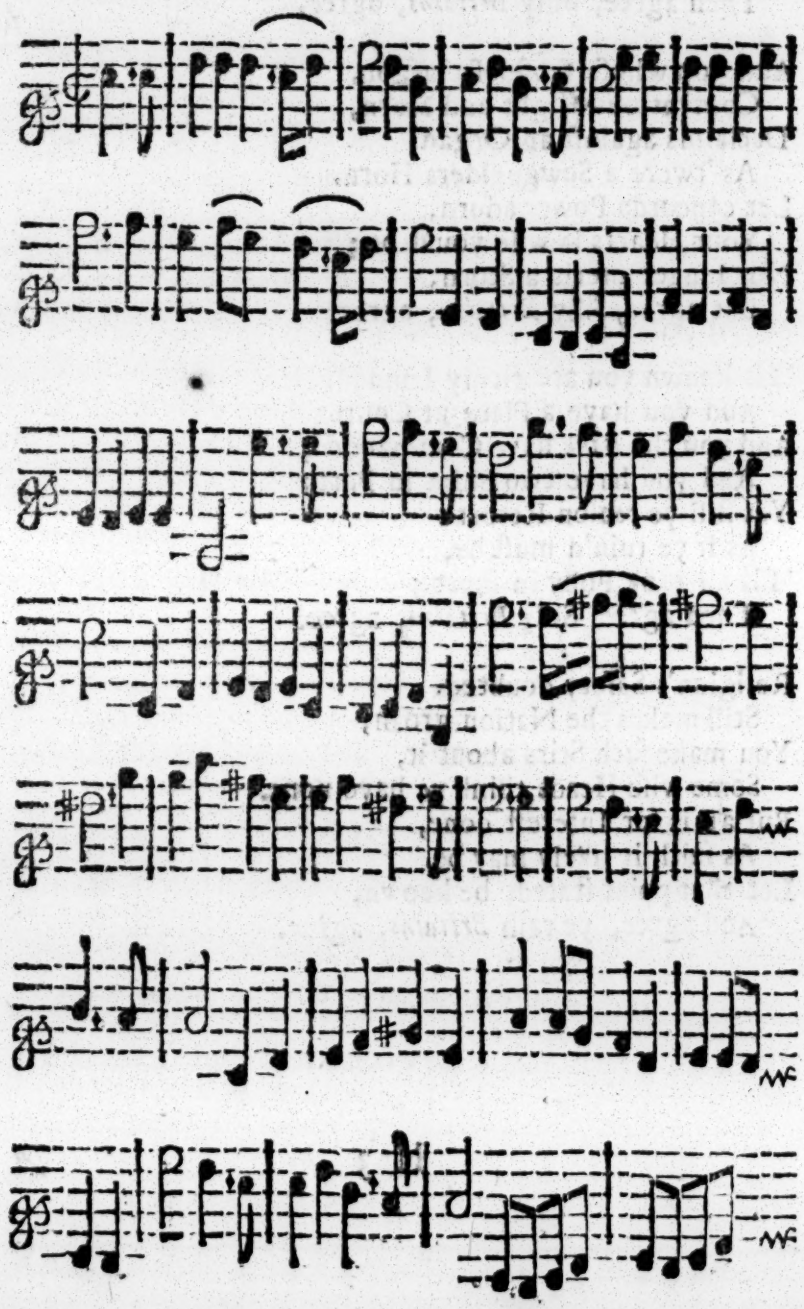
Conſider how you loſe ground,
If Foreigners Maſters be;
Whilſt you with Maggots abound,
Then agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.
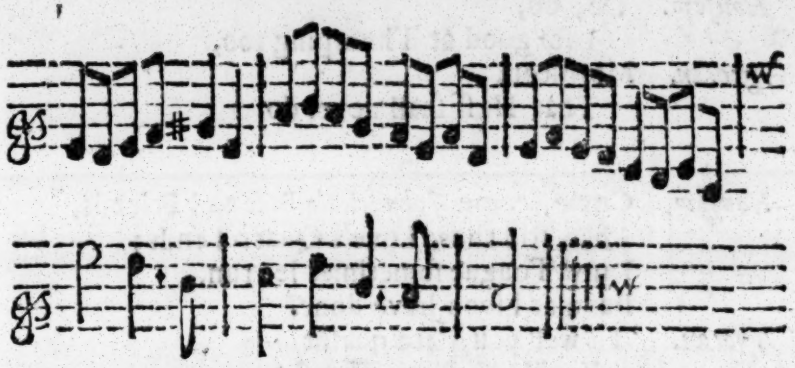
And you whoſe ſenſeleſs Jargon,
Contentious Night and Morn,
Declaims againſt an Organ,
As 'twere a Sowguelders Horn.
Let concords Power adorn,
Your Hearts if wiſe you'll be;
Nor longer merit a Scorn,
But agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

'Tis known you are richly Landed,
And you have a Place at Court:
And you the *Bank* have Commanded,
And you have two Ships in Port;
Yet ſtill ye reaſon Retort:
As if ye ruin'd muſt be,
'Tis all rank Folly in ſhort;
Then agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

Religion's Safety doubted,
Still makes the Nation groan;
You make ſuch Stirs about it,
Some wiſe Heads think ye have none.
But all is for Intereſt done,
As faith it likely may be.
Let that point ſtated, be known,
And agree, ye raſh *Britains*, agree!

A Dialogue in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the Kingdome of Birds; by Mr. D'Urfey.





Houſew. PRay now *John* let *Fug* prevail,
D'off that Sword, and take a Flaile,
Wounds and Blows with ſcorching Heat,
Will abroad, be all you'll get.

Ignoran. Zooks y'are mad,
Ye ſimple Jade,
Begone, and don't prate.

Houſew. How think ye I ſhall do
With *Hob* and *Sue*,

Ignoran. And all our Brats when wanting you.
When I am with Plunder,
Thou my gain ſhalt ſhare *Fug*.

Houſew. My Share,
Will be but ſmall I fear,
When bold Dragoons have bin Pickering there,
And the Flea Flints the *Germans* ſtrip'em bare:

Ignoran. Mind your Spinning,
Mend your Linnen,
Look to your Cheeſe too,
Your Pigs, and your Geeſe too.
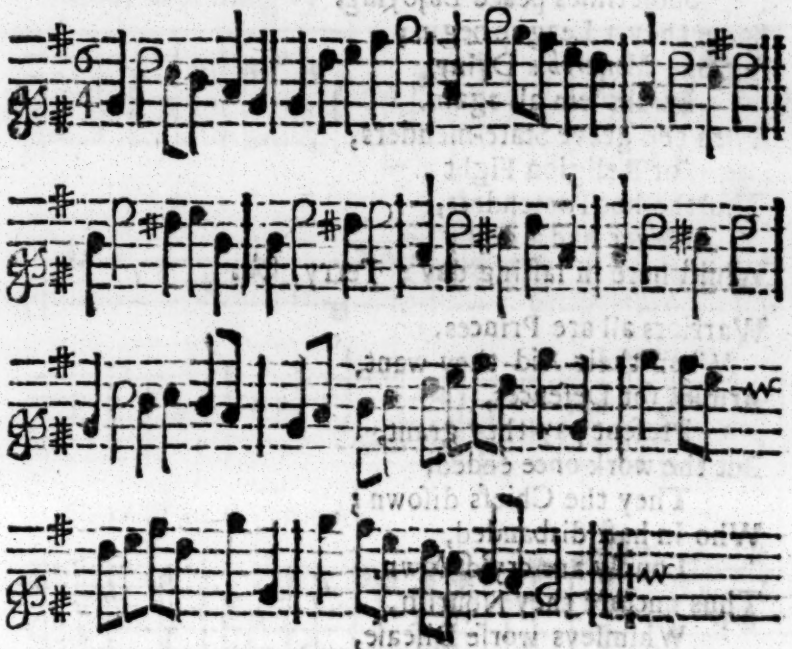
Houſew. No, No,
I'll ramble out with you,

Ignoran. Blood and Fire,
If you tire,
Thus my Patience,
With Vexations,
And Narrations:
Thumping, Thumping is the fatal Word *Fean*.

Housew. Do, do,
I am good at Thumping too,
Ignoran. Morbleau,
That Huff shall never do.

Housew. Come, come *John*, let's Buss and Friends,
Thus, still thus, Love's Quarrel ends;
I my Tongue sometimes let run,
But alas I soon have done.
Ignoran. 'Tis well you y'are quasht,
You'd else been Thrasht,
Sure as my Name's *John*.
Housew. Yet fain I'd know for what,
Y'are all so hot,
To go to Fight, where nothing's got:
Ignoran. Fortune will be kind, and we shall then grow [great too.
Housew. Grow Great.
Yet want both Drink and Meat.
And Coin unless the Pamper'd *French* you beat.
Ah! take Care *John*, take Care, and Learn more [Wit.
Ignoran. Dare you Prate still,
At this rate still,
And like a Vermin,
Grudg my Preferment.
Housew. You'll beg, or get a Wooden Leg.
Ignoran. Nay if Bawling,
Caterwawling;
Tittle, tattle,
Prittle, Prattle,
Still must Rattle,
I'll begon, and Straight aboard, Faith;
Housew. Do, Do,
And so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,
Jug too, and all the ragged Crew.

The New BLACKBIRD: *A* SONG, *in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the Kingdome of Birds by Mr.* D'Urfey.
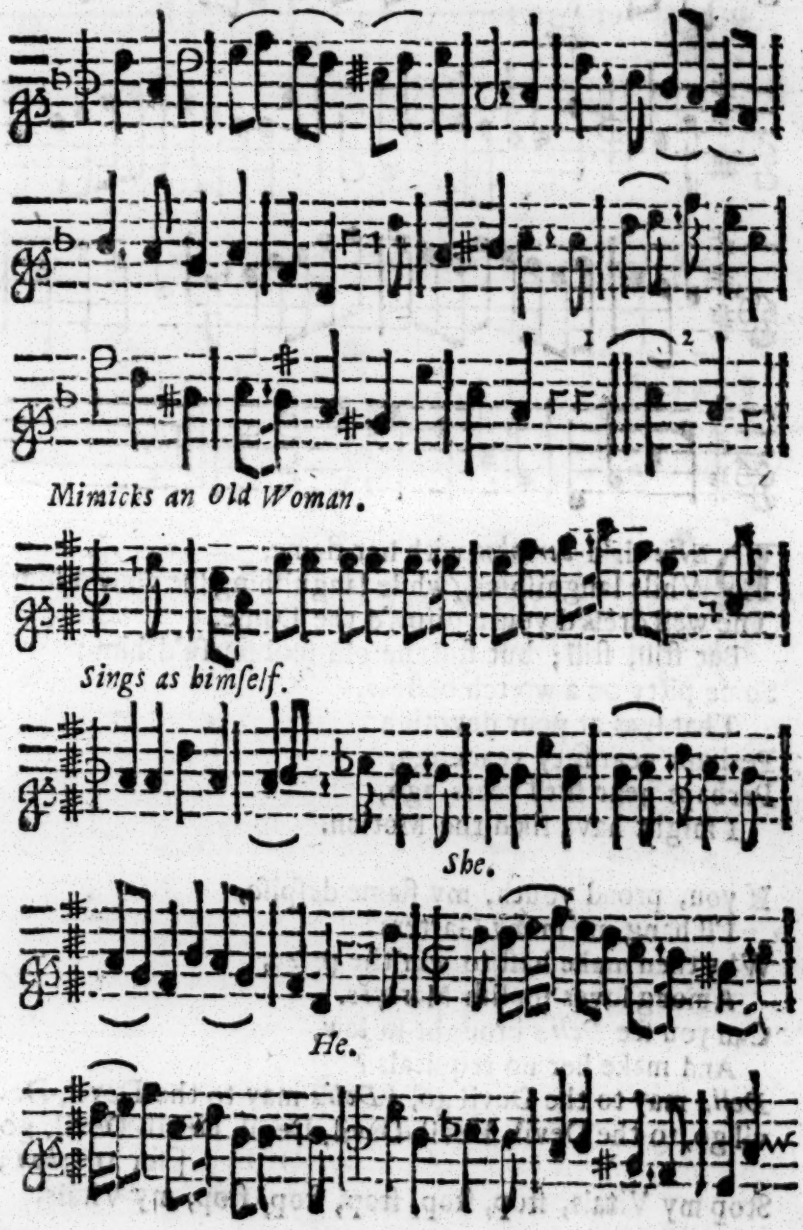


WHilſt Content is wanting
In the World below;
We in freedome chanting,
Life's true pleaſure know,
Cloy'd, with care and duty,
To Superiour Sway,
They ne'er ſee the Beauty,
Of one happy Day;
Profits Golden Follies
Half the Globe Infeſt;
Faction, Pride, and Malice,
Governs all the reſt.
Whilſt in eternal Day; Terry, terry, terry, terry,
Hey, Terry terry, Sings the *Blackbird*;
Ah! what a World have they?
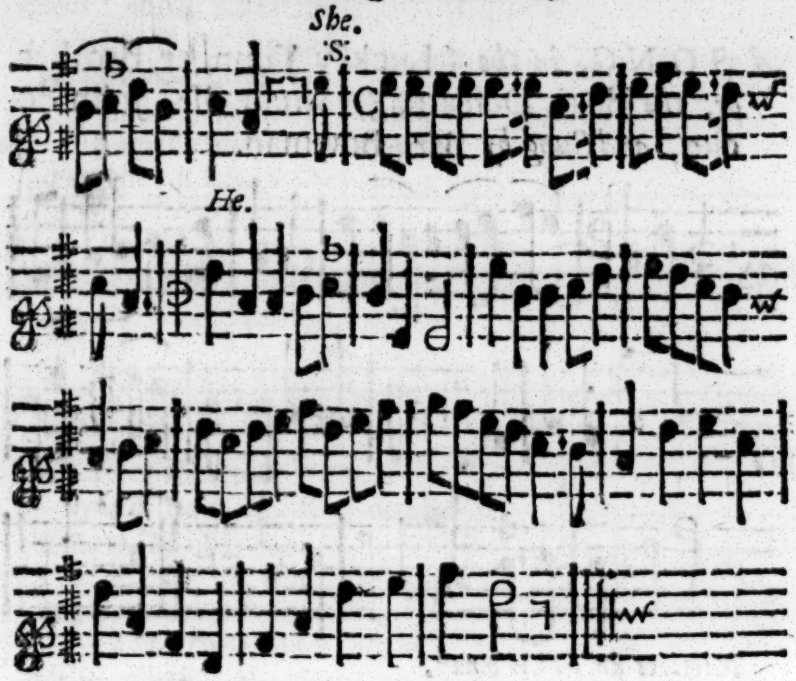
Giant Limb'd Ambition,
Like a *Tyrant* Reigns;
Forming new Diviſion,
Hourly, in their Brains.
Sometimes peace Enjoying,
Some they a League begin;
But one *Monarch*'s Dying
Breaks 'em all again.
Then the grave State-menders,
For Religion Fight.
Tho' the hot Pretenders,
Never had a doit;
Whilſt here in laſting day; Terry, &c.

Warriors all are Princes,
When their Aid they want,
Armies for Defences,
Preſent pay they grant,
But the work once ended,
They the Chiefs diſown;
Who in haſt disbanded,
Loudly are cry'd down.
Thus uncur'd they Nouriſh,
Whimſeys worſe Diſeaſe,
Whither Loſe or Flouriſh,
Never are at Eaſe.
Whilſt here in laſting day; Terry, &c.

The fad Pamper'd City,
Grumbling at the Tax.
Think to Stint, 'tis pitty,
Bellies or their Backs.
The Rich Country Booby
Brooding o'er his Ground,
Low'rs, and wondrous Moody,
Grudges four in the Pound.
Goſpel Fermentation, banters all our Soul;
And to Fier the Nation,
Blackcoats blow the Coals.
Whilſt here in laſting day.
Terry, terry, terry, rerry, Sings the *Blackbird*,
Oh! What a World have they.

A SONG, *in the* (Luckey Younger Brother, *or, the* Beau Defeated;) *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles, *and Sung by Mr.* Bowman.
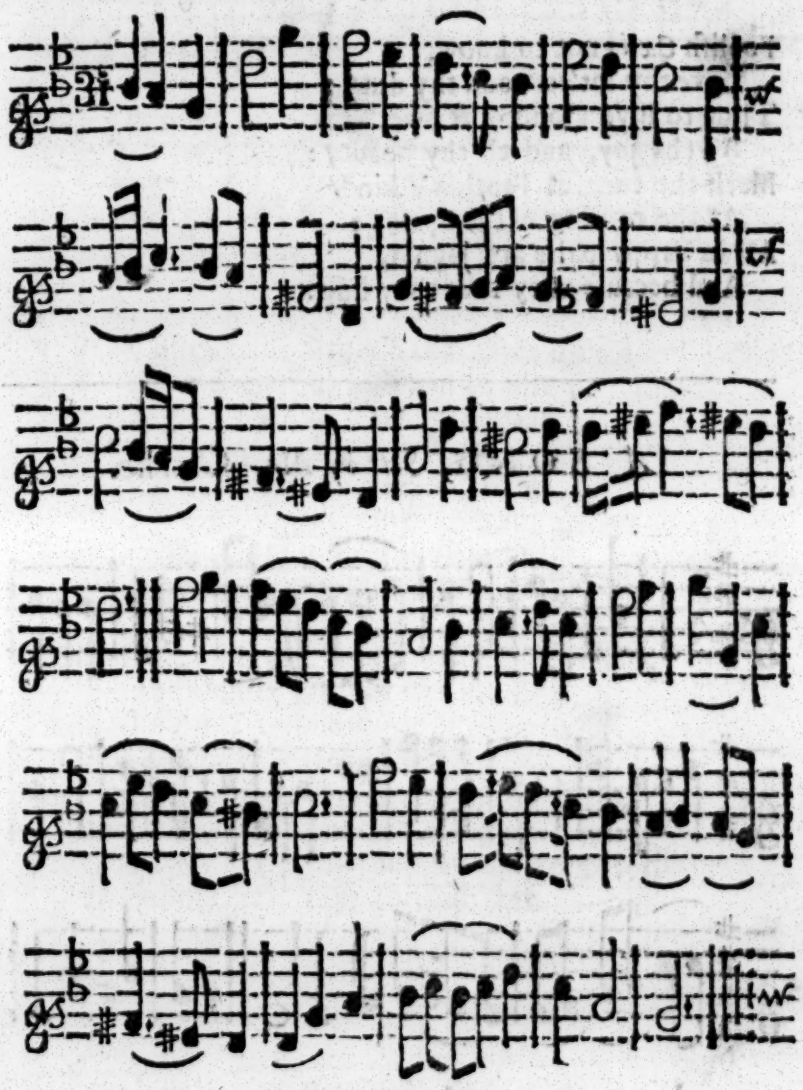




Delia tir'd *Strephon* with her flame,
While languiſhing (while languiſhing ſhe view'd him)
The well dreſs'd youth diſpis'd the Dame,
But ſtill, ſtill; but ſtill the old fool purſu'd him:
Some pitty on a wretch beſtow,
That lyes at your devotion:
Perhaps near fifty years ago,
Perhaps near fifty years ago,
I might have lik'd the Motion.

If you, proud youth, my flame deſpiſe,
I'll hang me in my Garters:
Why then make haſt to win the prize,
Among loves fooliſh Martyrs.
Can you ſee *Delia* brought ſo low,
And make her no requitals?
Delia may to the Devil go, (*Delia* may to the Devil, Devil go, to the Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, go [for *Strephon*;
Stop my Vitals, ſtop, ſtop, ſtop, ſtop, ſtop, my Vitals.

A SONG *Sett by Mr.* John Barret, *and Sung by Mrs.* Lindſey.
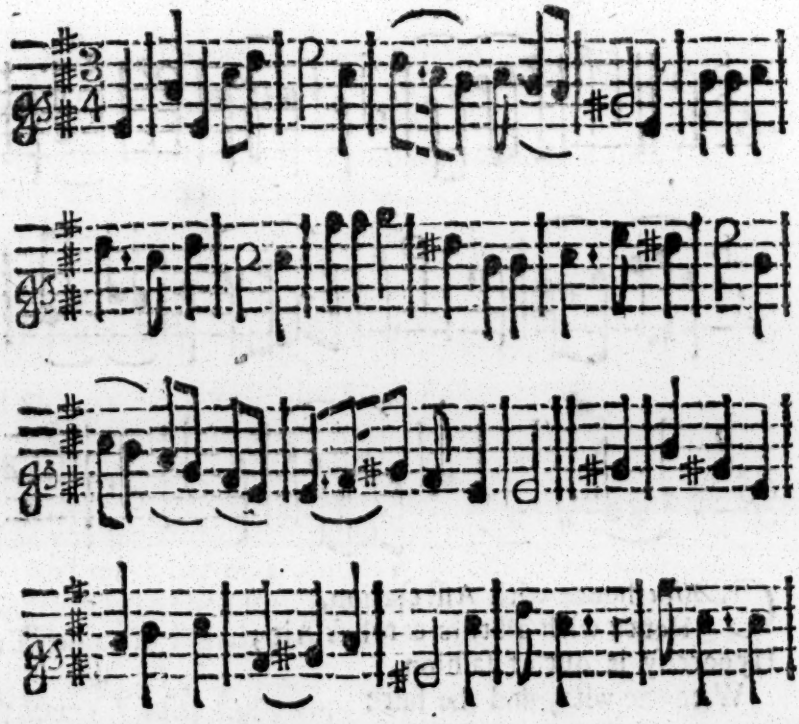


CÆlia hence with Affectation,
Hence with all this careleſs Air;
Hypocriſy is out of faſhion,
With the witty and the fair:
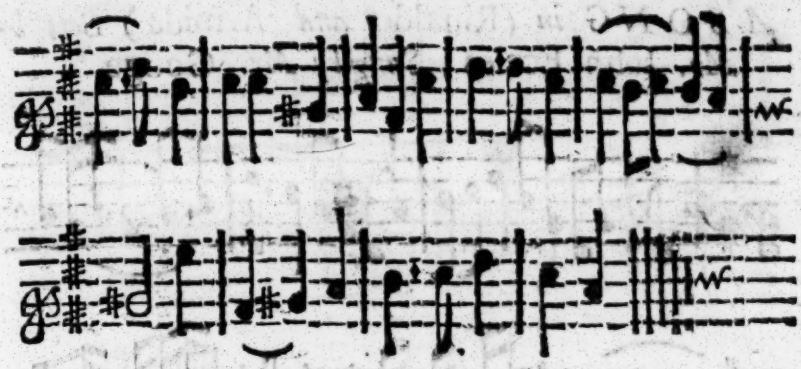
Nature

Nature all thy arts diſcloſes,
  While the pleaſures ſhe ſupplies,
Paint thy glowing cheeks with Roſes,
  And inflame thy ſparkling eyes.

Fooliſh *Cælia* not to know,
  Love thy int'reſt and thy duty;
Thou to love alone doſt owe,
  All thy joy, and all thy beauty:
Mark the tuneful Feather'd kind,
  At the coming of the Spring;
All in happy pairs are joyn'd,
  And becauſe they love they ſing.

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Clarke.
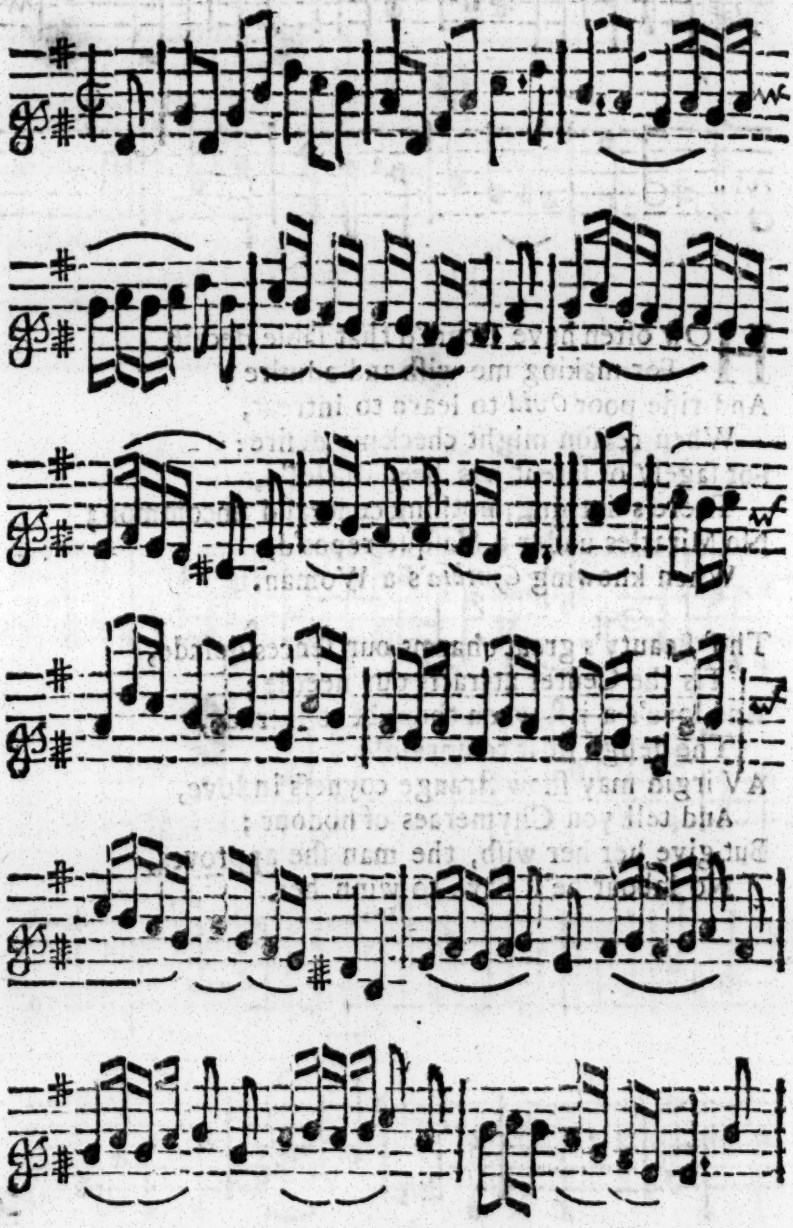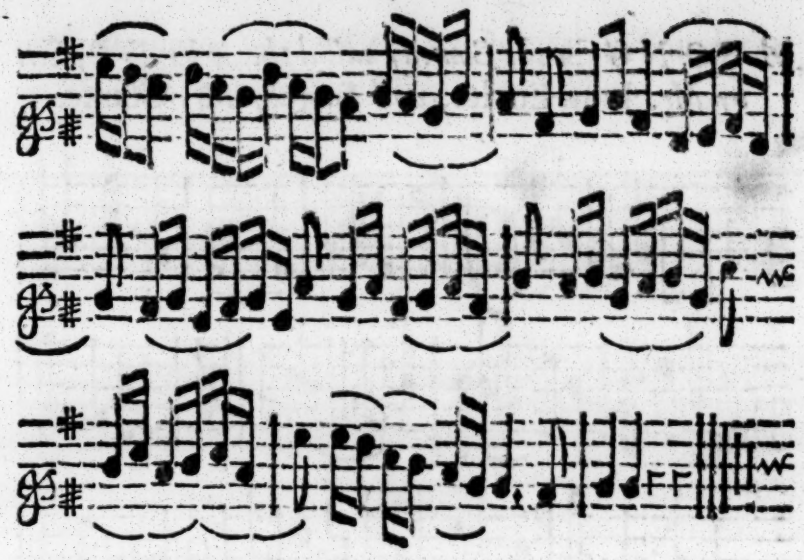




HOw often have I curs'd that ſable deceit,
For making me wiſh and admire;
And rifle poor *Ovid* to learn to intreat,
When reaſon might check my deſire:
For ſagely of late it has been diſclos'd,
There's nothing, nothing conceal'd uncommon;
No Miracles under a Maſque repos'd,
When knowing *Cynthia*'s a Woman.

Tho' Beauty's great charms our ſences delude,
'Tis the Center attracts our needle;
And love's a jeſt when thought to intrude,
The deſign of it to unriddle.
A Virgin may ſhow ſtrange coyneſs in love,
And tell you Chymeraes of honour;
But give her her wiſh, the man ſhe approves,
No labour he'll have to winn her.

A SONG in (Rinaldo *and* Armida) *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles; *Sung by Mr.* Gouge.
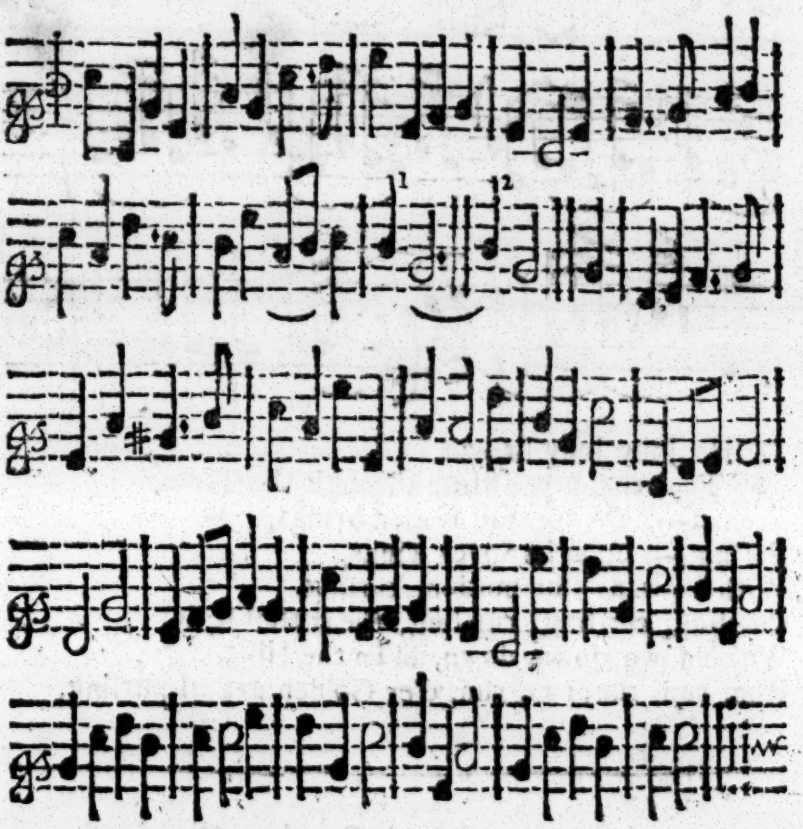




THe Jolly Jolly Breeze,
That comes whiftling through the Trees,
From a—ll the bliſsfull region brings,
Perfum—s upon its Spycy wings,
With its wan—ton motion, curling,
Cur-ling, cur-ling, cur-ling, the cryſtal Rills,
Which down, down, down, down the Hills,
Run, run, run, run, run, o'er Golden gravel purling.

A SONG on the Punch-Bowl. *To the foregoing Tune.*

THe Jolly, Jolly Bowl.
That does quench my thirſty Soul,
When a—ll the mingling Juice is thrown,
Per--fu-m'd with fragrant Goar Stone:
With it's wa—nton Toaſt too, curling,
Curling, curling, curling, curling the nut-brown Riles,
Which down, down, down, down by the gills,
Ru—n through ru—by Swallows purling.
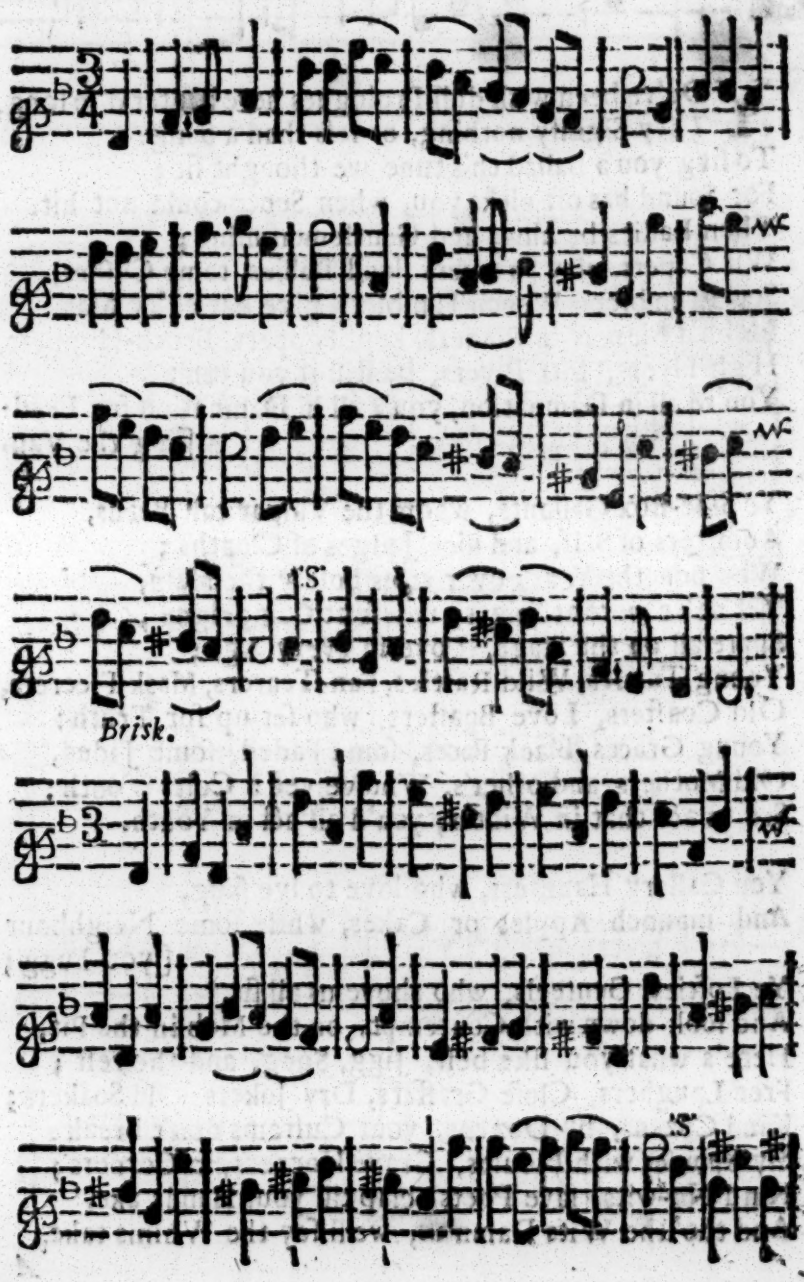
A SONG in the Comedy call'd the BITER, Sett by Mr. John Eccles, *and Sung by Mr.* Cooke.
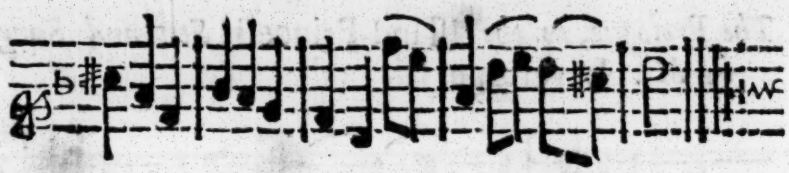


Chloe Blush'd and Frown'd and Swore,
And push'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her Faithless Jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour:
But when I rose and wou'd be gon,
She cry'd nay whither go ye;
Young *Damon* saw, now we're alone,
Do, do, do what you will, do what you will with *Chloe*:
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe*,
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe*.

The

The Prologue, in the Iſland-Princeſs, *Sett and Sung by Mr.* Leveridge.
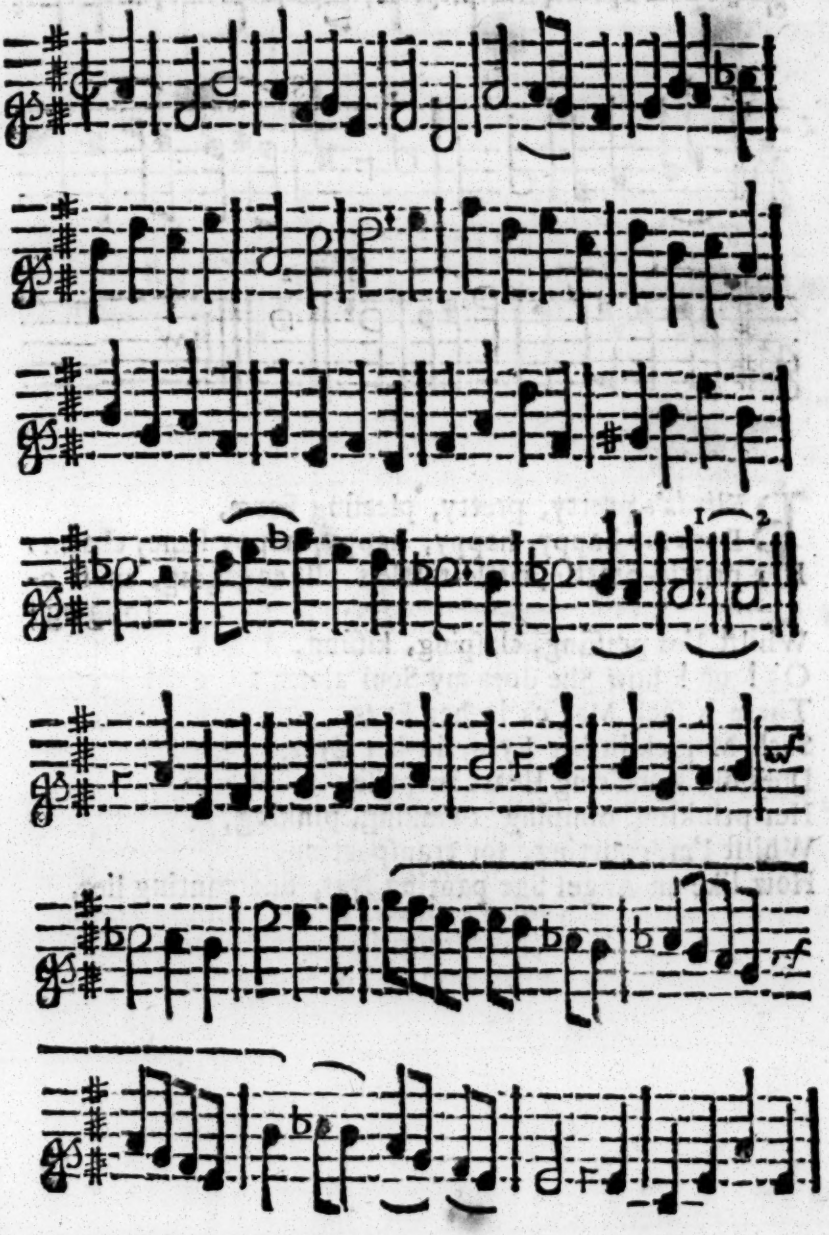




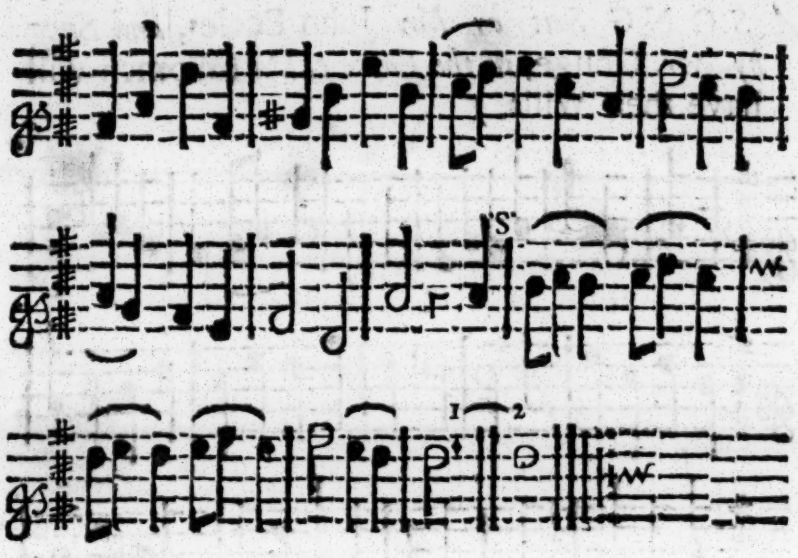
YOu've been with dull Prologues here banter'd ſo long,
They Signify nothing, or leſs than a Song:
To ſing you a Ballad this tune we thought fit;
For Sound has oft nickt you, when Sence could not hit.
Then Ladies be kind, and Gentlemen mind;
Wit Capers, play Sharpers, loud Bullies, tame Cullies,
Sow grumblers, Wench Fumblers, give Ear ev'ry Man:
Mobb'd Sinners in Pinners, kept Foppers, Bench-Hoppers,
High-Flyers, Pitt-Plyers, be ſtill if you can:
You're all in Damnation, you'r all in Damnation for Lead-
[ing the Van.

Ye Side-Box Gallants, whom the Vulgar call Beaus,
Admirers of Self, and nice Judges of Cloaths;
Who now the War's over croſs boldly the Main,
Yet ne'er were at Seiges, unleſs at Campeigne,
Spare all on the Stage, Love in every Age;
Young Tattles, Wild Rattles, Fan-Tearers, Mask-Fleerers,
Old Coaſters, Love Boaſters, who ſet up for Truth:
Young Graces, Black Faces, ſome Faded, ſome Jaded,
Old Mothers, and other's, Who've yet a Colts Tooth;
See us act that in Winter, you'd all act in Youth.

You Gallery Haunters, who love to lye ſnug,
And maunch Apples or Cakes, while ſome Neighbour
[you hugg;
Ye Lofties, Genteels, who above us all ſit,
And look down with Contempt, on the Mob in the Pit,
Here's what you like beſt, Jigg, Song, and the reſt;
Free Laughers, Cloſe Graffers, Dry Jokers, Old Soakers;
Kind Cozens, by Dozens, your Cuſtoms don't break:
Sly Spouſes with Blouſes, Grave Horners, in Corners;
Kind No-wits, ſave Poets, clap till your Hands ake,
And tho' the Wits Damn us, we'll ſay the Whims take.
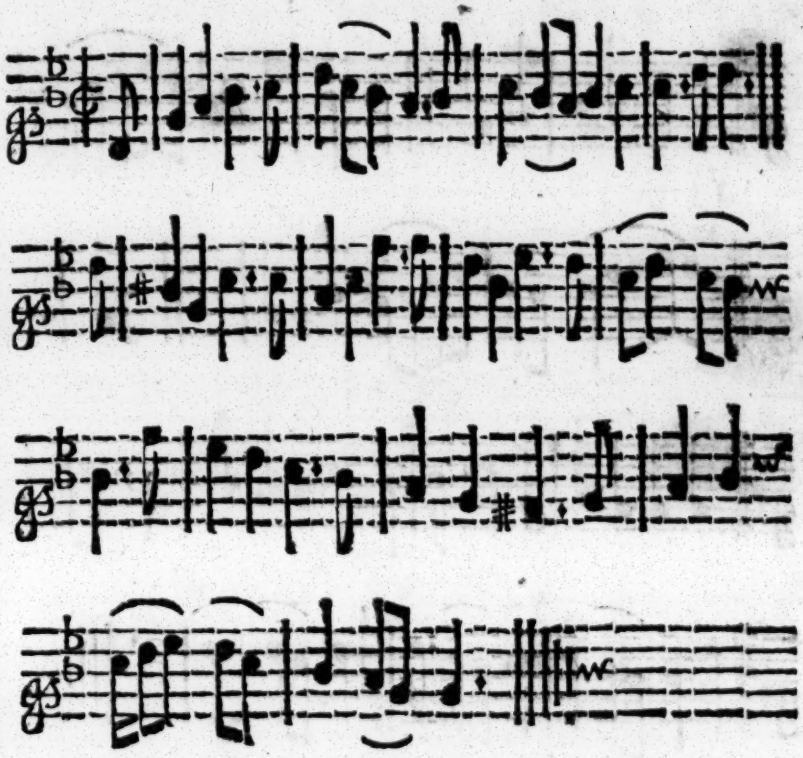
A SONG Sett by Mr. John Eccles, *and Sung by Mr.* Gouge, *in the Farce call'd* (Women will have their Wills.)
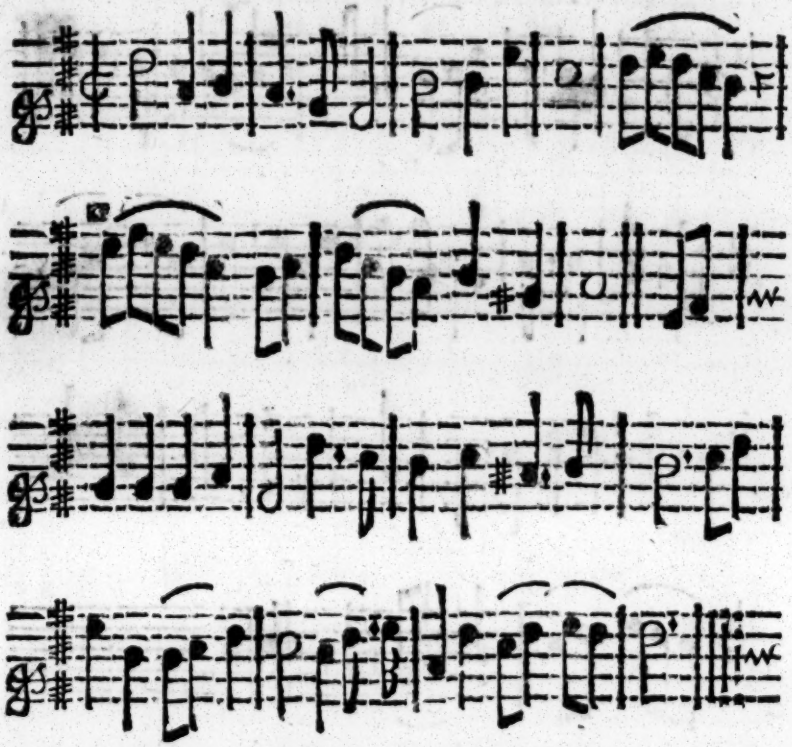




Belinda's pretty, pretty, pleaſing Form,
Does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm:
Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging, moſt o-
[bliging;
Whilſt I'm preſſing, claſping, kiſſing,
Oh! oh! how She does my Soul alarm:
There is ſuch Magick in her Eyes,
Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
Does my wond'ring Heart Surpriſe;
Her prinking, nimping, twinking, pinking,
Whilſt I'm, courting, for tranſporting,
How like an Angel She panting lyes, She panting lies,

A Song in the Loves of Mars *and* Venus, *Sett by Mr.* J. Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* Hudſon.
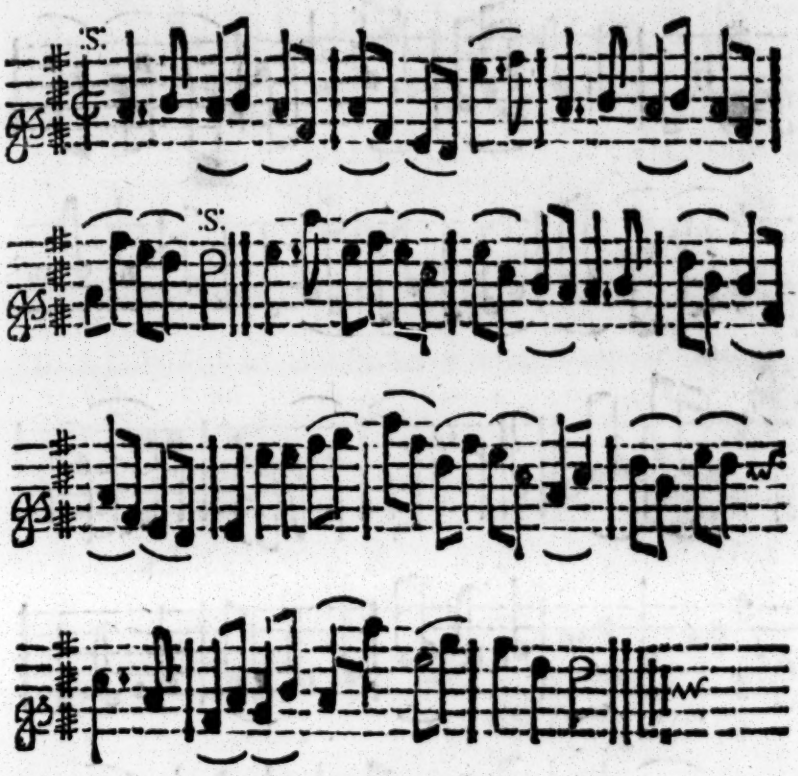


TO meet her *Mars* the Queen of Love,
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;
The Warriour beſt the Fair can move,
And crowns his toils in Beauty's arms:
The Warriour beſt the Fair can move,
And crowns his toils in Beauty's arms.

A Song in the Loves of Mars *and* Venus, *Sett by Mr.* J. Eccles, *Sung by Mr.* Bracegirdle.
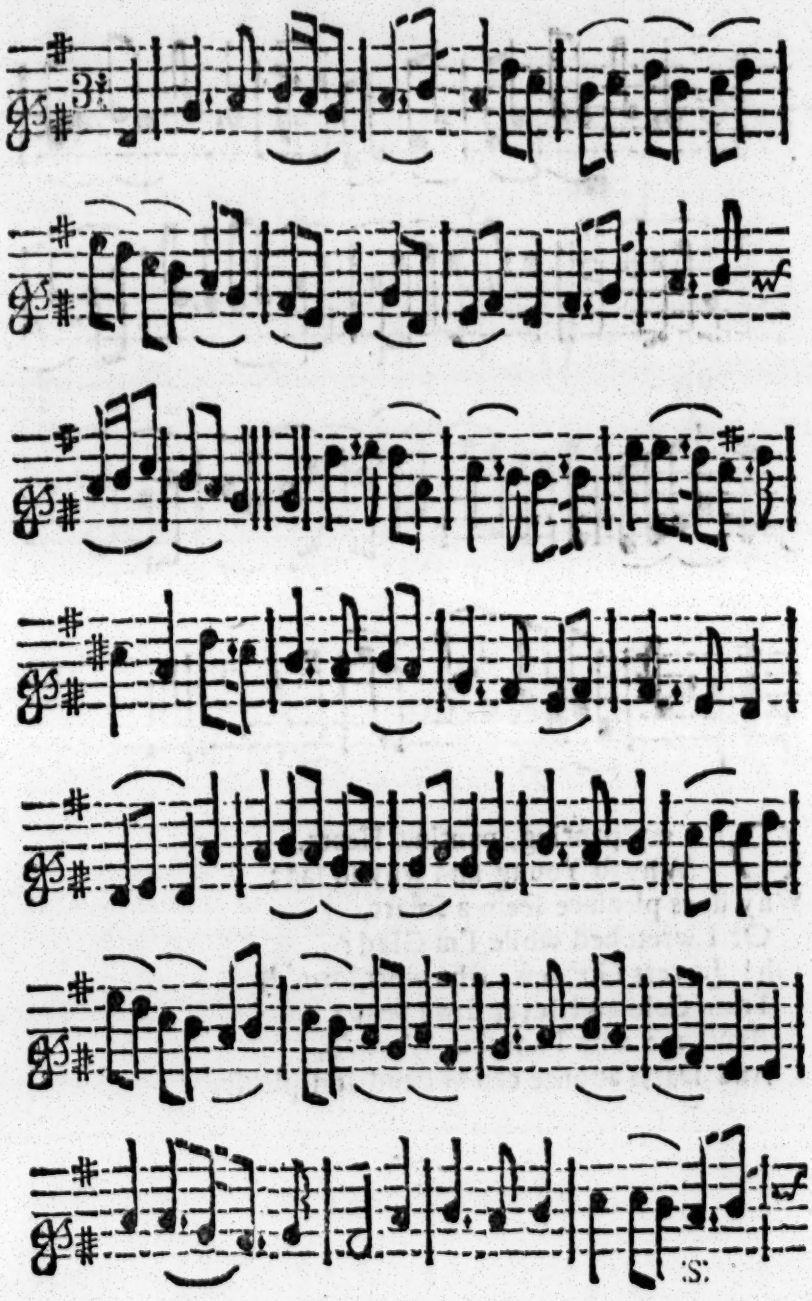


FLy, fly ye lazy Hours, haſt bring him here,
Swift, ſwift as my fond wiſhes are;
When we Love, and Love to rage,
Ev'ry moment ſeems an age:
when we Love, and Love to rage,
Ev'ry moment ſeems an age.

A Scotch *SONG, Sung by Mrs.* Ballden.



Oh! my panting, panting Heart,
Why ſo Young and why ſo ſad;
Why does pleaſure ſeem a Smart,
Or I wretched while I'm Glad?
Oh! Lovers Goddeſs, who wert form'd
From Cold and Icye, Icye Seas;
Inſtruct me why I am thus Warm'd,
And Darts at once can Wound and pleaſe.

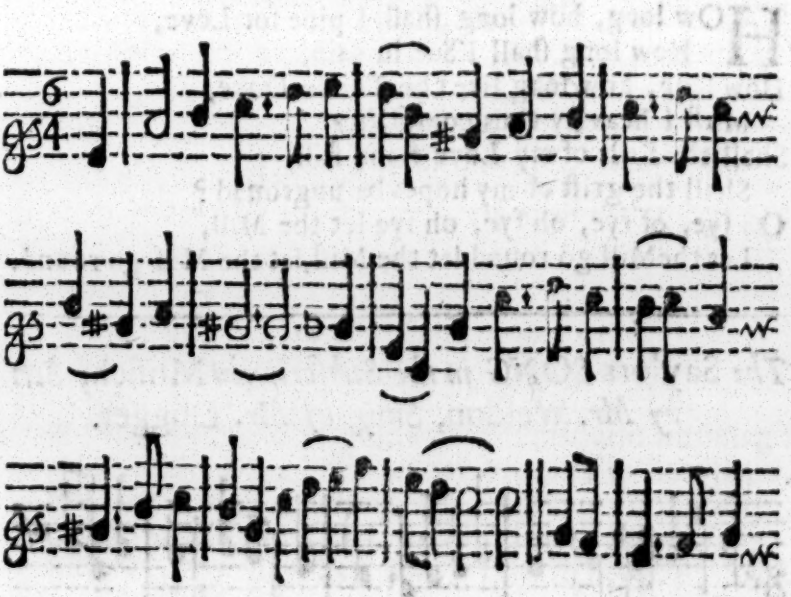
A SONG on a Ladies Drinking.
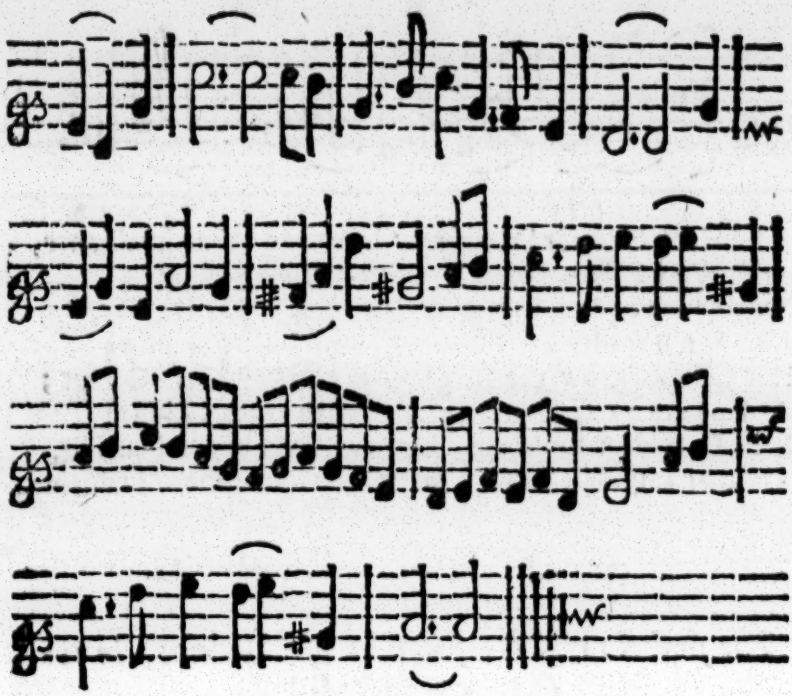




WHilſt *Phillis* is Drinking, Love and Wine in alliance,
With Forces United, bids reſiſtleſs defiance;
Each touch of her Lip, makes Wine ſparkle Higher,
And her Eyes by her Drinking, redouble the Fire;
Her Cheeks grow the Brighter recruiting their Colour;
As Flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh Odour;
Each Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor like Oyl makes the flame more enduring.

The firſt SONG, *Sung by Mr.* Prince, *in the* (Maid in the Mill.)
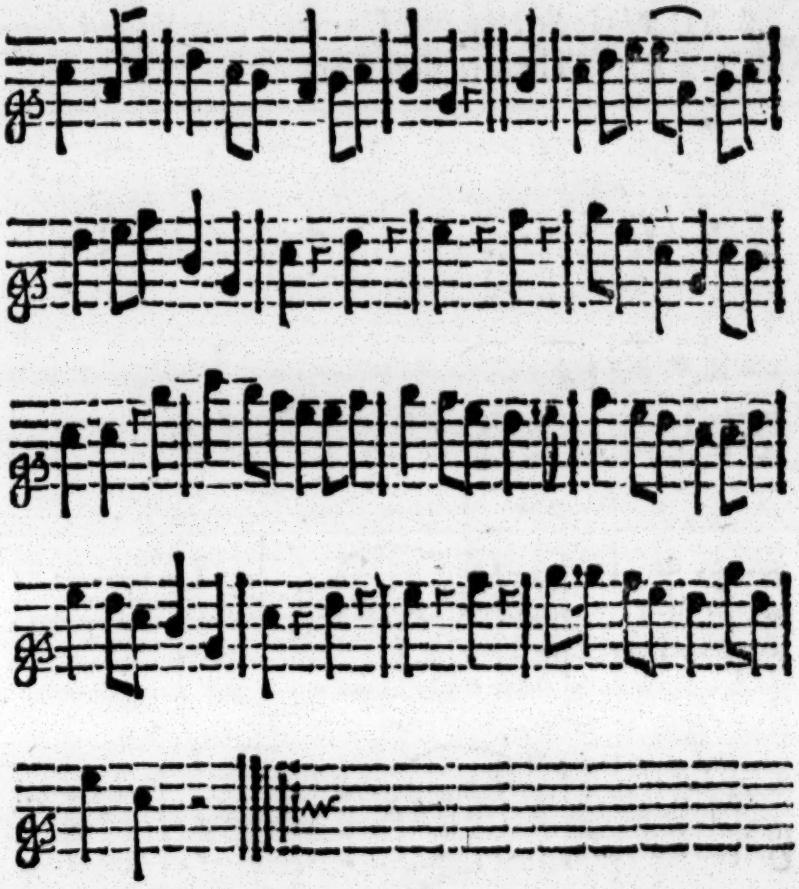




HOw long, how long ſhall I pine for Love,
How long ſhall I Sue in vain,
How long, how long like the Turtle Dove,
Muſt I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love ſtand ſtill,
Shall the griſt of my hopes be unground?
Oh fye, of fye, oh fye, oh fye let the Mill,
Let the Mill go round, let the Mill, let the Mill go round.
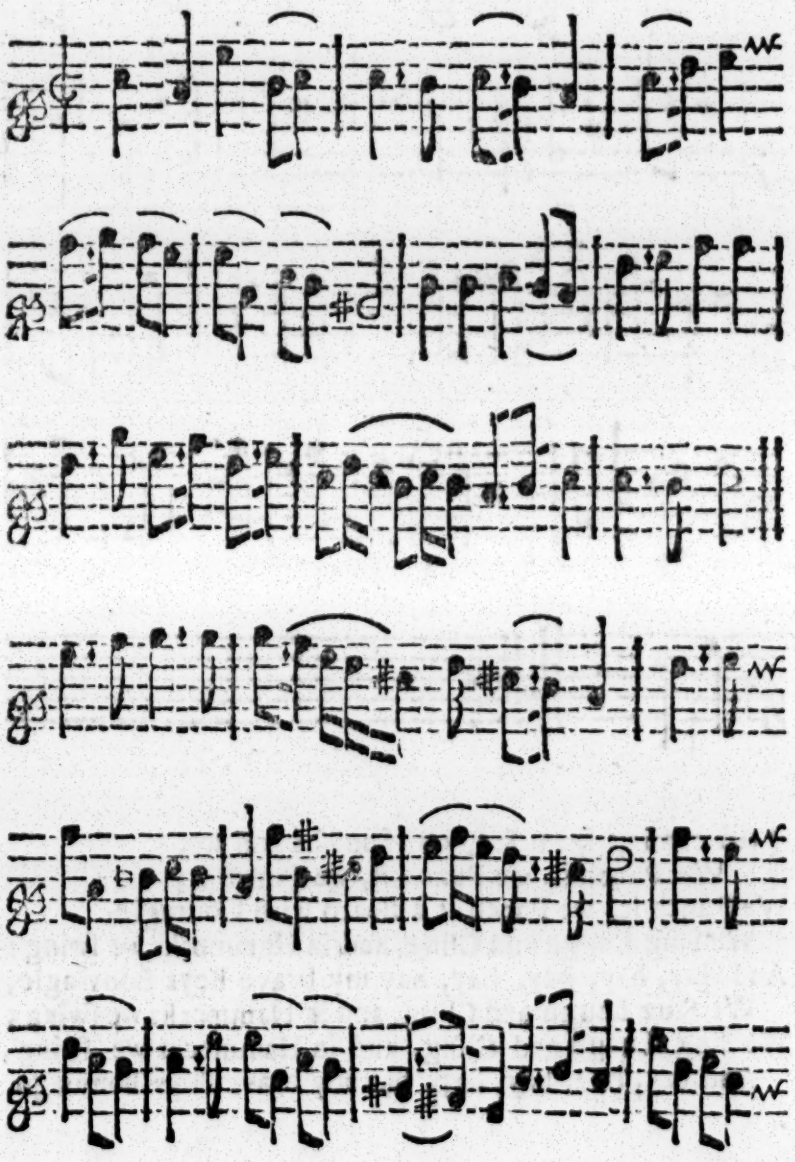
The Saylors SONG *in the Subſcription* Muſick, *Sett by Mr.* Weldon, *Sung by Mr.* Dogget.

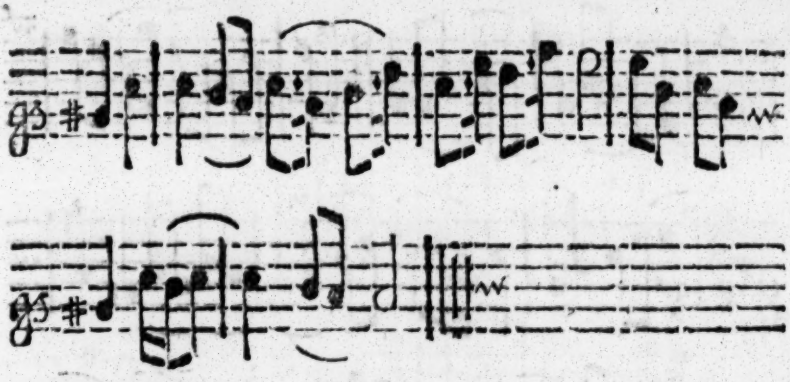




Juſt coming from Sea, our Spouſes and we,
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it;
We Punch it, we Punch it a Board with Courag̃io,
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing:
And Hay, hay, hay, hay, hay my brave Boys Bonviagio,
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing;
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay my brave Boys Bonviago.
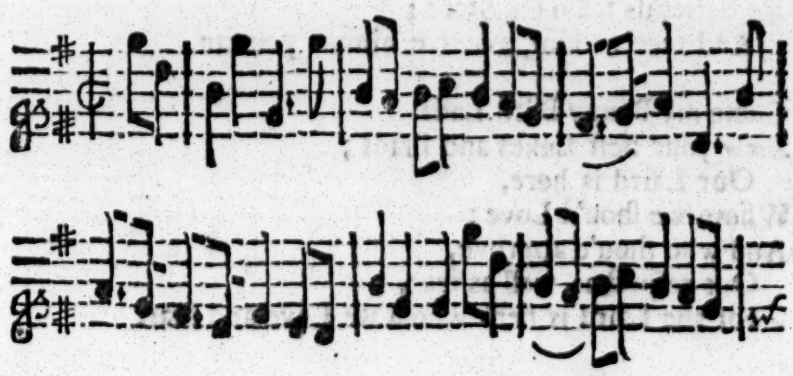
A SONG Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell, *and Sung at the* Theatre *Royal in* Drury-Lane.
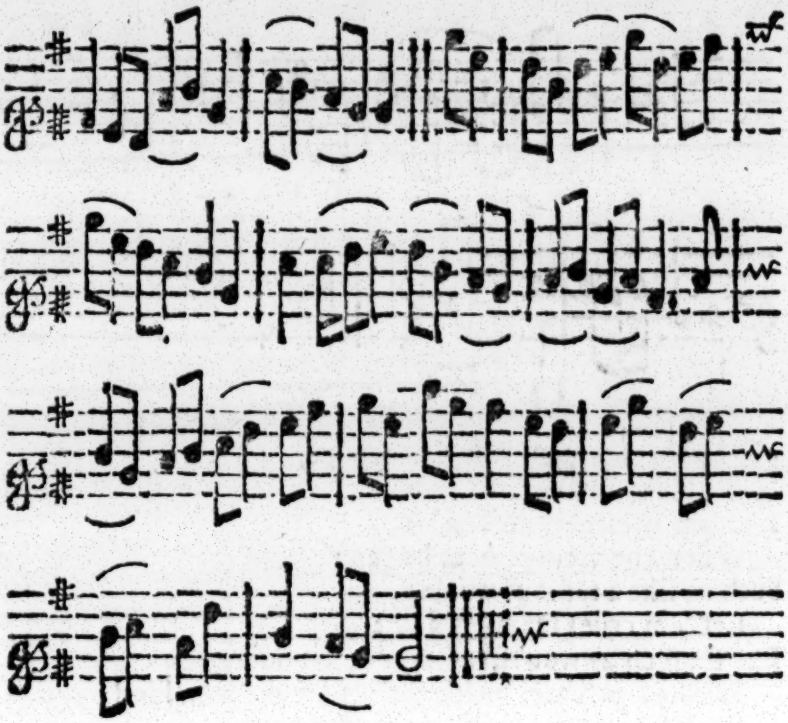




Cupid make your Virgins tender,
Make 'em eaſy to be won;
Let 'em preſently ſurrender,
When the treatys once begun:
Such as like a tedious wooing,
Let 'em cruel Damſels find;
But let ſuch as wou'd, as wou'd, be doing,
Prithee, prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kind,
Prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kind.

A Scotch Song ſung by Mrs. Willis *at the* Theatre.
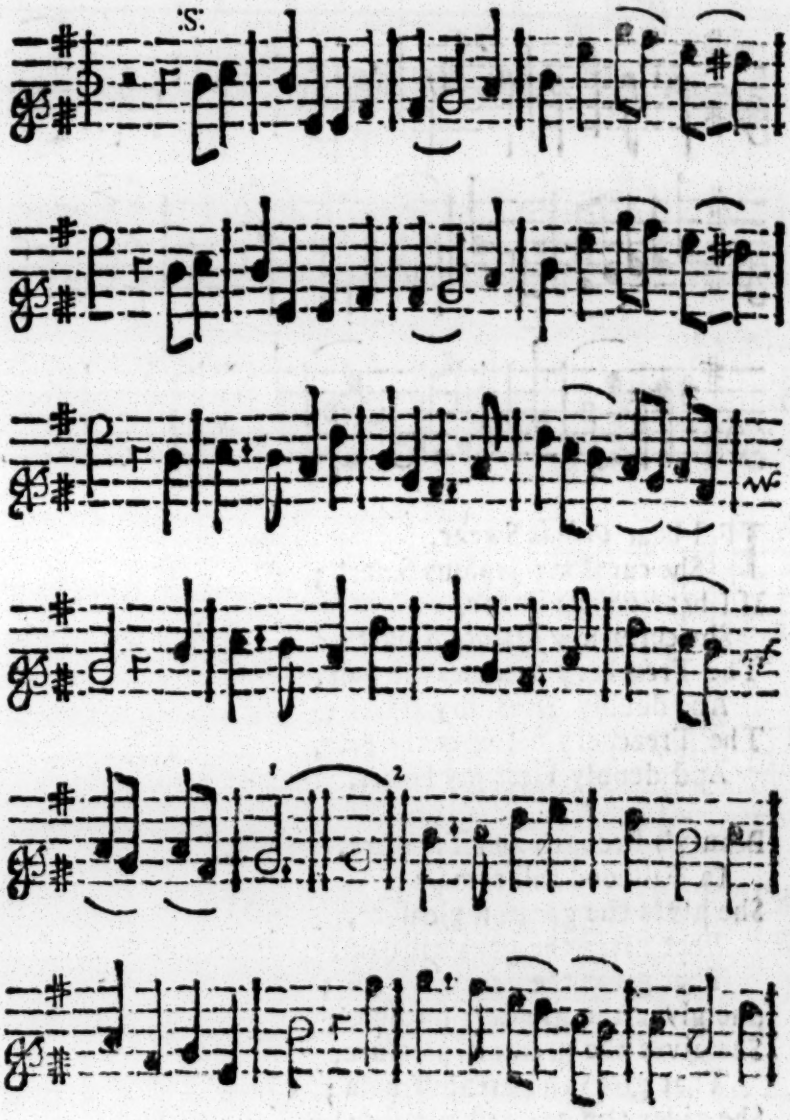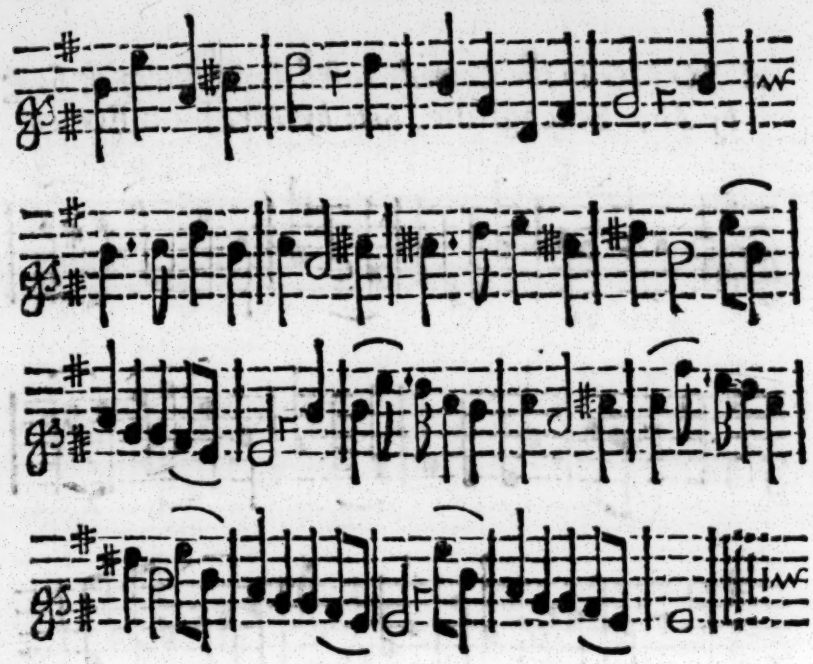




KEn you who comes here,
The Laird of aw the clan;
Whom Is'e Love but fear,
Becauſe a muckle Man:
But what if he's great,
He deſcends from his State;
And receive him, receive him as you can.

Come my Bonny Blith Lads,
Shew your beſt Lukes and Plads;
Our Laird is here,
Whom we ſhou'd Love:
And who ſhou'd approve,
Our reſpect as well as fear,
For the Laird is here whom we Love and fear.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd Love betray'd, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle, *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles.
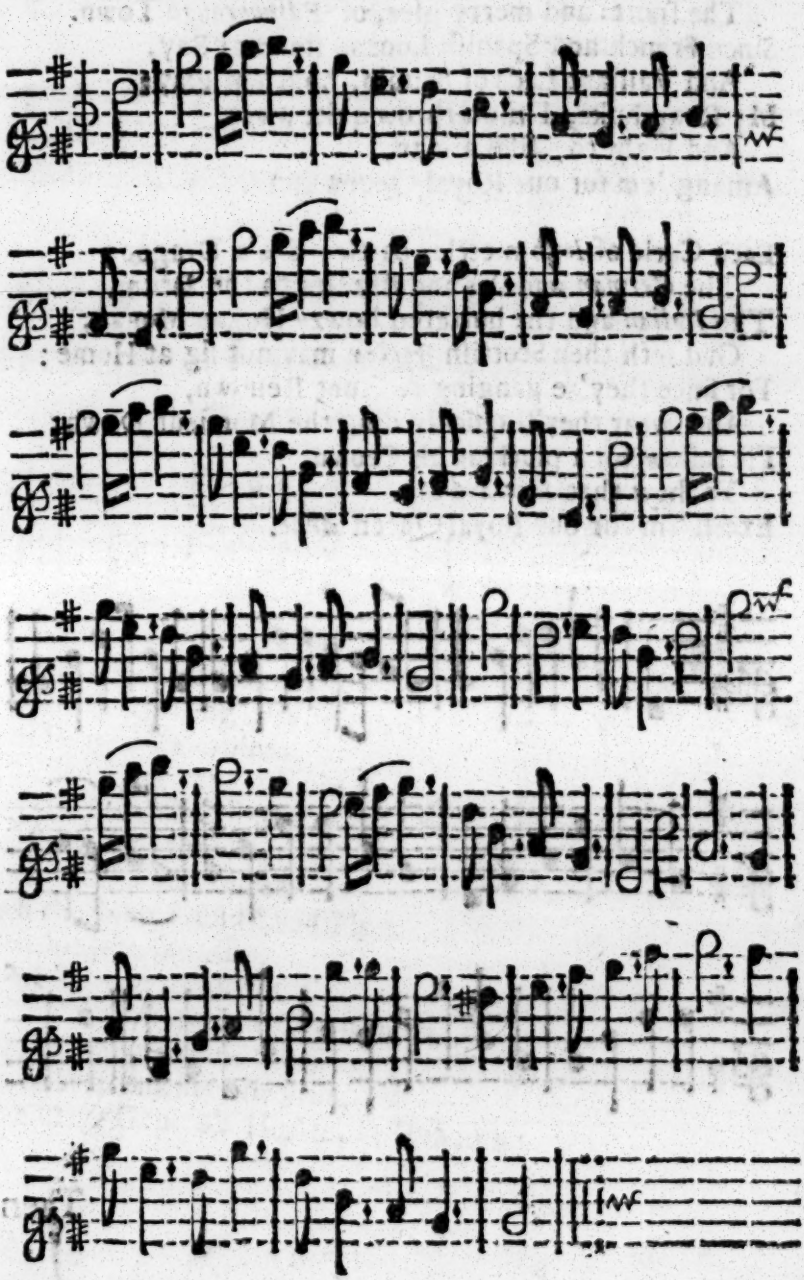




IF I hear *Orinda* Swear,
She cures my Jealous Smart;
If I hear *Orinda* Swear,
She cures my Jealous Smart:
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly Fires my Heart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly Fires my Heart.
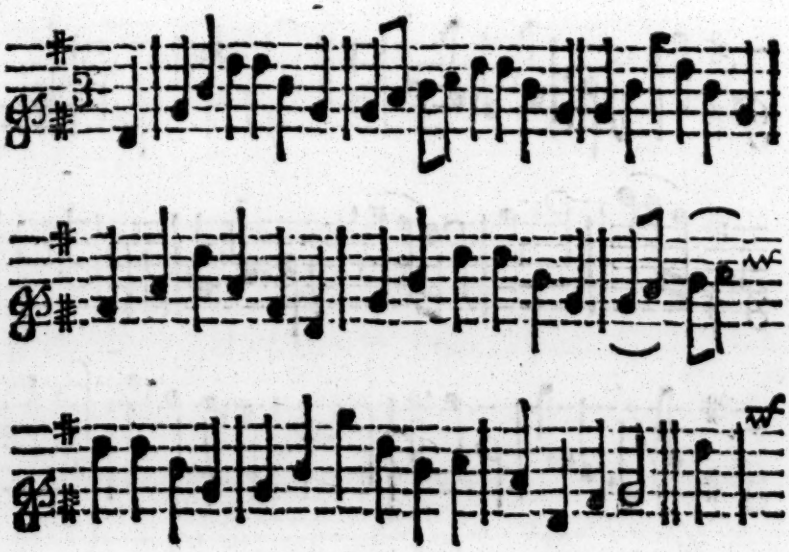
Beauty's ſtrength and Treaſure,
In Falſhood ſtill remain;
She gives the greateſt pleaſure,
That gives the greateſt Pain,
That gives the greateſt Pain;
She gives the greateſt pleaſure;
She gives the greateſt pleaſure,
That gives the greateſt pain;
She gives the greateſt pleaſure,
She gives the greateſt pleaſure;
That gives the greateſt Pain,
That gives the greateſt Pain.

A Scotch SONG *Sung by Mr.* Leveridge, *the Words by Mr.* D'Urfey.
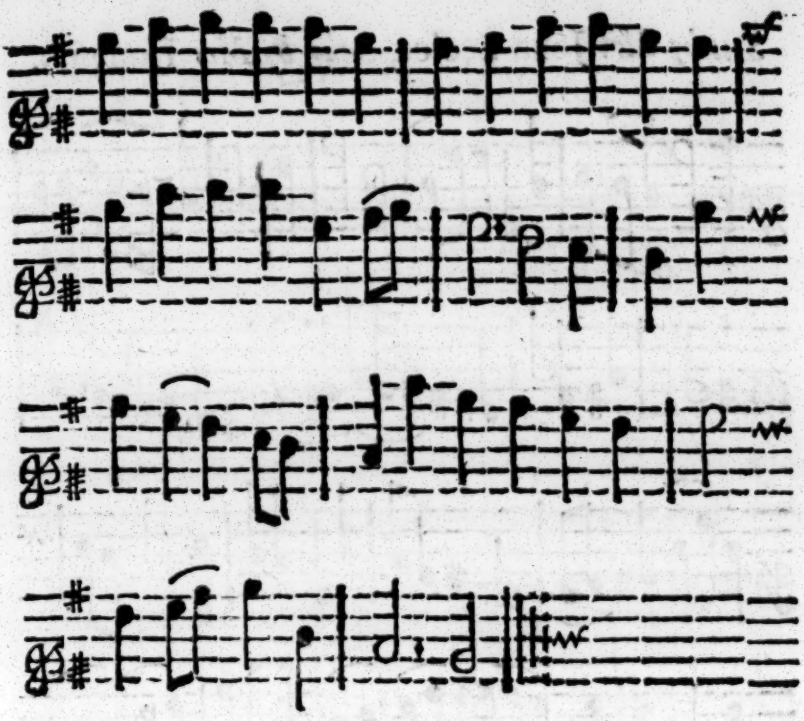


FArewel my Bonny, bonny witty, pretty *Moggy*,
And aw the Roſie Laſſes, milking on the Down;
A dieu the Flowry Meadows, late ſo dear to *Jockey*,
The ſports and merry glee, of *Edinborough* Town.
Since French and Spaniſh Loons, ſtand at Bay,
And Valliant Lads of Britain, hold 'em Play;
My Reap-huke, I mun throw quite away,
And Fight to, like a man,
Among 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Each Carle of *Iriſh* mettle, battles like a Dragon;
The *German* waddles and ſtradles to the Drum,
The *Italian* and the buttered bowzy Hogan Mogan,
Gud feth then Scottiſh *Jockey* may not lig at Home:
For ſince they're ganging to Hunt Renown,
And ſwear they'll quickly ding the Monſieur Down;
I'ſe follow for a pluck at his Crown,
To ſhew that *Scotland* can,
Excell 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.
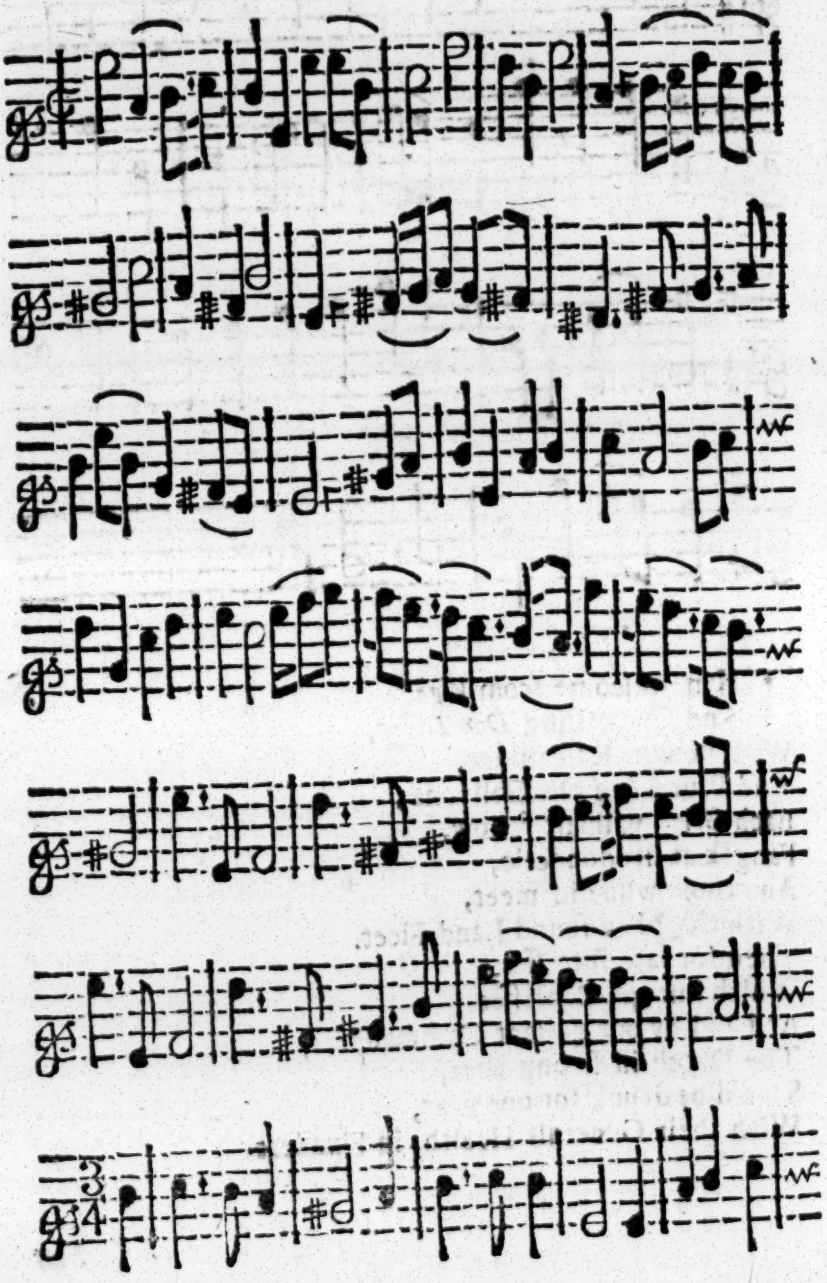


Then
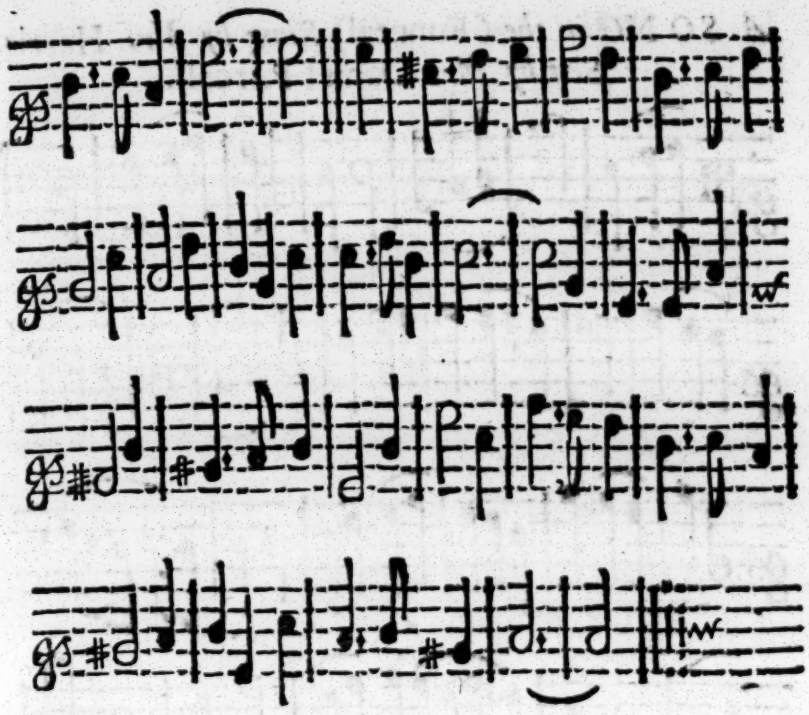


THen welcome from *Vigo*,
And Cudgelling *Don Diego*,
With Bouger Raſcallions,
And Plundring the Galloons;
Each Brisk valliant fellow,
Faught at Rodondello,
And thoſe who did meet,
With the New found Land Fleet.
Then for late ſucceſſes,
Which Europe Confeſſes,
At Land by our gallant Commanders,
The Dutch in ſtrong Beer,
Shou'd be drunk for one year,
With their Generals Health, in Flanders.

Sett

Sett by Mr. John Eccles, *Sung by Mrs* Hodgſon.
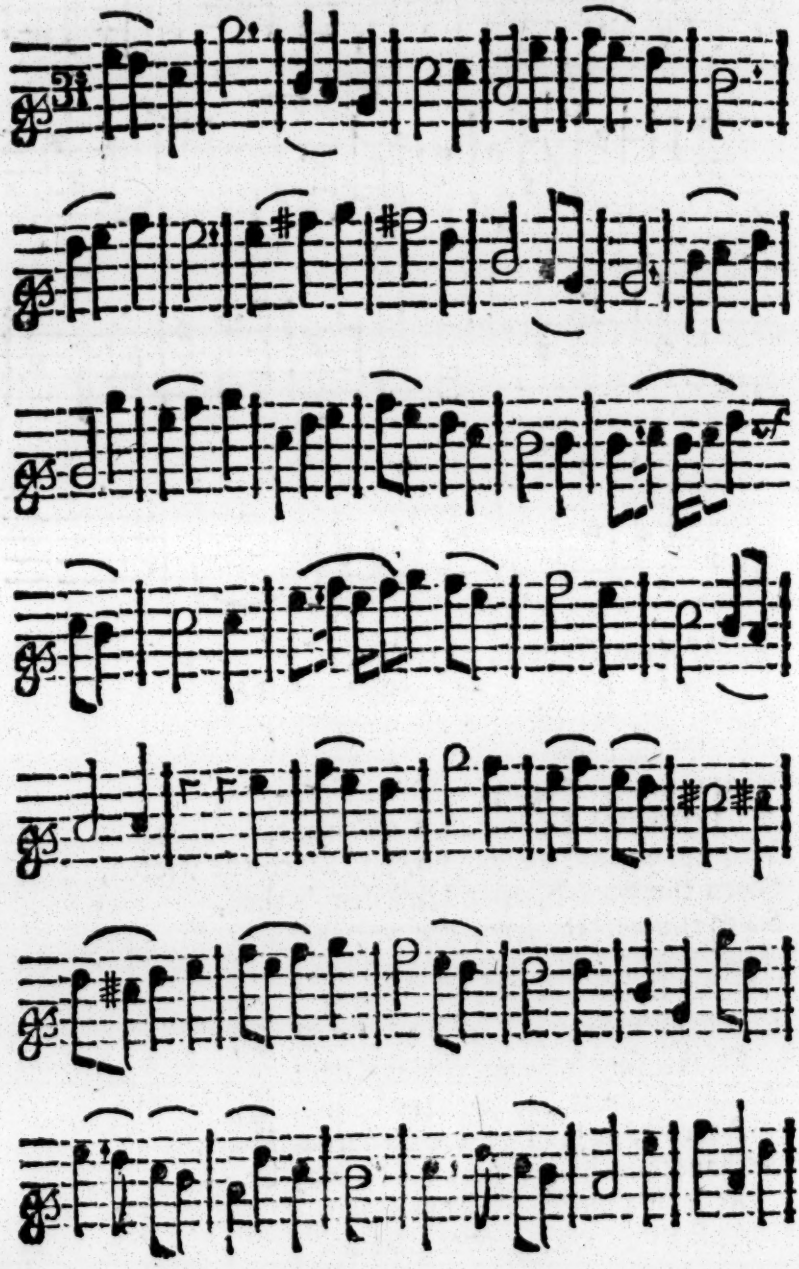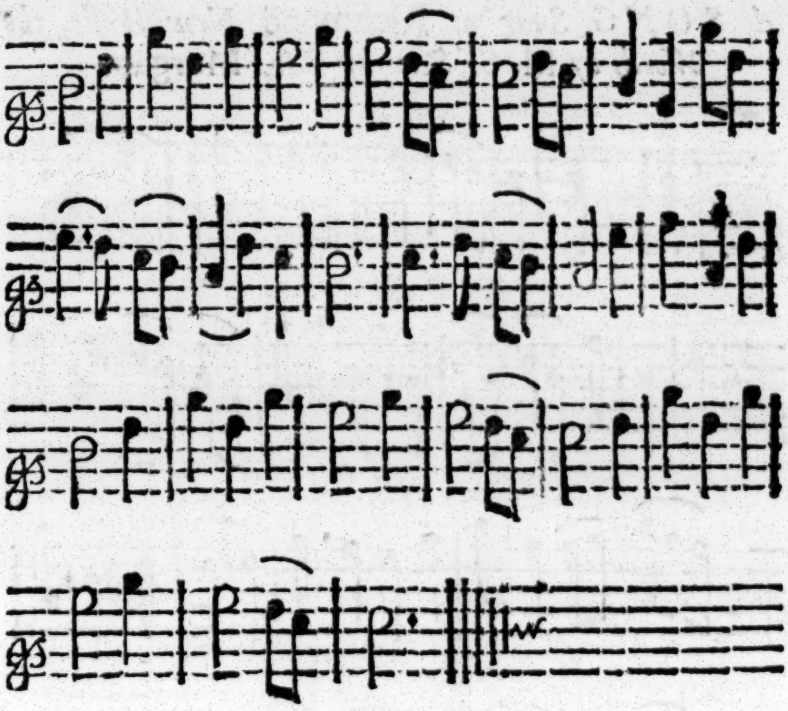




FYe *Amarillis* ceaſe to greive,
Fy, fy, fy, fy, ceaſe, ceaſe to greive,
Fy, fy, fy, fy, ceaſe, ceaſe to grieve,
For him thou never canſt retreive;
Wilt thou ſigh for one that fly's thee,
Wilt thou ſigh for one that fly's thee,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Scorn the wretch,
Scorn the wretch, that Love deny's thee,
Scorn the wretch, ſcorn the wretch,
That Love, that Love deny's thee.

Call Pride to thy aid, and be not affraid,
Of meeting a Swain that is Kind;
As handſome as he, perhaps he may be,
At leaſt, at leaſt a more Generous Mind:
As handſome as he, perhaps he may be,
At leaſt a more Generous Mind,
At leaſt a more Generous Mind.
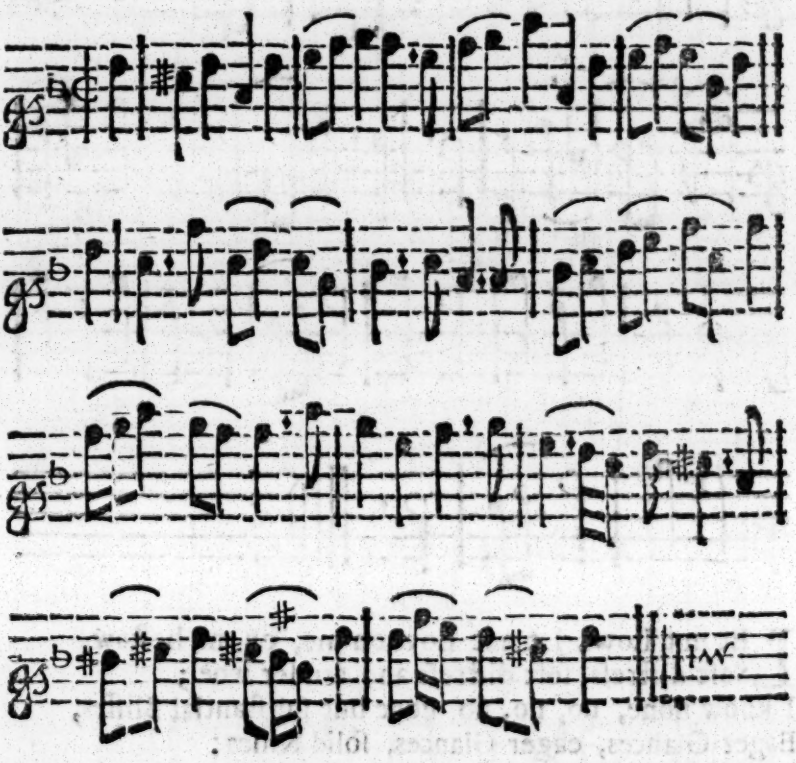
A SONG in the (Funeral) *Sung by Mrs.* Harris, *Sett by Mr.* Daniel Purcell.





LEt not Love, let not Love on me, on me beſtow,
Soft diſtreſs, ſoft diſtreſs and tender woe;
I know none, no, no, no, none but ſubſtantial Bliſſes,
Eager Glances, eager Glances, ſolid Kiſſes:
I know not what the Lover feign,
Of finer Pleaſure mixt with Pain;
Then prithee, prithee give me gentle boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all, all,
[all, all the joy,
But all, all, all, all, all, all the joy.
Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all but all, all, all, all,
[all, all the joy,
But all, all, all, all, all, all the joy.

A SONG Sung at Richmond *New Wells, the Words by* M. S. *Sett by Mr.* Morgan.
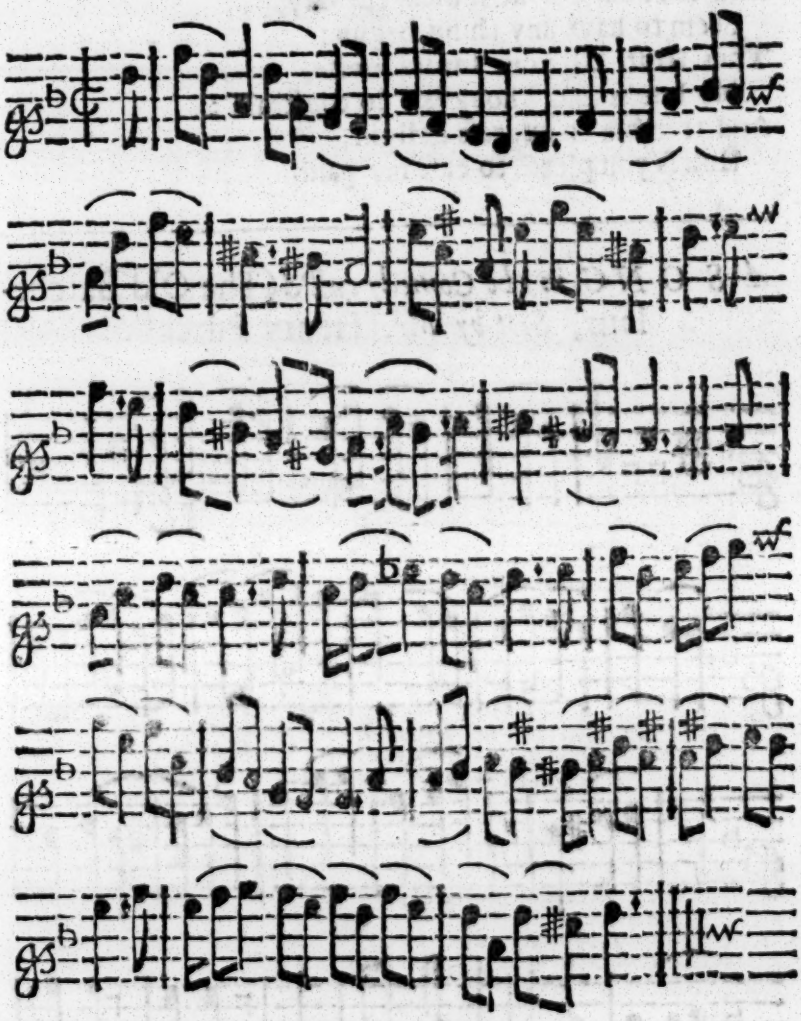


Aurelia now one Moment loſt,
A thouſand ſighs may after coſt;
Deſires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.
Deſires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant ſweats which do adorn,
The glowing bluſhes of the morn;
By Noon are vaniſh'd all away,
Then let's *Aurelia* live to day.

Love's

Love's Conqueſt.
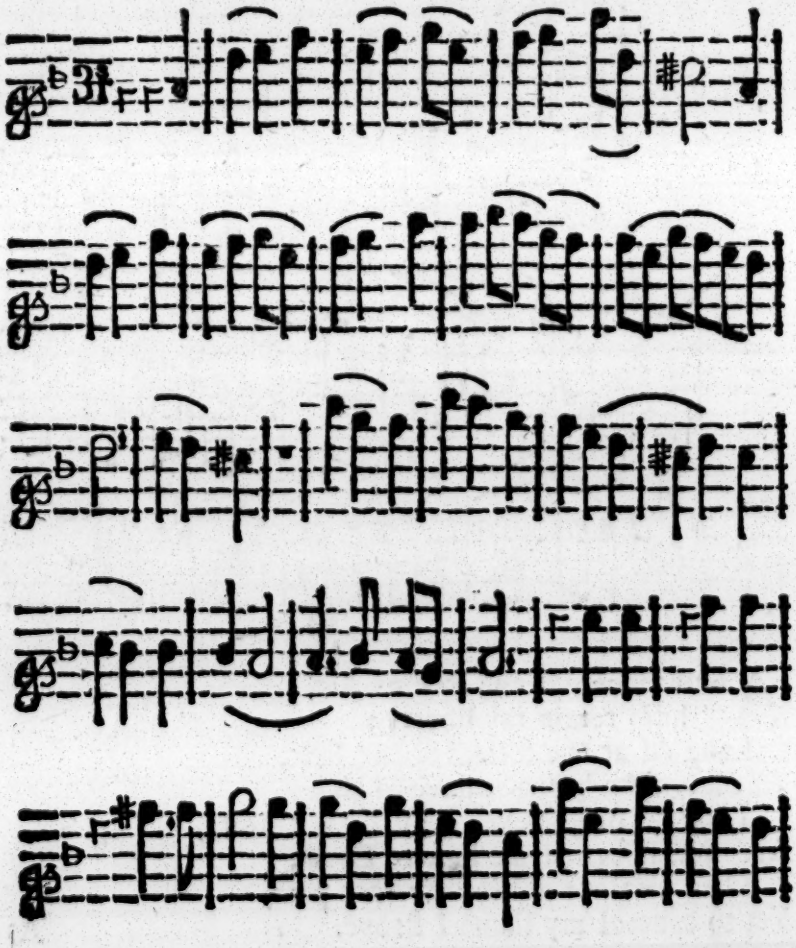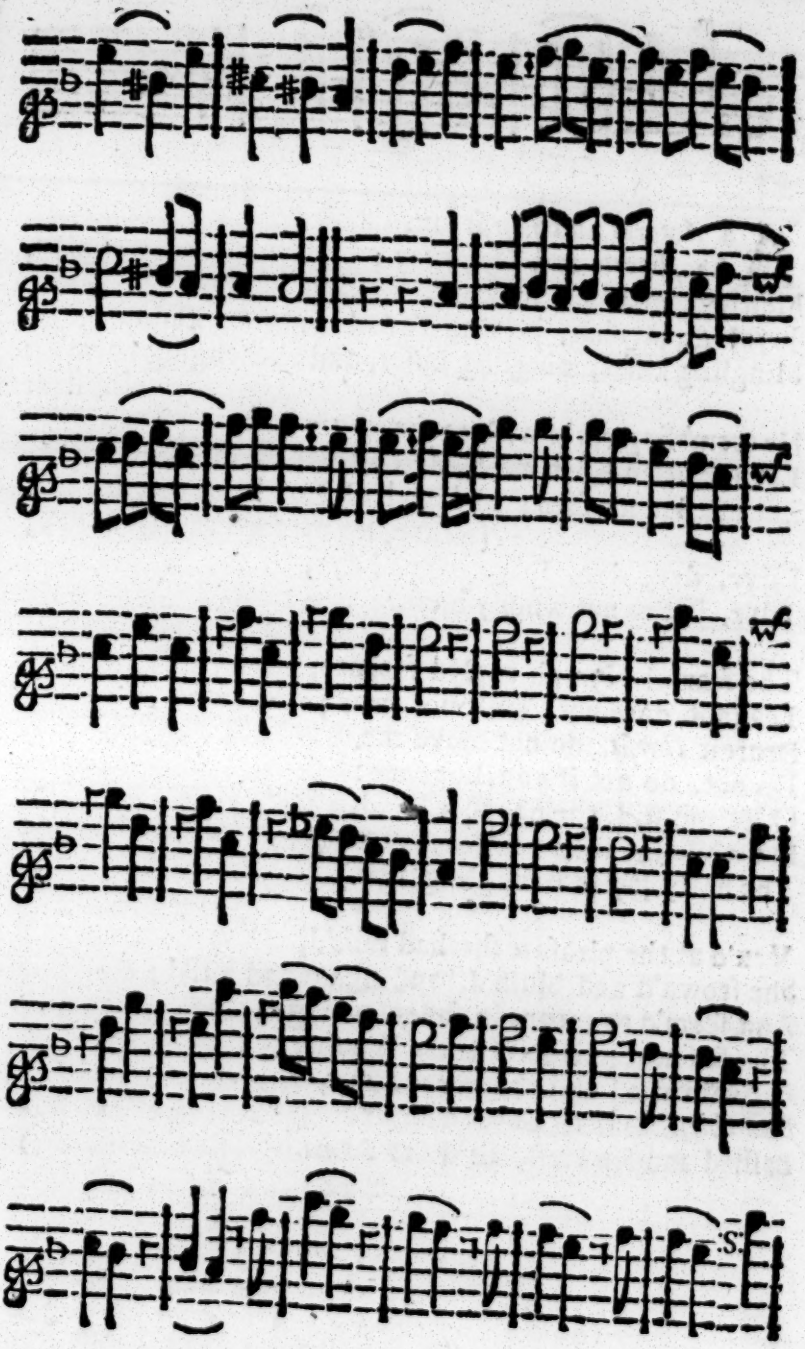


AS unconcern'd and free as Air,
I did retain my liberty;
Laugh'd at the fetters of the Fair,
And ſcorn'd a beauties ſlave to be:
Till your bright eyes ſurpriz'd my heart,
And firſt inform'd me how to Love;
Then pleaſure did invade each part,
Yet to conceal my flame I ſtrove.

As

As *Indians* at a diſtance pay,
Their awful reverence to the Sun;
And dare not till he'll bleſs the day,
Seem to have any thing begun:
Thus I reſt, till your ſmiles invite,
My Looks and Thoughts I do conſtrain;
And tremble to expreſs delight,
Unleſs you pleaſe to eaſe my pain.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (The Old Batchelour, *Sett by Mr.* Henry Purcell.
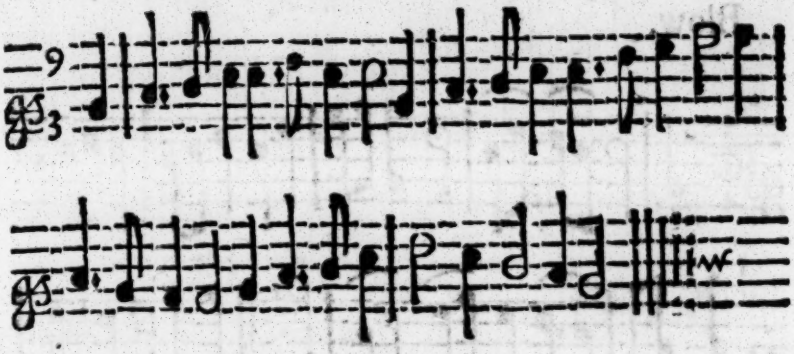






AS *Amoret* and *Thyrſis* lay,
As *Amoret* and *Thyrſis* lay; [play,
Melting, melting, melting, melting the hours in gentle
Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling kiſſes,
Mingling kiſſes, mingling kiſſes, and exchanging harmleſs [bliſſes:
He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haſt,
Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! let me, let me,
Let me, let me feed; oh! oh! oh! oh! let me, let me,
[let me, let me feed as well as taſt;
I dye, dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye,
I dye, if I'm not wholly bleſt.

The fearful Nymph replyd forbear,
I cannot, dare not, muſt not hear;
Deareſt *Thyrſis*, do not move me,
Do not, do not if you Love me:
O let me ſtill, the Shepherd ſaid,
But while ſhe fond reſiſtance made;
The haſty joy in ſtruggling fled.

Vex'd at the pleaſure ſhe had miſs'd,
She frown'd and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd and kiſſ'd;
And ſeem'd to moan, in ſullen cooing,
The ſad miſcarriage of their Wooing:
But vain alas! were all her charms;
For *Thirſis* deaf to Loves allarms,
Baffled and ſenſeleſs, tir'd her Arms.

A SONG.



SHe met with a Country man,
In the middle of all the Green;
And *Peggy* was his delight,
And good ſport was to be ſeen.
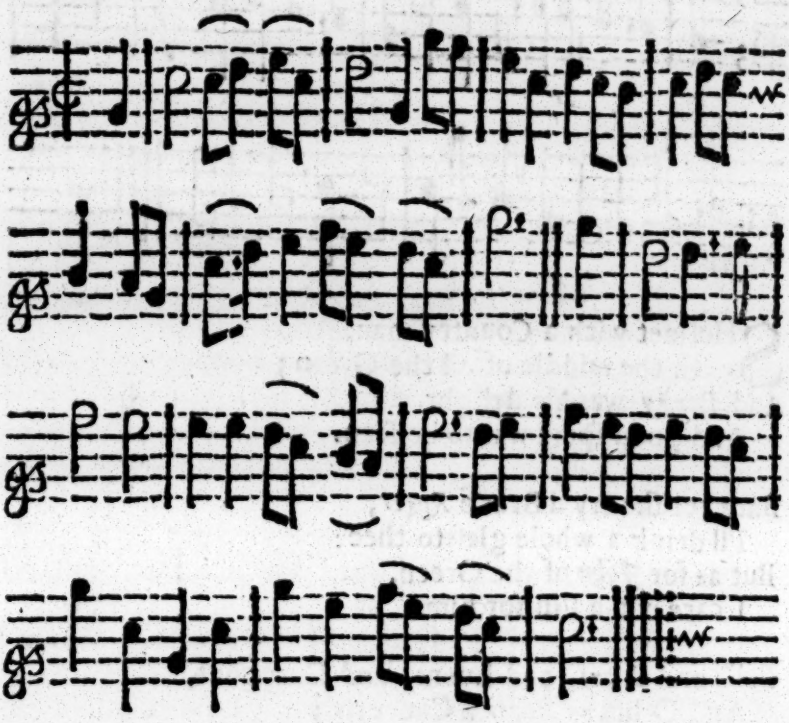
But ever ſhe cry'd Brave *Roger*,
I'll drink a whole glaſs to thee:
But as for *John* of the Green,
I care not a Pin for him.

Bulls and Bears, and Lyons, and Draggons,
And O brave *Roger* a Cauverly;
Pinggins, and Wiggins, Pints, and Flaggons,
Oh brave *&c.*

He took her by the middle,
And taught her by the Floot:
Well done brave *Roger* quoth ſhe,
Thou haſt not left thy old Wont,
But ever ſhe cry'd *&c.*
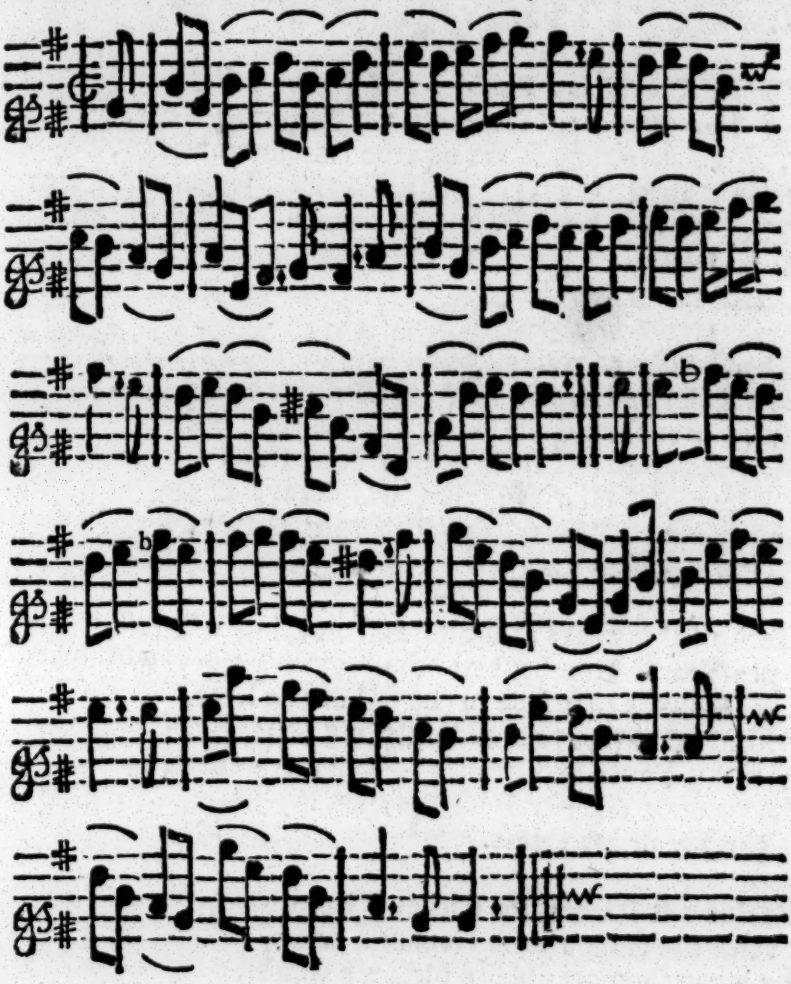
He clapt her upon the buttock,
And forth ſhe let a fart;
My belly quoth ſhe is eaſed by thee,
And I thank thee *Roger* for't.

The Duke of Glouceſters *March, Sett by Dr.* Blow.



AND now, now the Duke's march,
Let the Haut-boys play;
And his Troops in the cloſe,
Shall Huſ-ſa, Huſ-ſa, Huſ-ſa:
And now, now the Duke's March,
Let the Haut-boys play,
And his Troops in the cloſe,
Shall Huſ-ſa, Huſ-ſa, Huſ-ſa, Huſ-ſa.

A Song in the Comedy call'd the (Wifes Excuſe.) H. P.



Corinna I excuſe thy face,
thoſe erring lines, which Nature drew;
When I reflect that ev'ry grace,
Thy mind adorns, is juſt and true:
But oh thy Wit what God has ſent,
Surpriſing Airy unconfin'd;
Some wonder ſure *Apollo* meant,
And ſhot himſelf into thy mind.

'A 'Squire's Choice; or, The Coy Lady's Beauty by him admir'd. Tune of Ianthe, Page 79.

THe World is a Bubble, and full of decoys,
Her glittering Pleaſures are flattering Toys,
The which in themſelves no true Happineſs brings,
Rich Rubies, nay Diamonds, Chains, Jewels and Rings
They are but as Droſs, and in time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, ſo will Virgn Beauty,
tho' never ſo gay.

Then boaſt not young *Phillis*, becauſe thou art fair,
Soft Roſes and Lillies more beautiful are,
Than ever thou waſt, when they in their prime,
And yet do they fade in a very ſhort time.
All temporal Glories in time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, ſo will Virgin Beauty,
tho' never ſo gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will laſt,
Since Years, Months, and Minutes thy Beauty will blaſt,
Like Flowers that fade in the fall of the Leaf,
Afford me thy Favour and pitty my Grief;
E'er thy Youth and Beauty do's clearly depart,
For thou art my Jewel, for thou art my Jewel,
the Joy of my Heart.

I value not Riches, for Riches I have,
I value not Honour, no Honour I crave,
But what thou art able to bleſs me withal,
And if by thy Frowns to Deſpair I ſhould fall,
Then Farewel thoſe Joys which ſo long I have ſought,
To languiſh in Sorrow, to languiſh in Sorrow,
alas! I am brought.

I come not to flatter, as many have done,
Afford me a Smile, or my Dear I ſhall run
Diſtracted, as being diſturbed in mind;
Then now, now, or never be loving and kind,
This Day thou canſt cheriſh my ſorrowful State,
To morrow ſweet Jewel, to morrow ſweet Jewel,
it may be too late.
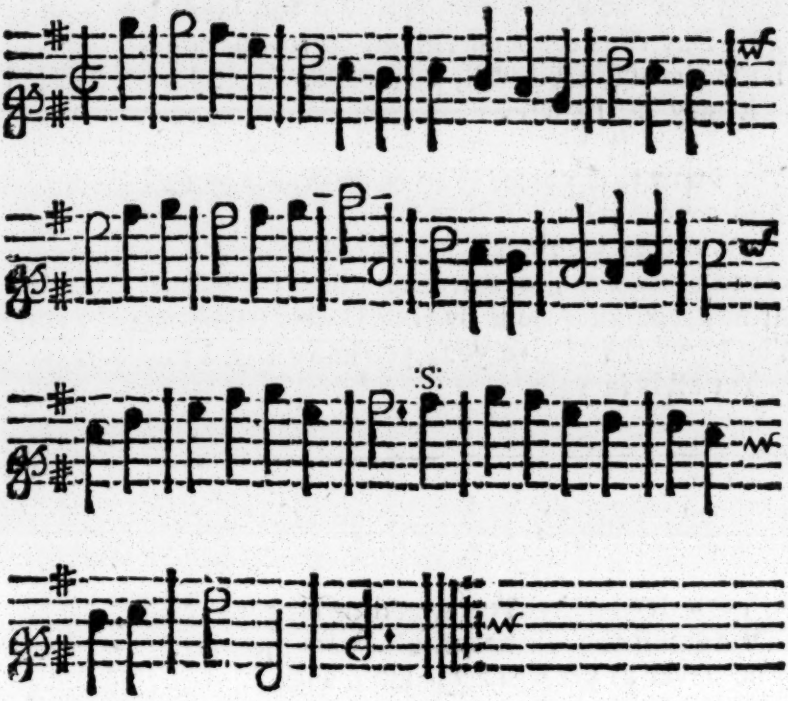
You know that young Women has rail'd againſt Men,
And counted them falſe and baſe flatterers, when
We find that your Sexs are as cruel to us,
Or elſe you would never have tortur'd me thus,
As now you have done by your Darts of Diſdain;
You know that I love you, you know that I love you,
Yet all is in vain.

The Damſels Anſwer, To the ſame Tune.

NOw dry up thy Tears, and no longer exclaim,
Againſt thy fair beautiful *Phillis* by name,
Who never as yet was acquainted with Love;
Yet here I declare by the Powers above,
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,
Wherefore bid thy Sorrows, wherefore bid thy Sorrows
for ever adieu.

With all the affections that Words can expreſs,
I freely ſurrender, and can do no leſs,
When as I conſider in e'ery Degree,
How loyal and faithful thou haſt been to me,
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,
And ſo bid thy Sorrows, and ſo bid thy Sorrows
for ever adieu.

The Jolly Sailor's Reſolution.



AS I am a Sailor, 'tis very well known,
And I've never as yet had a Wife of my own;
But now I reſolved for to marry if I can,
To ſhow my ſelf a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man,
Man, Man,
To ſhow my ſelf a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man.

Abroad I have been, and ſince home I am come,
My Wages I have took, 'tis a delicate Sum,
And now Miſtreſs Hoſteſs begins to flatter me,
But I have not forgot her former Cruelty,
ty, ty,
But I have not forget her former Cruelty.

Near

Near Limehouſe ſhe liv'd, where I formerly us'd,
I'll ſhow you in brief how I once was abus'd,
After in her Houſe I had quite conſum'd my ſtore,
But kick me if I ever, ever feaſt her more,
more, more,
But kick me if I ever, ever feaſt her more.

I came to her once with a bundance of Gold,
And as ſhe that beautiful Sight did behold,
She ſaid with a kiſs thou art welcome *John* to me,
For I have ſhed a thouſand, thouſand Tears for thee,
thee, thee,
For I have ſhed a thouſand, thouſand Tears for thee.

Her flattering Words I was apt to believe,
And then at my Hands ſhe did freely recieve,
A Ring which ſhe ſaid ſhe would keep for *Jonny*'s ſake,
She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break,
break, break,
She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break.

We feaſted on Dainties and drank of the beſt,
Thought I with my Friends I am happily bleſt,
For Punch, Beer and Brandy they Night and Day did call,
And I was honeſt *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all,
all, all,
And I was honeſt *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all.

They ply'd me ſo warm that in troth I may ſay,
That I ſcarce in a Month knew the Night from the Day,
My Hoſteſs I kiſs'd, tho' her Husband he was by,
For while my Gold and Silver laſted, who but I,
I, I.
For while my Gold and Silver laſted, who but I.

They ſaid I ſhould marry their dear Daughter *Kate*,
And in Token of Love I preſented her ſtrait,

With a Chain of Gold, and a rich and coſtly Head,
Thus *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny* by the Noſe was lead,
lead, lead,
Thus *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny* by the Noſe was lead.

This Life I did lead for a Month and a Day,
And then all my Glory begun to decay,
My Mony was gone, I quite conſum'd my ſtore,
My Hoſteſs told me in a word, ſhe would not ſcore,
ſcore, ſcore,
My Hoſteſs told me in a word, ſhe would not ſcore.

She frown'd like a Fury, and *Kate* ſhe was coy,
A Kiſs or a Smile I no more muſt enjoy,
Nay, if that I called but for a Mug of Beer,
My Hoſteſs ſhe was very deaf, and could not hear,
hear, hear,
My Hoſteſs ſhe was very deaf and could not hear.
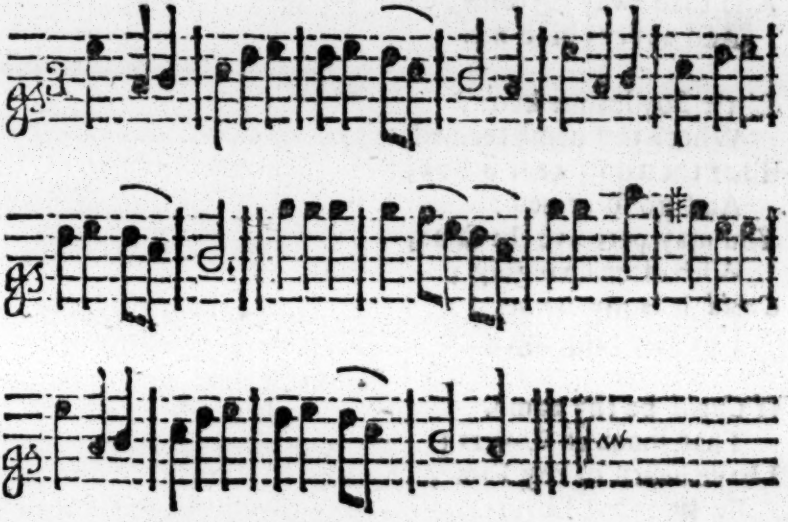
But that which concerned me more than the reſt,
My Mony was gone, and ſhe'd needs have me preſt,
Aboard of the Fleet, then I in a paſſion flew,
And ever ſince I do abhor the canting Crew,
Crew, Crew,
And ever ſince I do abhor the canting Crew.

Now having repleniſh'd my Stock once again,
My Hoſteſs and Daughter I vow to refrain,
Their Company quite, and betake my ſelf to a Wife,
With whom I hope to live a ſober Life,
Life, Life,
With whom I hope to live a ſober Life.

Then in came a Damſel as freſh as a Roſe,
He gave her a Kiſs, and begun for to cloſe,
In courting, and ſaid, canſt love an honeſt Tar,
Who for theſe Six or Seven Years has travell'd far,
far, far,
Who for theſe Six or Seven Years has travell'd far.

His offer was noble, his Guinea's was good,
And therefore the innocent Maid never ſtood,
To make a denyal, but granted his Requeſt,
And now ſhe's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor bleſt,
bleſt, bleſt,
And now ſhe's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor bleſt.

Cupids *Courteſie:*



THrough the cold ſhady woods,
As I was ranging,
I heard the pretty Birds,
Notes ſweetly changing:
Down by the Meadows ſide,
There runs a River,
A little Boy I ſpy'd,
With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy tell me why,
Thou art here diving?
Art thou ſome Run-away;
And haſt no abiding?

I am no Run-away,
Venus my Mother.
She gave me leave to play,
When I came hither.

Little Boy go with me,
And be my ſervant,
I will take care to ſee,
For thy preferment:
If with thee I ſhould go,
Venus would chide me,
And take away my Bow,
And never abide me.

Little Boy let me know,
What's thy name termed,
That thou doſt wear a Bow,
And go ſo armed:
You may perceive the ſame,
With often changing;
Cupid it is my name,
I live by ranging.

If *Cupid* be thy name,
That ſhoot at Rovers;
I have heard of thy Fame,
By wounded Lovers:
Should any languiſh that,
Are ſet on fire;
By ſuch a naked Brat,
I much admire.

If thou doſt but the leaſt,
At my Laws grumble;
I'll pierce thy ſtubborn breaſt,
And make the humble,
If I with Golden Dart,
Wound thee but ſurely;
There's no Phiſicians art,
That e'er can cure thee.

Little Boy with thy Bow,
  Why doſt thou threaten;
It is not long ago,
  Since thou waſt beaten:
Thy wanton Mother fair,
  Venus will chid thee;
When all thy Arrows are gone,
  Thou may'ſt go hide thee.

Of powerful ſhafts you ſee,
  I am well ſtored;
Which makes my Deity,
  ſo much adored:
With one poor Arrow now,
  I'll make thee ſhiver;
And bend unto my Bow,
  And fear my Quiver.

Dear little *Cupid* be,
  Courteous and kindly;
I know thou canſt not ſee,
  But ſhooteſt blindly:
Although thou call'ſt me blind,
  Surely I'll hit thee;
That thou ſhalt quickly find,
  I'll not forget thee.

Then little *Cupid* caught,
  his Bow ſo nimble;
And ſhot a fatal ſhaft,
  Which made him tremble:
Go tell thy Miſtriſs dear,
  Thou canſt diſcover;
What all the paſſions are,
  Of a dying Lover.
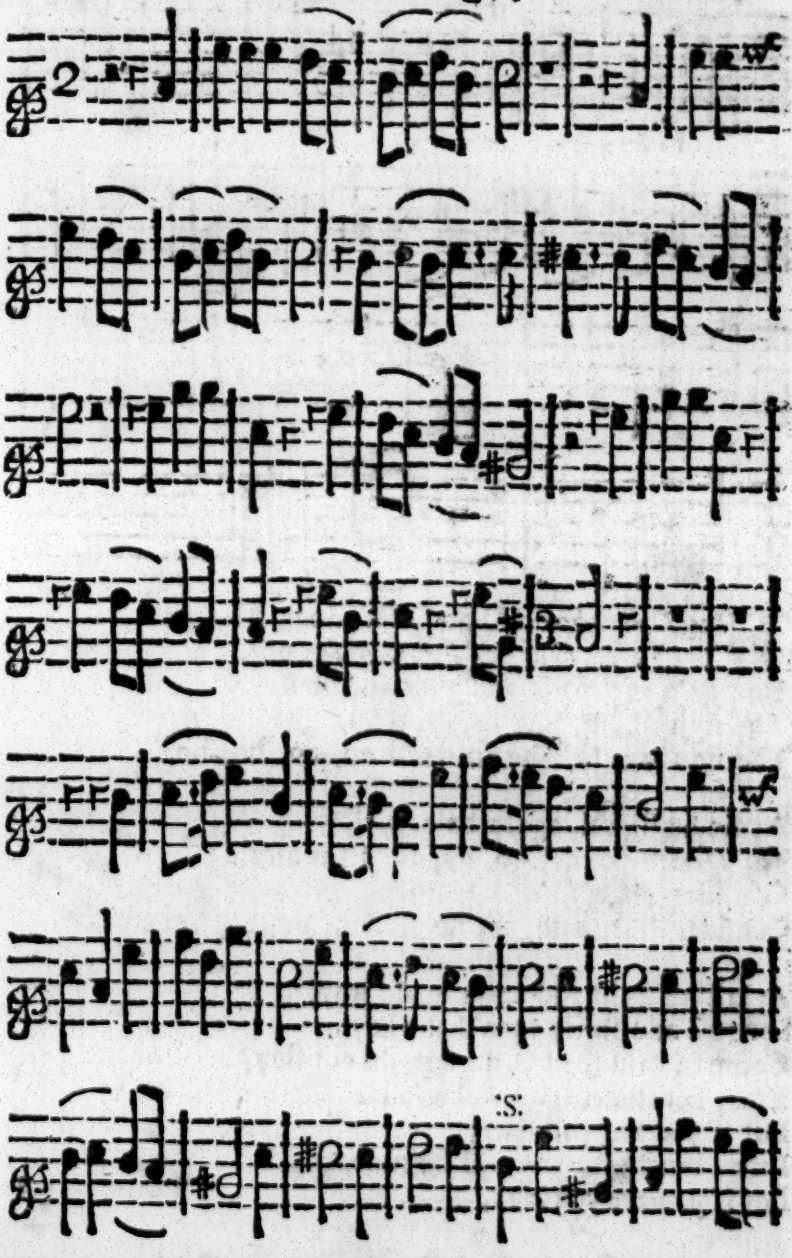
And now this gallant heart,
Sorely lies bleeping;
He felt the greateſt ſmart,
From Love proceeding:
He did her help implore,
Whom he affected,
But found that more and more,
Him ſhe rejected.
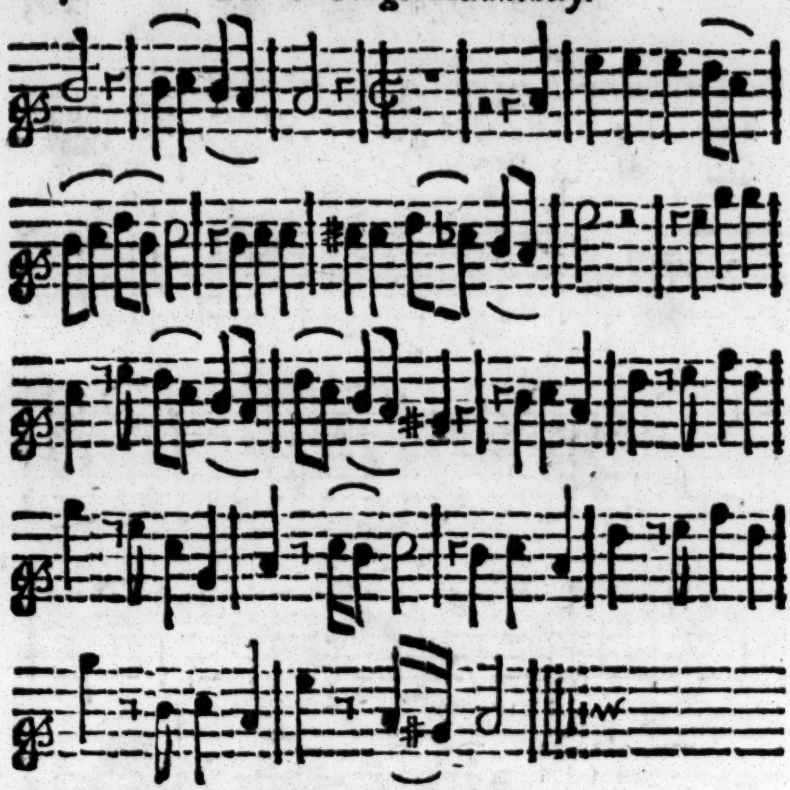
For *Cupid* with his craft,
Quickly had chozen.
And with a Leaden ſhaft,
Her heart had frozen:
Which caus'd this Lover more,
Daily to languiſh:
And *Cupid's* aid implore,
To heal this anguiſh.

He humble pardon crav'd,
For his offence paſt:
And vow'd himſelf a ſlave,
And to love ſteadfaſt;
His Prayers ſo ardent were,
Whilſt his heart panted,
That *Cupid* lent an Ear,
And his ſuit granted.

For by his preſent plaint,
He was regarded;
And his adored Saint,
His Love rewarded;
And now they live in joy,
Sweetly embracing,
And left the little Boy,
In the Woods chaſing.

The Serenading Song in the (Conſtant Couple, *or a Trip to the* Jubilee) *Words by Mr.* G. Farquhar, *Sett by Mr.* D. Purcell, *Sung by Mr.* Freeman.
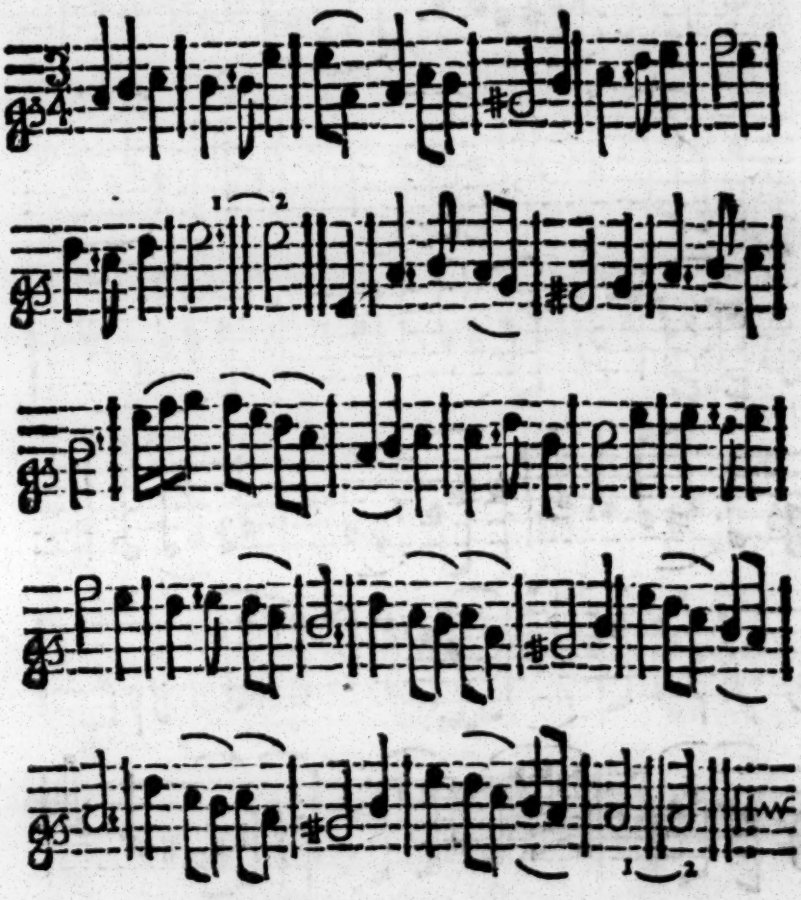




THus *Damon* knock'd at *Cælia*'s door,
Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Cælia*'s door,
He ſigh'd and beg'd and wept and ſwore,
The ſign was ſo, She anſwer'd no,
The ſign was ſo, She anſwer'd no, no, no, no.

Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd,
No *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;
Conſider *Damon* I'm a Maid,
Conſider *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a Maid.
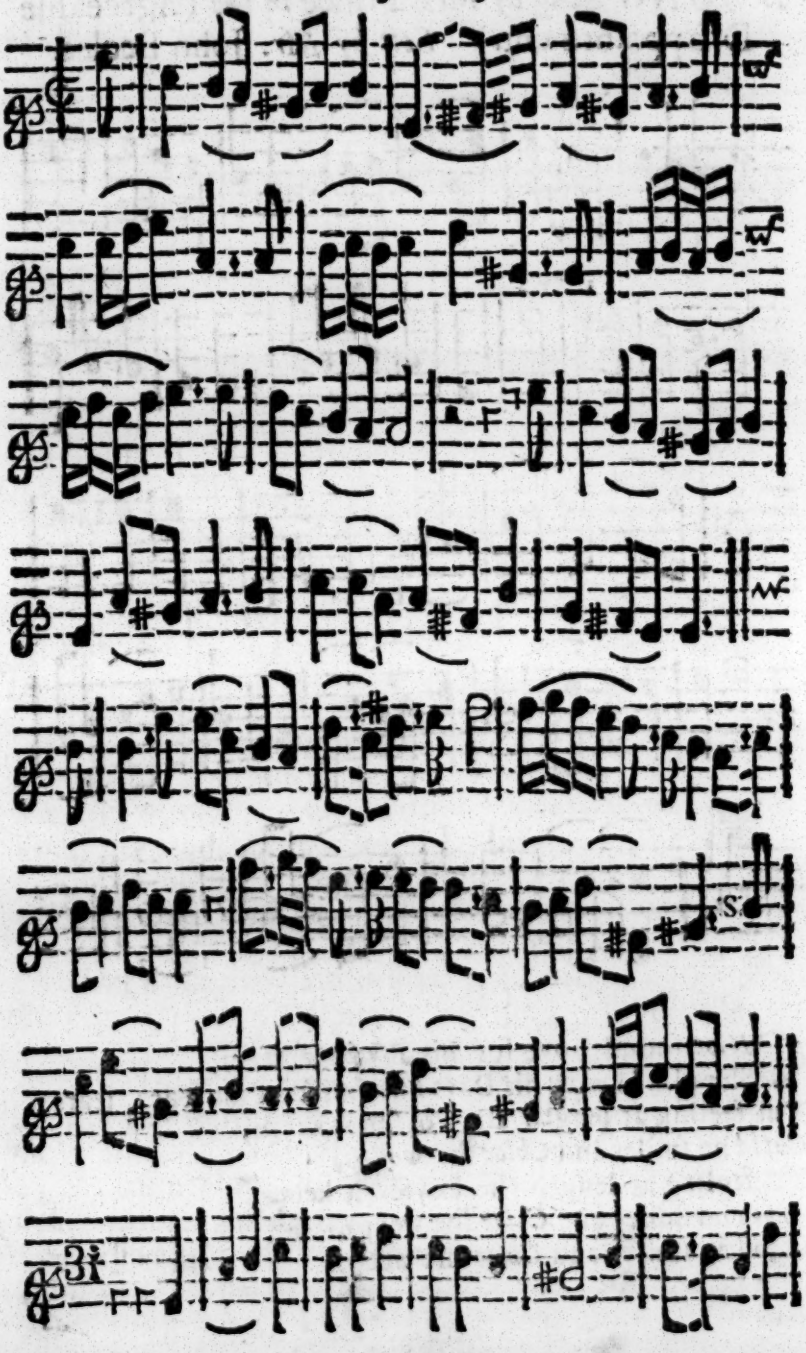
As laſt his ſighs and tears made way,
She roſe and ſoftly turn'd the key,
Come in ſaid ſhe but do not, do not ſtay,
I may conclude, you will be rude,
But if you are you may,
I may conclude, you will be rude,
But if you are you may,
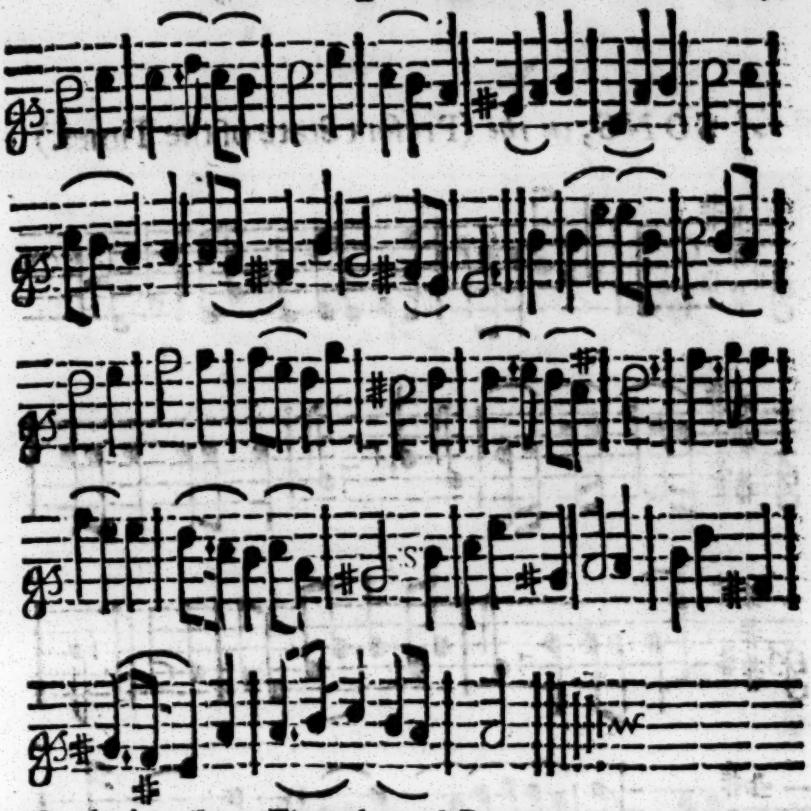
A SONG Sung by Mrs. Prince *in the* (Agreeable Diſappointment.) *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles.



CHloe found Love for his *Pſyche* in tears,
She play'd with his Dart and ſmil'd at his fears, fears;
Till feeling at length the Poyſon it keeps,
Cupid he ſmiles and *Chloe* ſhe weeps,
Till feeling at length the Poyſon it keeps,
Cupid he ſmiles and *Chloe* ſhe weeps,
Cupid he ſmiles and *Chloe* ſhe weeps.

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Barrett.
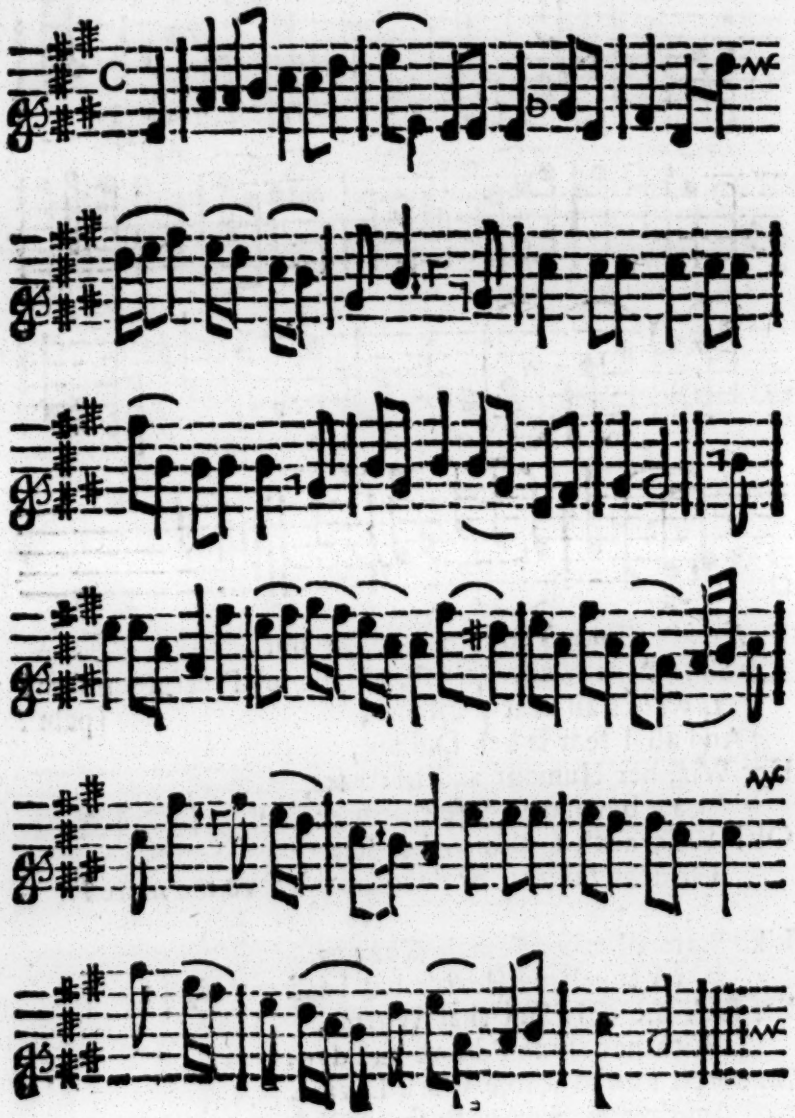




L *Iberia*'s all my Thought and Dream,
She's all, all, all, she's all, all, all, my Pleasure and my pain:
Liberia's all that I Esteem,
And all I fear is her Disdain,
Her Wit, her Humour and her Face,
Please beyond all I felt before:
Oh! Why can't I Admire her less,
Or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more!

Like Stars all other Female Charms,
Ne'er touch my Heart, but Feast my Eyes:
For she's the only Sun that Warms,
With her alone I'd live and dye:
Immortal Pow'rs whose Work Divine,
Inspires my Soul with so much Love;
Grant your *Liberia* may be mine, [your Joys above.
And then, then, then, then, and then, then I share

A SONG, on the (Preſent State of the Times.)
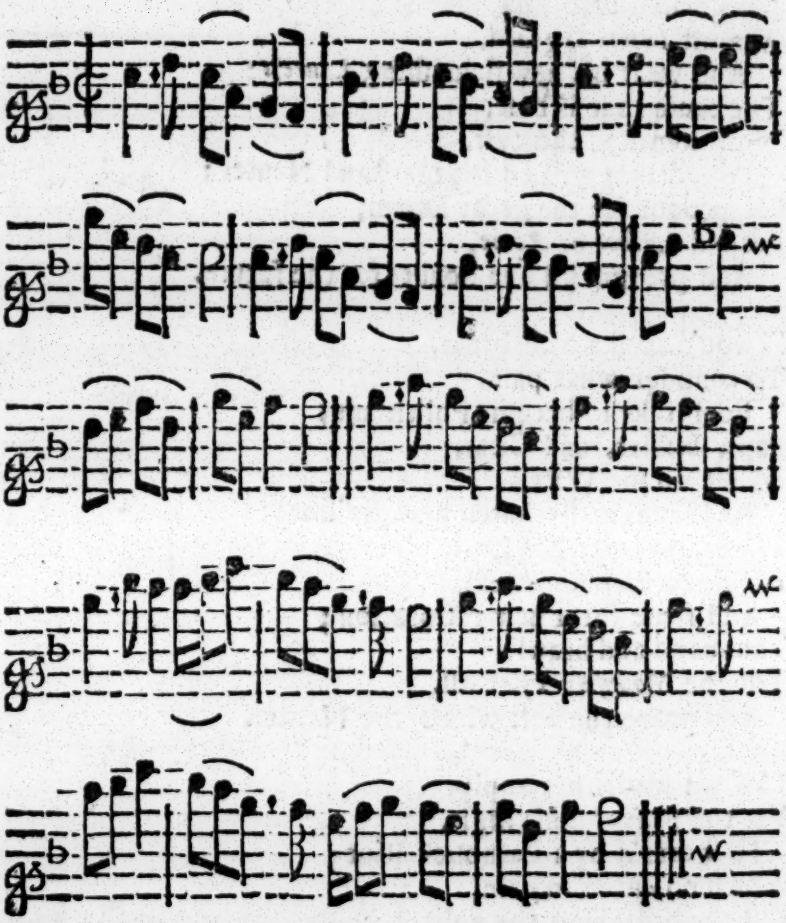


Church

CHurch Scruples and Tarrs,
Plunge all *Europe* in Wars,
  Engliſh *Cæſar* eſpouſes our quarrels;
Predeſtin'd to ſtand,
Againſt *Lewis Legrand*,
  And wear his new flouriſhing *Laurels*.
The cauſe that is beſt,
Now comes to the teſt,
  For *Heaven* will no longer ſtand Neuter;
But pronounce the great Doom,
For old *Luther* or *Rome*,
  And prevent all our doubts for the future.

'Twou'd turn a wiſe brain,
To conſider what pain,
  Fools take to become Polititians;
Fops, Bullies, and Citts,
All ſet up for Wits,
  And ingeniouſly hatch new diviſions:
Some ſhow their hot Zeal,
For a new common-weal,
  And ſome for a new reſtoration;
Thus cavil and brawl,
Till the *Mounſieurs* get all.
  And prove the beſt wits of the Nation.

Tho' we medicines apply,
Yet the Feaver boils high,
  Firſt caus'd by a Catholick Riot;
Which no cure can gain,
Till the breathing the vein,
  Correct the mad pulſe into quiet:
Yet what e'er diſeaſe,
On our Country may chance,
  Let's drink to its healing condition;
And rather wiſh *William*,
Were *Victor* in *France*,
  Than *Lewis* were *Englands* Phiſician.

Coy Belinda, *and falſe* Amindor.
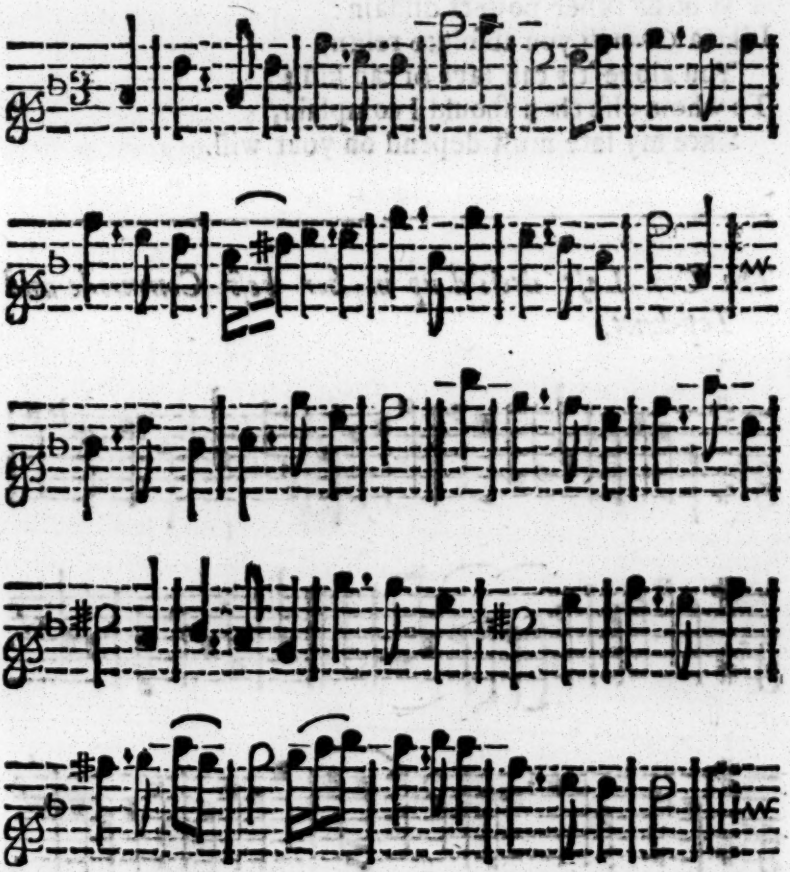


Coy *Belinda* may diſcover,
Love is nothing but a name;
'Tis not beauty warms the Lover,
When he tells her of his flame:
But ſhe keeps a greater treaſure,
Bills and bonds inflame his heart;
Charms that flow with tides of pleaſure,
More obey'd than *Cupid*'s dart.

Falſe

False *Amintor* leave dissembling,
Tell her plainly you are poor;
Hence are all your sighs and tremblings,
When you talk of your amour:
Tho' you sigh and tho' you languish,
Till she gives her self away,
Then you soon forget your anguish,
And *Belinda* must obey.

An Amorous Adress to the charming Corinna.
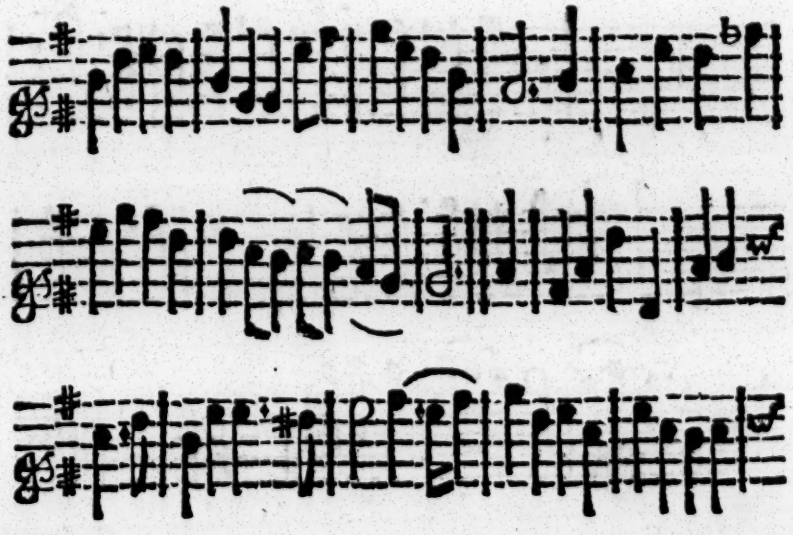


Corinna.

Corinna 'tis you that I love,
And love with a paſſion (a paſſion) ſo great;
That death a leſs torment would prove,
Than either your frown or your hate:
So ſoft and prevailing your charms.
In vain I ſhould ſtrive to retreat;
Oh! then let me live in your arms,
Or dye in deſpair at your feet.

In vain I may pray to Loves powers,
To eaſe me and pity my pain;
Since the heart that I ſue for is yours,
Who all other powers diſdain:
Like a *Goddeſs* you abſolute reign,
You alone 'tis can ſave or can kill;
To whom elſe then ſhould I complain,
Since my fate muſt depend on your will.

The Coy Laſs dreſs'd up in her beſt Commode and Top-knot.
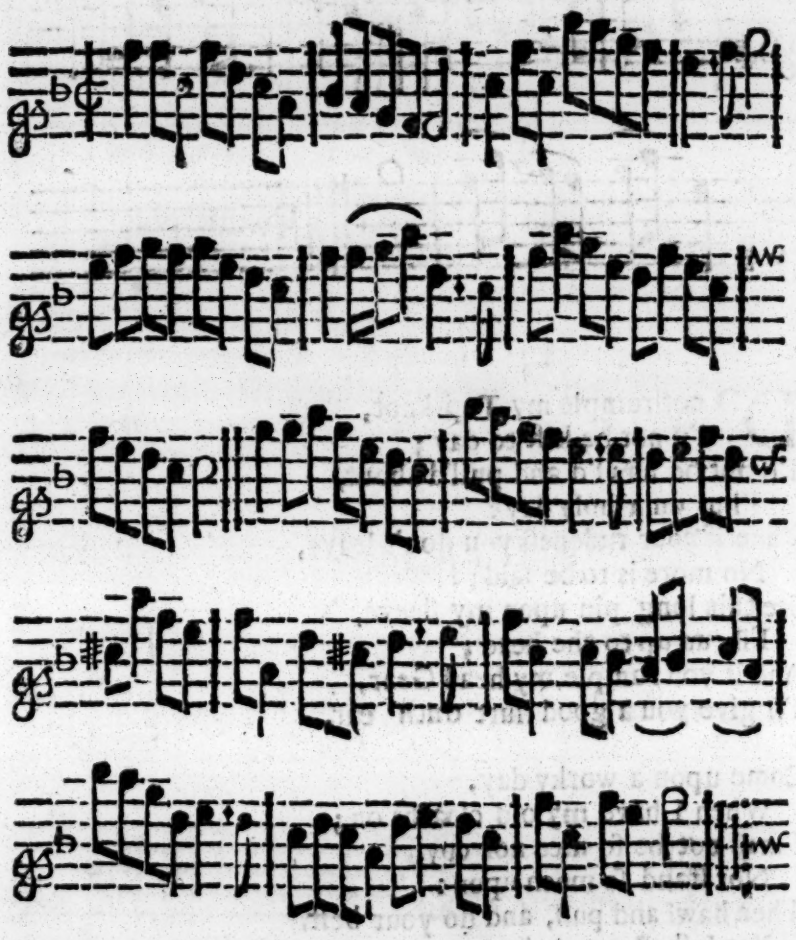




DO not rumple my Top-knot,
I'll not be kift to day;
I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,
Thus on a holy day:
Then if your rudeneſs you don't leave,
No more is to be ſaid;
See this long pin upon my ſleeve,
I'll run up to the head;
And if you rumple my head Gear,
I'll give you a good flurt onth' ear.
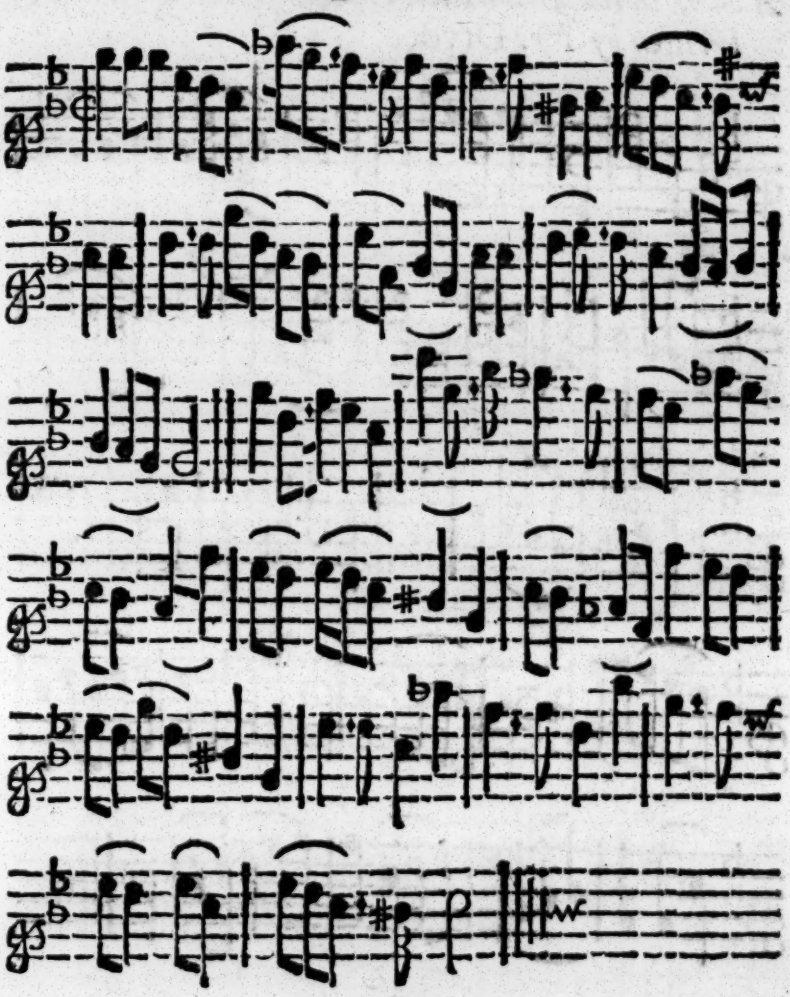
Come upon a worky day,
When I have my old cloaths on;
I ſhall not be ſo nice nor coy,
Nor ſtand ſo much upon:
Then hawl and pull, and do your beſt,
Yet I ſhall gentle be?
Kiſs hand, and mouth, and feel my breaſt,
And tickle to my knee:
I won't be put out of my rode,
You ſhall not rumple my Commode.

A Scotch Song.
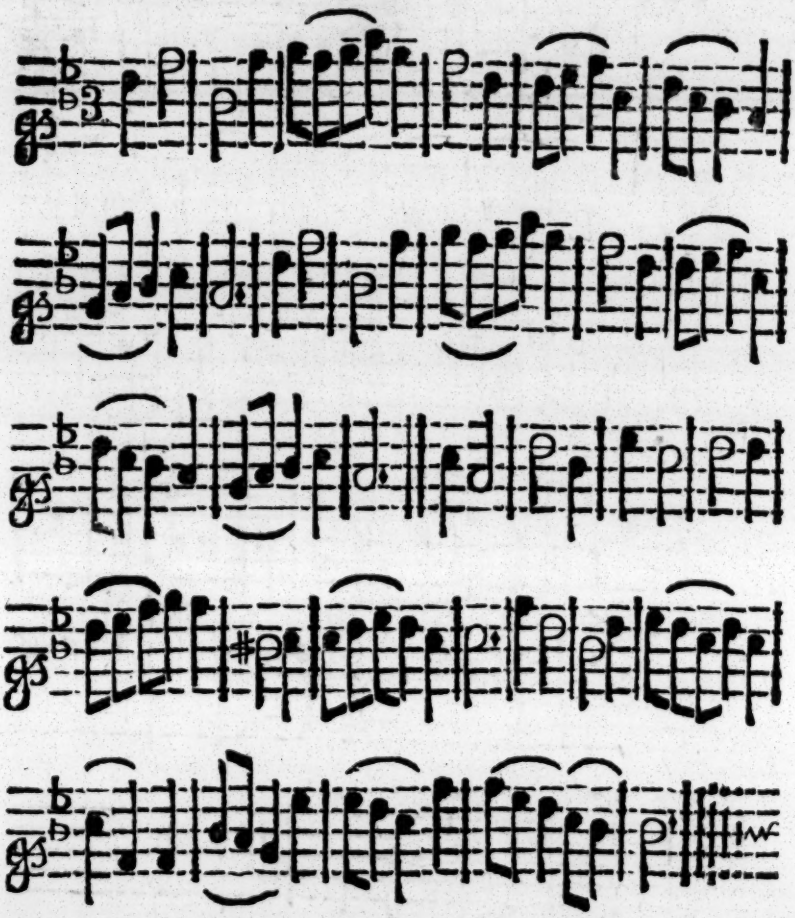


FYe *Fockey* never prattle more ſo like a *Loon*,
No Rebel e'er ſhall gar my heart to Love;
Sawny was a Loyal *Scot* tho' dead and gon,
And *Jenny* in her *Daddy*'s way with muckle joy ſhall move
Laugh at the *Kirk-Apoſtles* and the canting ſwarms, [King,
And fight with bonny Lads that love their monarchy and
Then *Jenny* freſh and blith ſhall take thee in her arms,
And give thee Twenty kiſſes and perhaps a better thing.

A New Song Sett for the Flute.



After the pangs of fierce Desire,
The doubts and hopes that wait on Love;
And feed by turn's the raging fire,
How charming must fruition prove:
When the triumphant Lover feels,
None of those pains which once he bore;
Or when reflecting on his ills,
He makes his pleasure, pleasure more,
He makes his pleasure, pleasure more.

A Song in the Dramatick Opera (*of* King Arthur,) *Written by Mr.* Dryden.



FAireſt Iſle, all Iſles excelling,
Seat of pleaſures, and of Love;
Venus here, will chuſe her dwelling,
And forſake her *Cyprian Grove*.
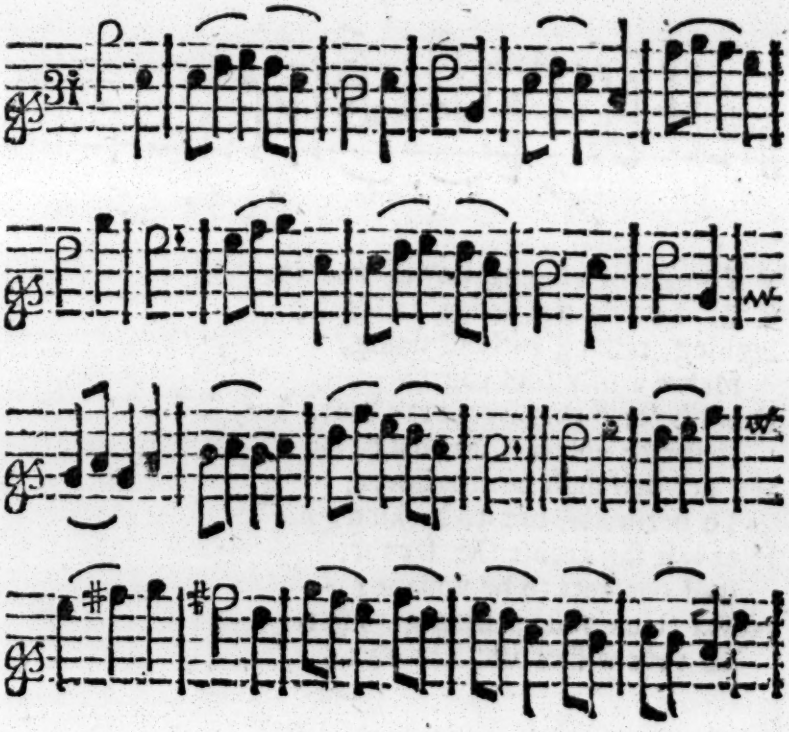
Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove;
Jealouſy that poyſons paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.
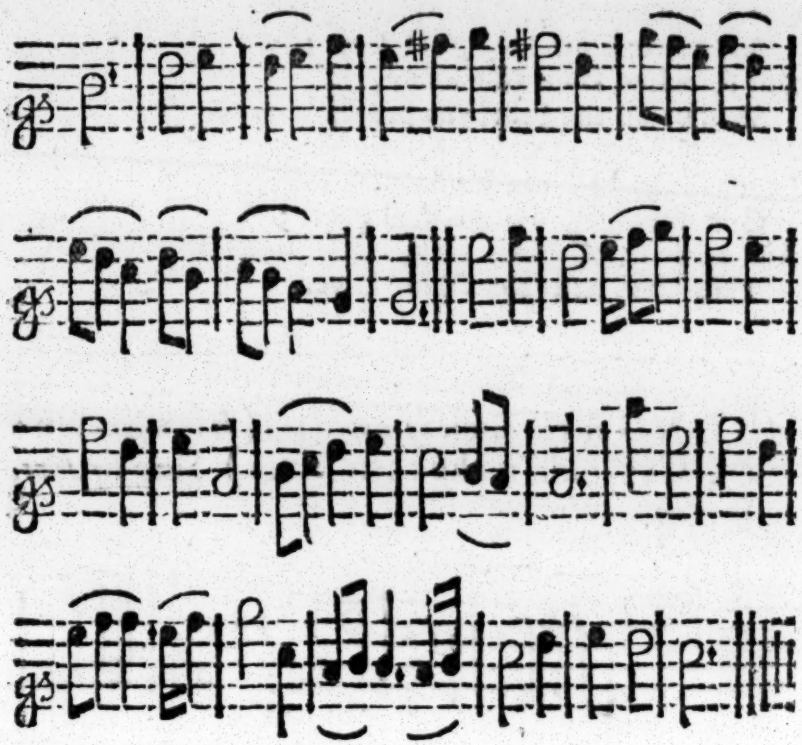
Gentle

Gentle murmurs ſweet complaining,
  Sighs that blow the fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
  Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Every ſwain ſhall pay his duty,
  Grateful every Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excel in beauty,
  Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for Love.
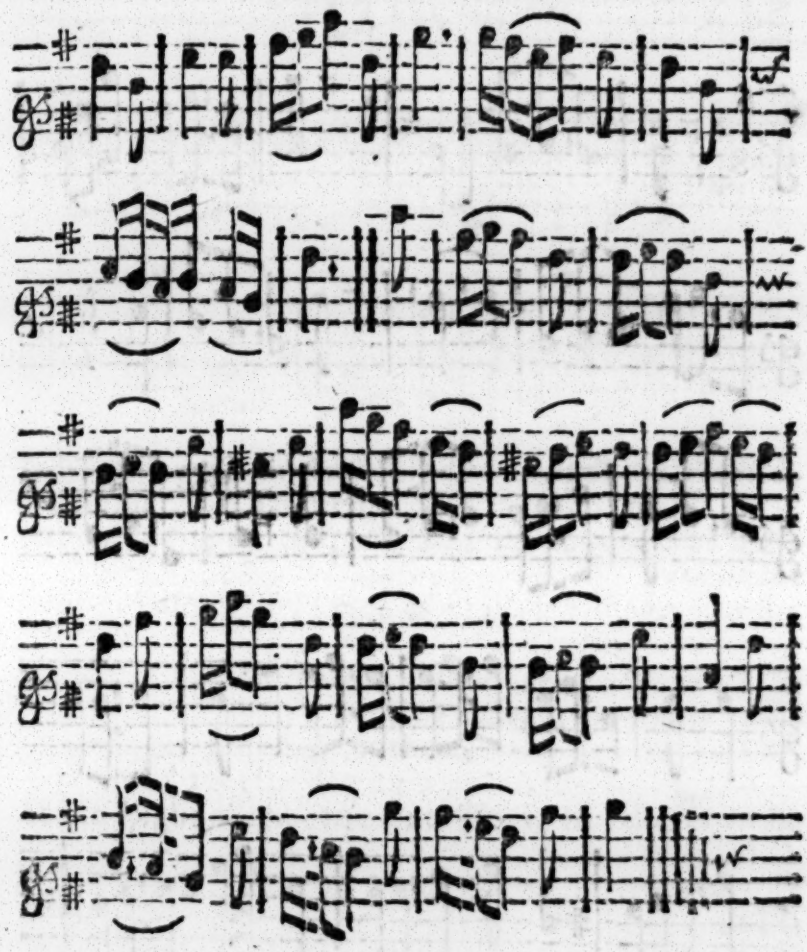
A SONG in the Comedy call'd the (Wifes Excuſe: *Or*, Cuckolds make themſelves.) *Sung by Mrs.* Butler.
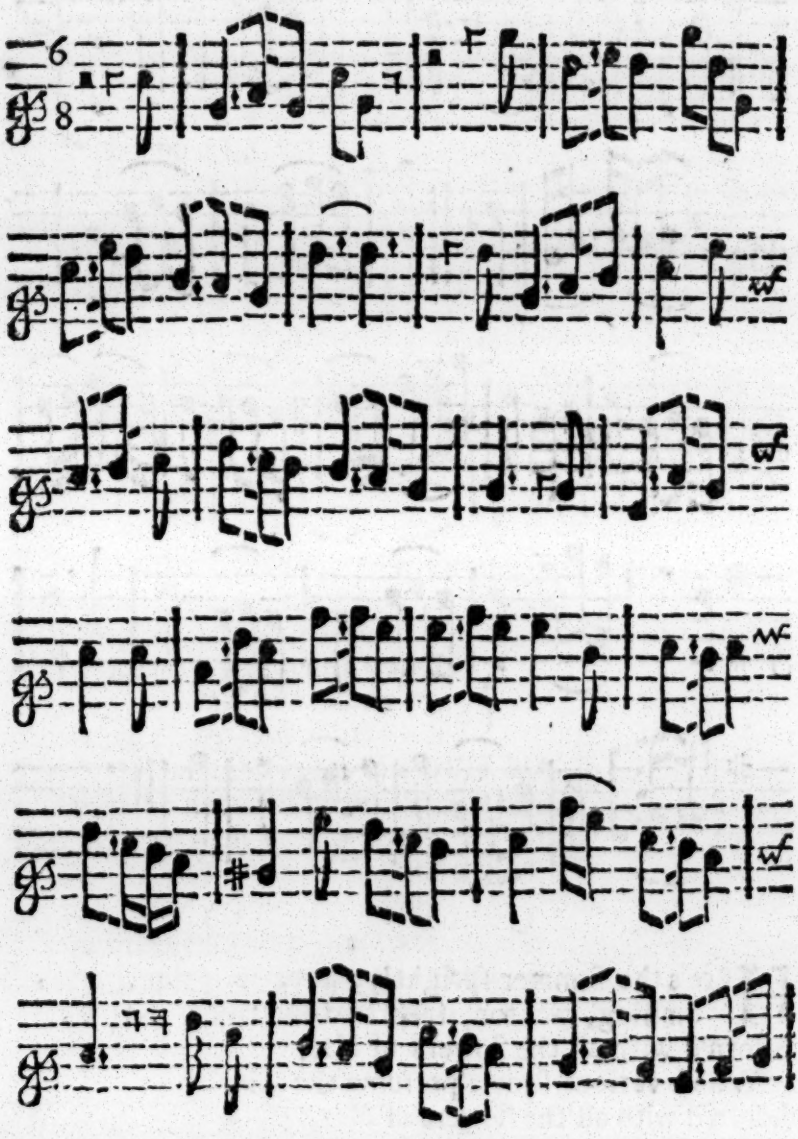




HAng this whining way of wooing,
Loving was deſign'd a ſport;
Sighing, talking without doing,
Makes a ſilly Idol court:
Don't beleive that words can move her,
If ſhe be not well inclin'd;
She her ſelf muſt be the Lover,
To perſwade her to be kind:
If at laſt ſhe grants the favour,
And conſents to be undone;
Never think your paſſion gave her,
To your wiſhes but her own.
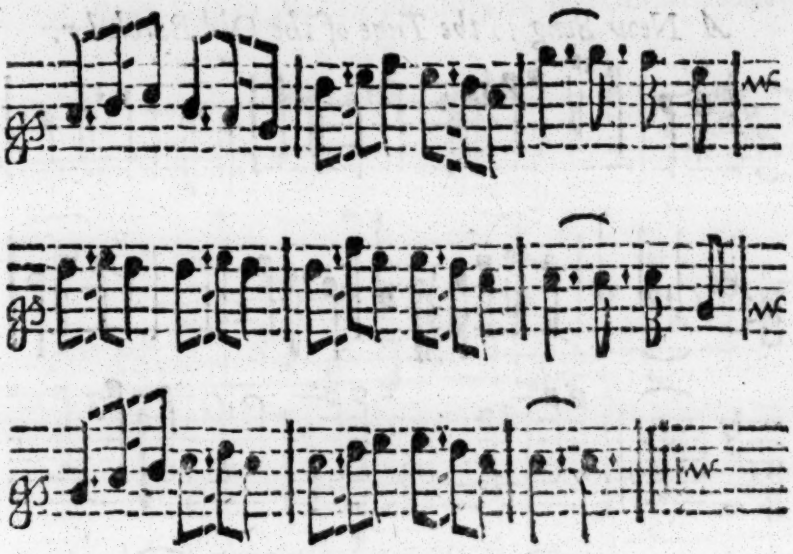
A SONG in the Opera call'd the (Fairy Queen,)
Sung by Mr. Pate.



HEre's the ſummer ſprightly, gay,
Smiling, wanton, freſh and fair:
Adorn'd with all the flowers of *May*,
Whoſe various ſweets perfume the Air.
Adorn'd with all the flowers of *May*,
Whoſe various ſweets perfume the Air:

A SONG *Sung by Mrs.* Ayliff *in the Play call'd* (Love Triumphant: Or, Nature will Prevail. *Sett by Mr.* Henry Purcell.
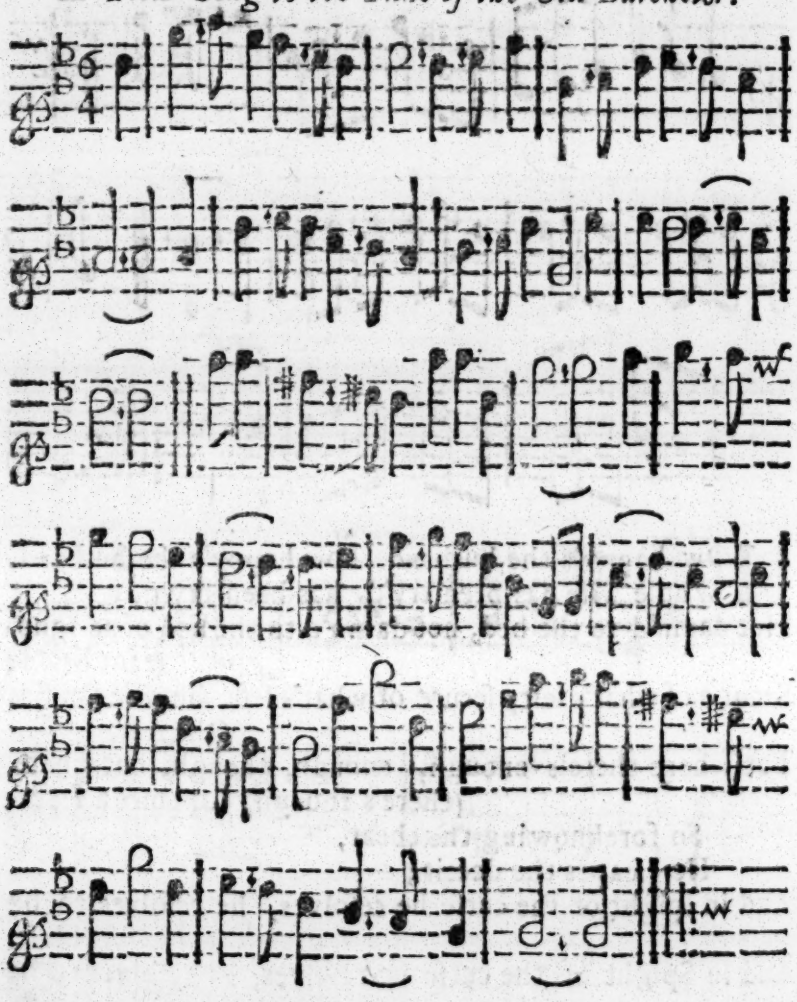




HOw happy's the husband, how happy's the husband,
Whoſe wife has been try'd, has been try'd,
Not damn'd to the bed, not damn'd to the bed of an igno-
(rant bride;
Secure of what's left, ſecure of what's left, he ne'er miſſes
(the reſt,
But where there's enough, enough, enough, but where
(there's enough, ſuppoſes a faſt:
So foreknowing the cheat,
He eſcapes the deceit;
And in ſpight of the curſe he reſolves, he reſolves to be
(bleſt.
And in Spight of the curſe he reſolves, he reſolves to be
(bleſt.
He reſolves to be bleſt, he reſolves, he reſolves to be bleſt.
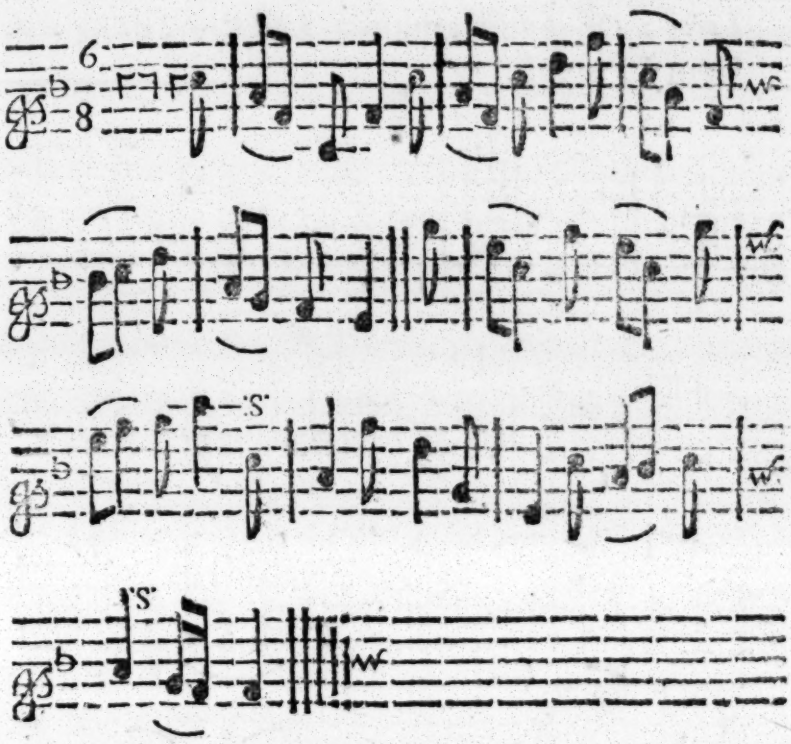
If children are bleſſings, his comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known to be fruitful before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings ready Made to his hand,
May ſtand him in ſtead for an heir to his land:
Shou'd his own prove a ſot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when e'er it is ſo, if it won't I'll be hang'd,

A New Song to the Tune of the Old Batchelor.



IF ever you mean to be kind,
To me the favour, the favour allow;
For fear that to morrow ſhou'd alter my mind,
Oh! let me now, now, now,
If in hand then a Guinny you'll give,
And ſwear by this kind embrace;
That another to morrow as you hope to live,
Oh! then I will ſtreight unlace:
For why ſhou'd we two diſagree,
Since we have, we have opportunity.
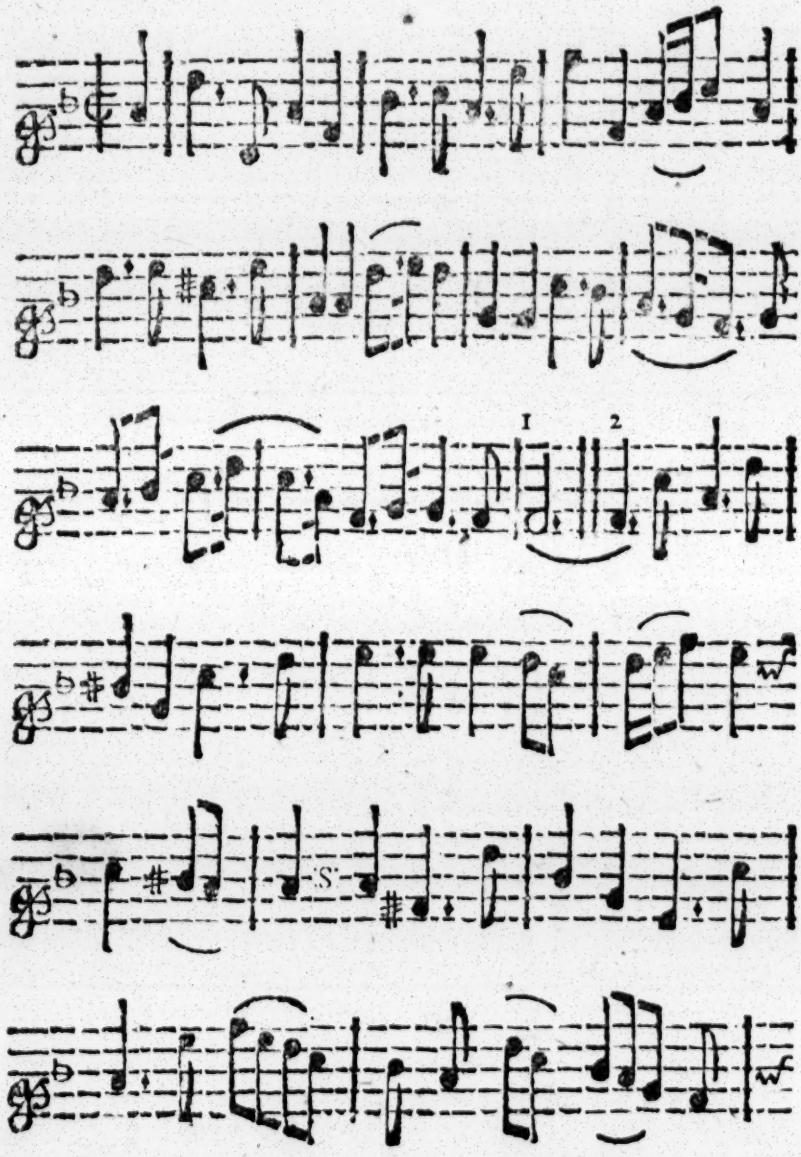
A Song Sett to Muſick by Mr. Will. Richardſon.
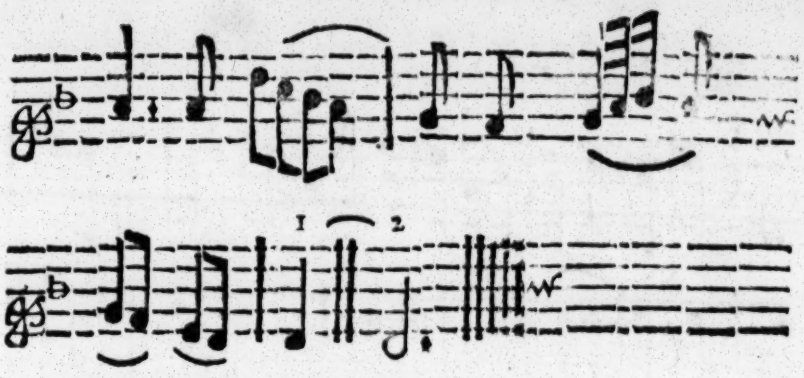


I know her falſe, I know her baſe,
I know that Gold alone can move;
I know ſhe Jilts me to my face,
And yet good Gods, and yet good Gods I know I Love.

I ſee too plain and yet am blind,
Wou'd think her true while ſhe forſooth;
To me and to my Rival's kind,
Courts him, courts me, courts him, courts me, and Jilts [us both.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (Sir Anthony Love: *Or*, The Rambling Lady,) *Sett by Mr.* Henry Purcell.
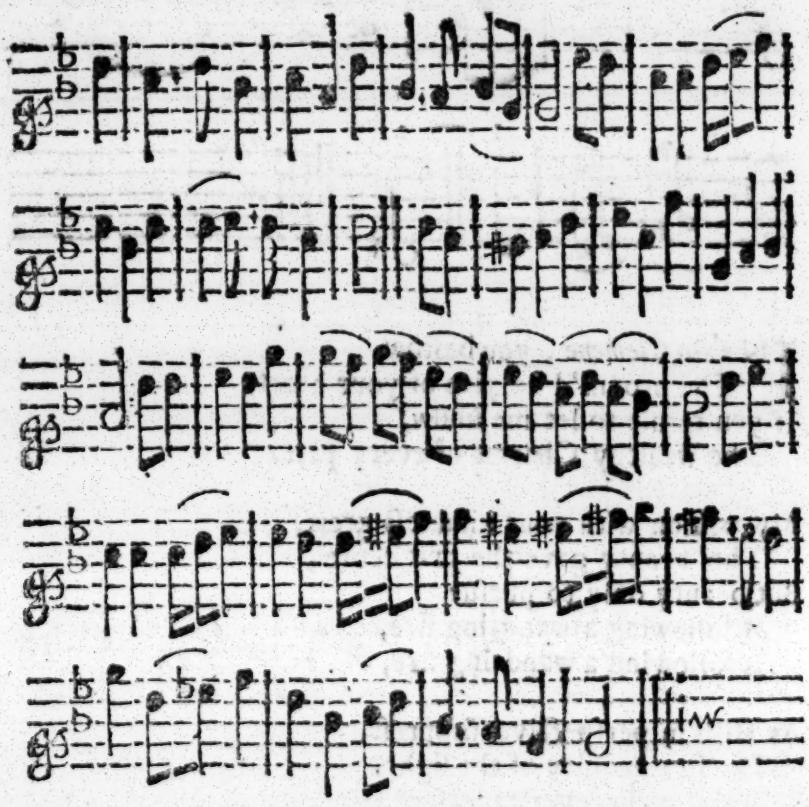




IN vain *Clemene*, you beſtow,
The promis'd empire of your heart;
If you refuſe to let me know,
The wealthy Charms of every part.

My paſſion with your kindneſs grew,
Tho' beauty gave the firſt deſire,
But beauty only to purſue,
Is following a wandring fire,
Is following a wandring fire,

As Hills in perſpective, ſuppreſs,
The free enquiry of the ſight:
Reſtraint makes every pleaſure leſs,
And takes from Love the full delight.

Faint Kiſſes may in part ſupply,
Thoſe eager Longings of my ſoul;
But oh! I'm loſt, if you deny,
A quick poſſeſſion of the whole.
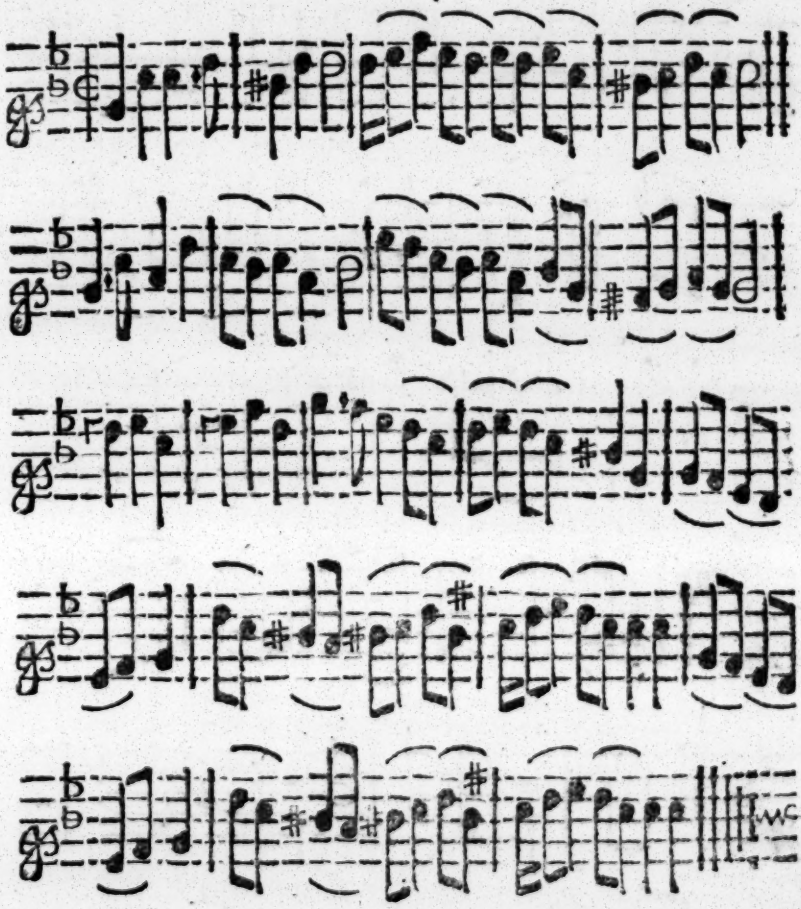
A Mock Song to (If Love's a ſweet Paſſion)



IF Wine be a Cordial why does it torment,
If a Poyſon oh! tell me whence comes my content?
Since I drink it with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain;
Or repent ev'ry morn when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo charming the Glaſs is, ſo deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briſkly and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joy known;
But oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo ſtrong it does prove,
By its ſovereign heat to expel that of Love:
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
And am wrapt with ſuch pleaſures as yet want a name.
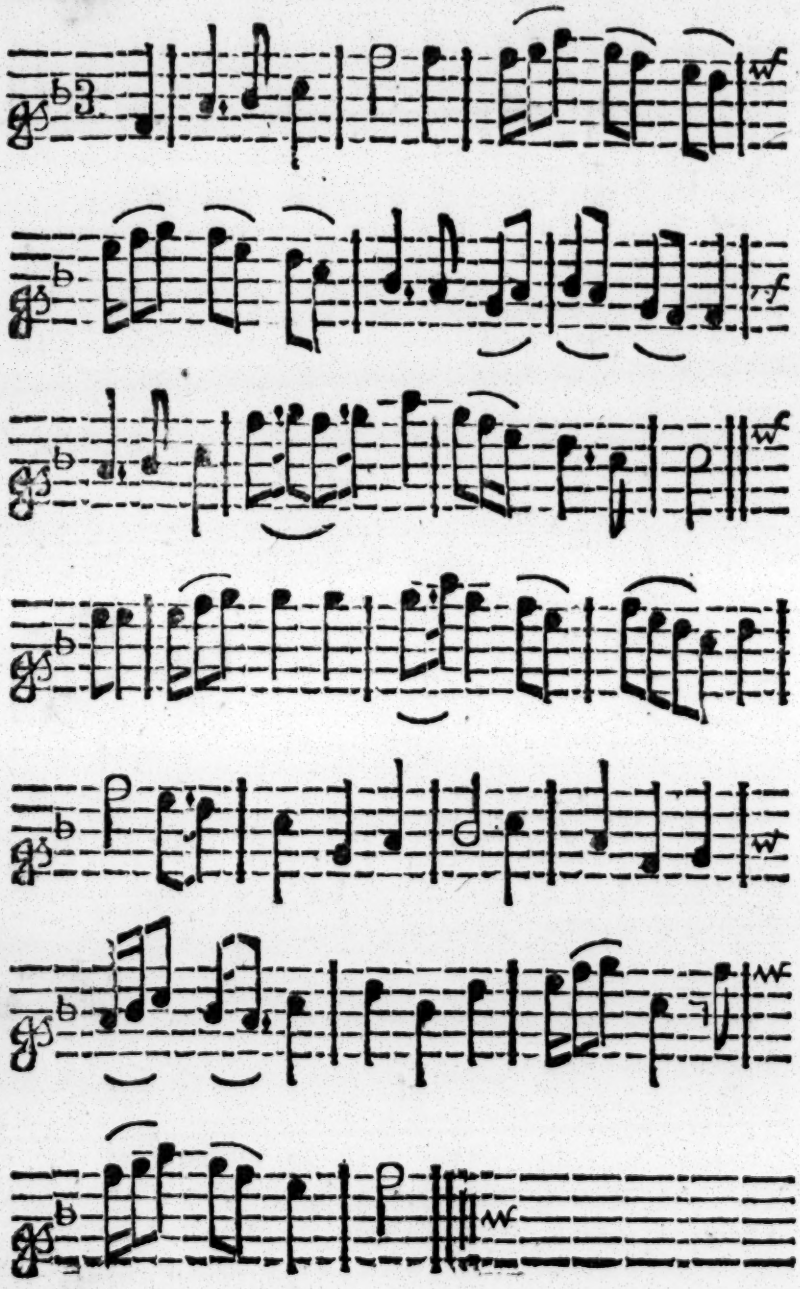
A SONG *in the* (Fairy Queen.) *Sung Mrs.* Dyer.



I am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt:
Love like counſels of the Wiſe,
Muſt be hid from vulgar Eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we muſt, we muſt conceal it,
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

The

The Loyal Subjects WISH. Mrs. Anne Morcott.
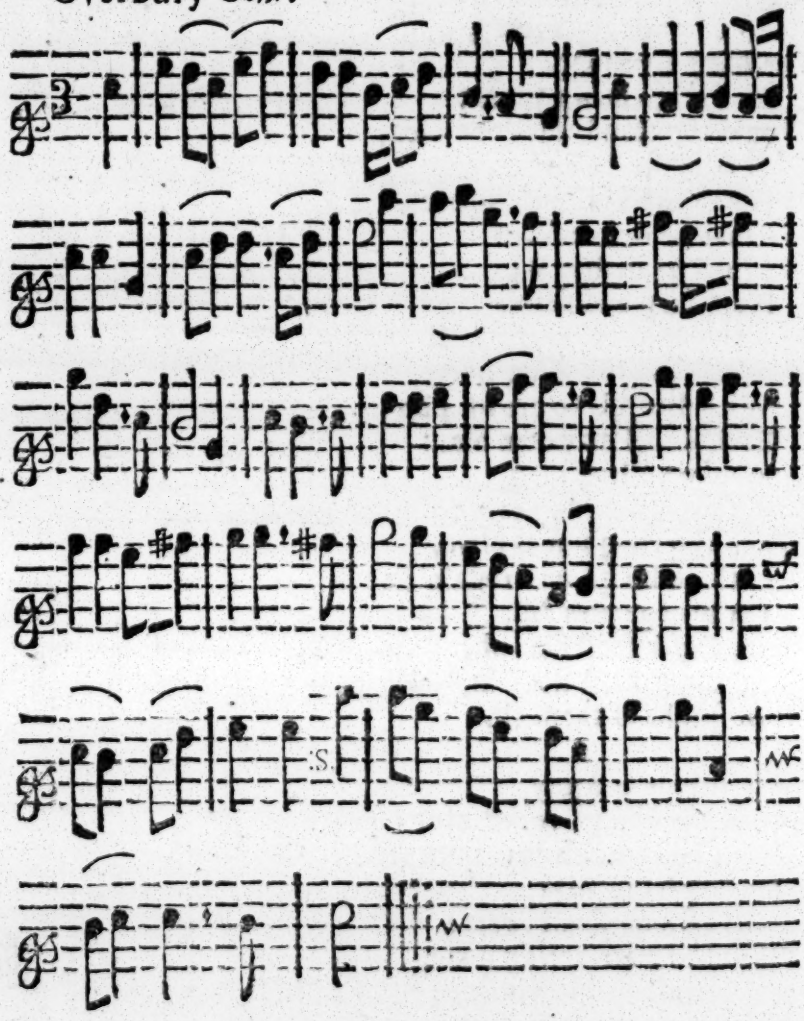


LEt *Mary* live long,
She's vertuous and witty,
All charmingly Pretty,
Let *Mary* live long,
And reign many years:
Wou'd the cloud was gone o'er,
That troubles us ſore:
When the ſunſhine appears,
We ſhall be deliver'd,
We ſhall be deliver'd;
From fury and fears.

Heavens ſend the King home,
With Laurels to crown him
Each Rebel may own him:
And may he live long,
And reign many years:
When the conqueſt is plain,
And three kingdoms regain'd;
Let his enemies fall,
Then *Cæſar* ſhall flouriſh,
Then *Cæſar* ſhall flouriſh,
In ſpight of them all.

All glorious and gay,
Let the King live for ever:
May he languiſh never, never:
Like flowers in *May*,
His actions ſmell ſweet;
When the wars are all done,
And he ſafe in his Thorne;
Trophies lay at his feet,
With loud Acclamations,
With loud Acclamations,
His Majeſty greet.
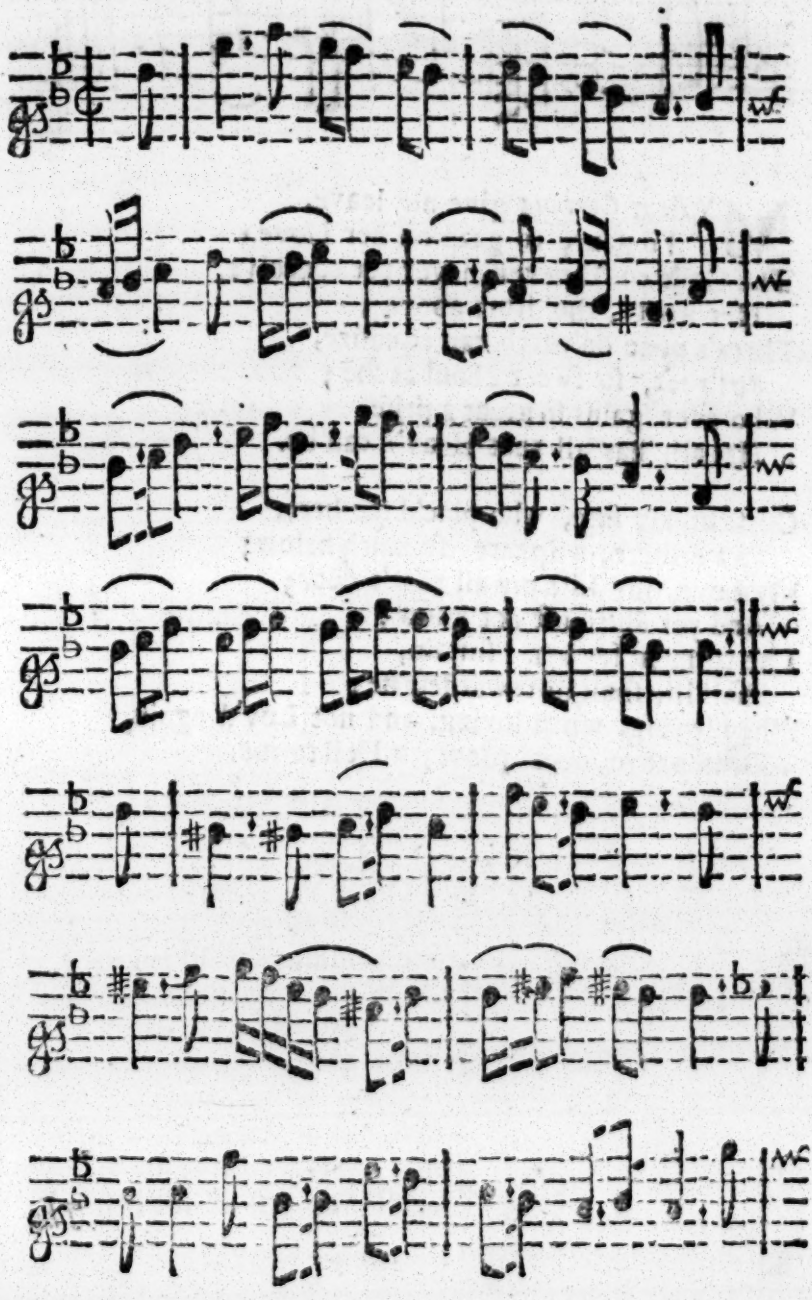
The Shepherdeſs Lerinda's *Complaint, by* Walter Overbury *Gent.*



LErinda complaineth that *Strephon* is dull,
And that nothing diverting proceeds from his Skull;
But when once *Lerinda* vouch-ſafes to be kind,
To her long admirer ſhe'll then quickly find:
Such ſtrange alteration as ſhall her confute,
That *Strephon*'s tranſported, that *Strephon*'s tranſported,
That *Strephon*'s tranſported, and grown more acute.

A

A Song Sett to Muſick by Mr. Graves.
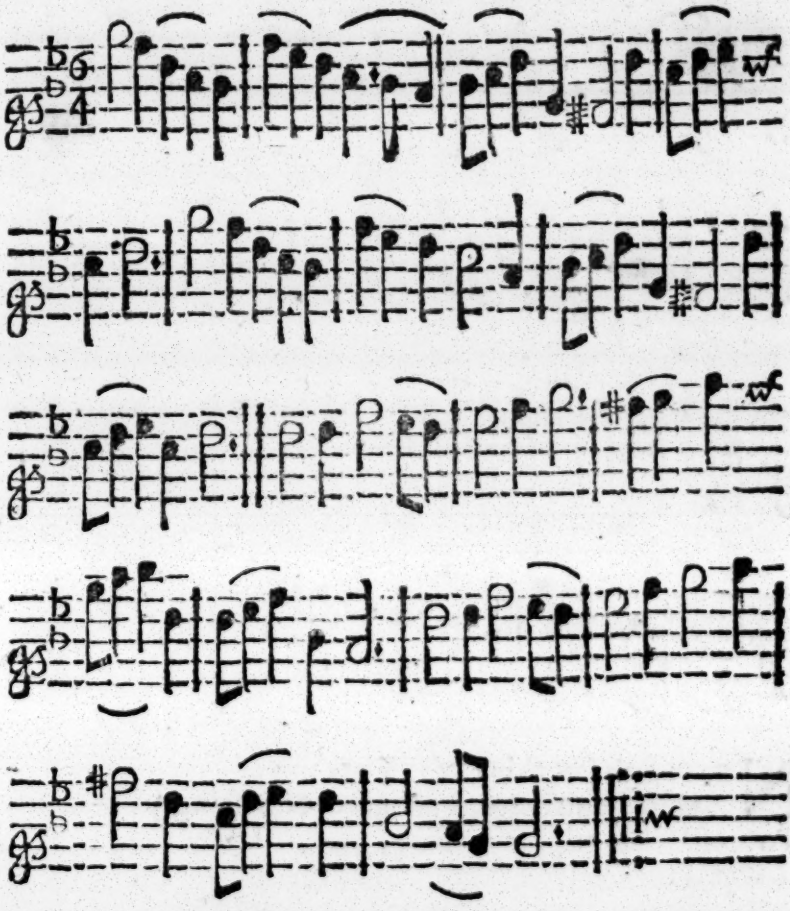




MY dear *Corinna* give me leave,
To gaze, to gaze on her I love;
The Gods cou'd never, never yet conceive,
Her worth, tho' from above;
There's none on earth can equalize,
So ſweet, ſo ſweet a Soul as ſhe;
Who ever gains ſo great a priſe,
Has all, has all that Heav'n can be.
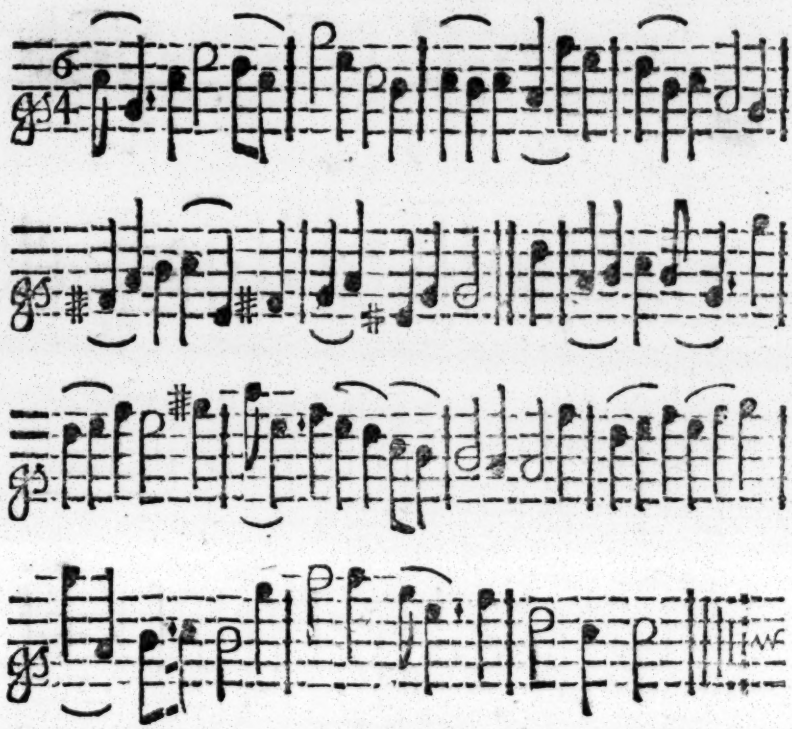
Curſe on my fate, who plac'd me here,
In a Sphere, a Sphere, ſo much below;
My Love, my Life my all that's dear;
And yet She muſt not know:
The torment for her I ſuſtain,
Shall ill, ſhall ill rewarded be;
When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,
Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.

The Royal Example. *Mr.* Henry Purcell.



May her bleſt Example chace,
Vice in troops out of the land;
Flying from her awful face,
Like trembling Ghoſts when day's at hand:
May her Hero bring us peace,
Won with honour in the field;
And our home-bred factions ceaſe,
He ſtill our Sword, and She our Sheild.
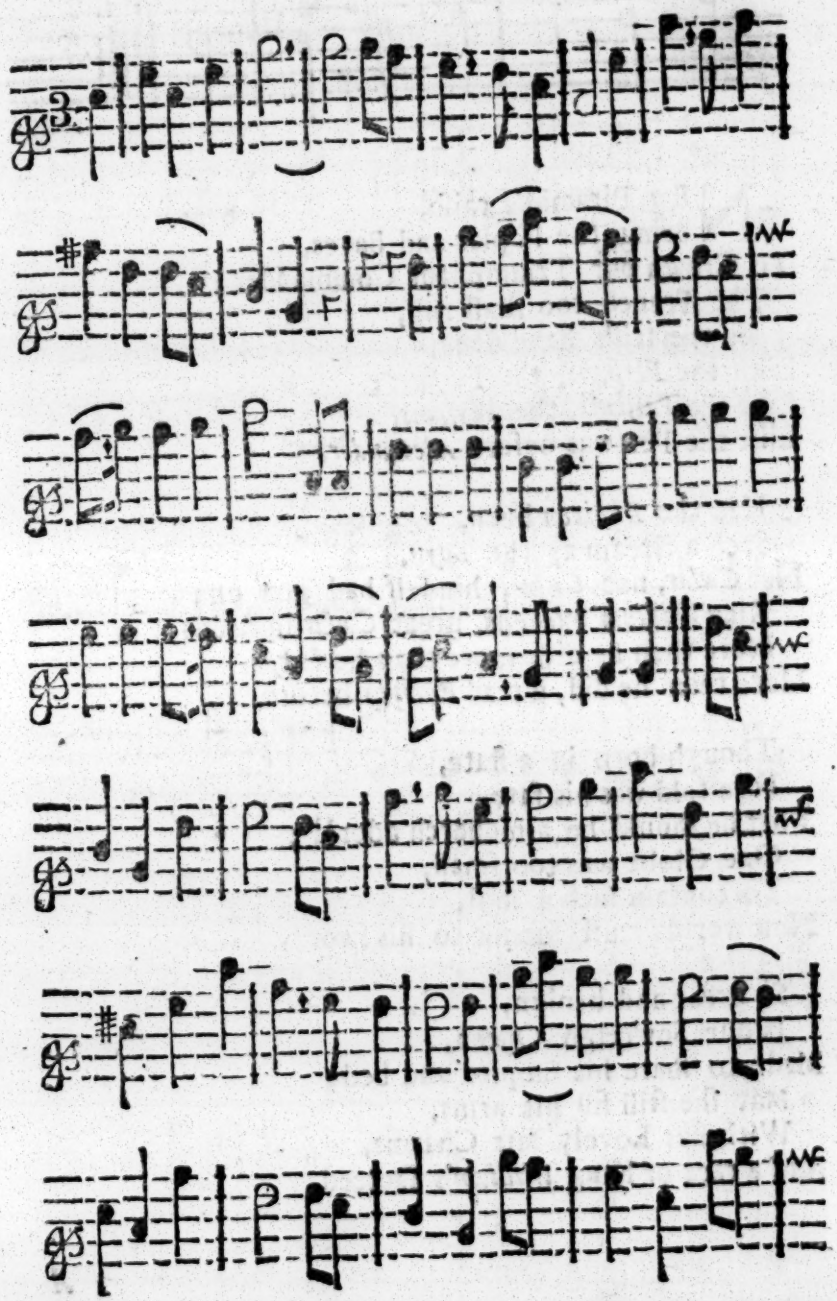
A Song the words and Tune by Mr. Witt Green.



NEver ſigh but think of kiſſing,
More, and more, and more of wiſhing;
To poſſeſs the mighty bleſſing,
While they enjoy it they are true:
They'll hug they'll cling and heave up too,
But liberty when once regain'd,
The favour's to another feign'd.

Why ſhou'd we then the ſex admire,
For 'twas never their deſire;
To maintain a conſtant Fire,
If oagling, wheedling you'll beleive,
They hourly ſtudy to deceive,
But we will find out better ways,
In Muſick, Singing ſpend our days.

The Royal Triumph of Britain's *Monarch.*
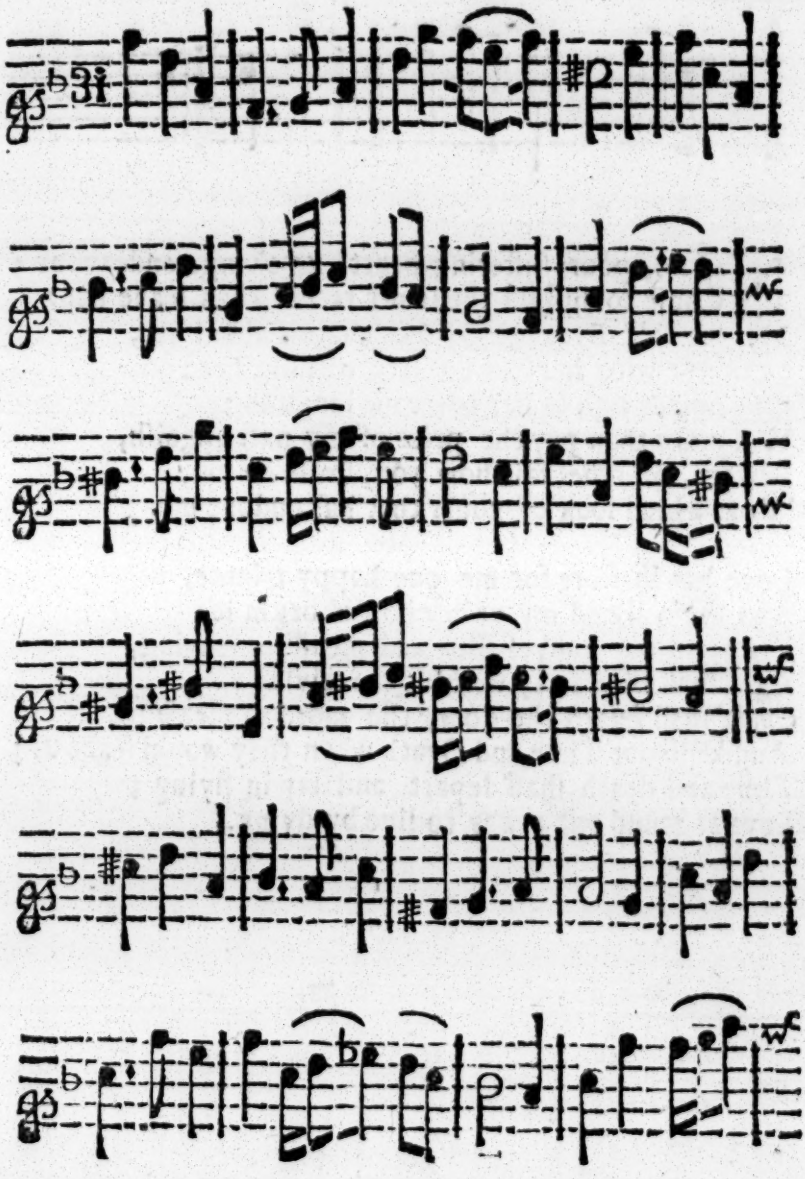




NEw Piramid's raiſe,
Bring the Poplar and Bayes,
To Crown our Triumphant Commander;
The French too ſhall run,
As the Iriſh have done,
Like the *Perſians*, the *Perſians*;
Like the *Perſians*, the *Perſians*,
Like the Perſians before *Alexander*.
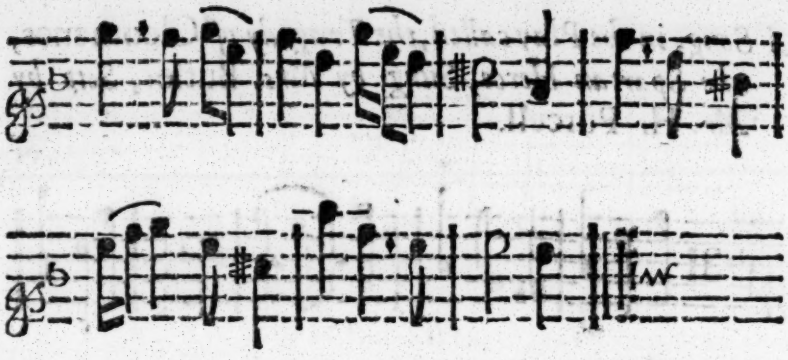
Had the *Rubicon* been,
Such a ſtream as the *Boyn*,
Not *Cæſar*, not *Cæſar*, himſelf had gon on;
King *William* exceeds, great *Cæſar* in deeds,
More than he did, more than he did,
More than he did, great *Pompey* before.

Though born in a ſtate,
Fore-told was his fate,
That he ſhould be a monarch ador'd;
One Globe was too ſmall,
To contain ſuch a ſoul,
New worlds muſt ſubmit to his ſword.

So great and benign,
Is our Sov'reign Queen,
Made to ſhare his Empire and bed;
May ſhe ſtill fill his arms,
With her Lovely ſoft Charms,
And a race of King *William*'s ſucceed.

A Song, in the Play called, the Tragedy of Cleomenes, *the Spartan Heroe, Sung by Mrs.* Butler, *Sett by Mr.* H. Purcell.
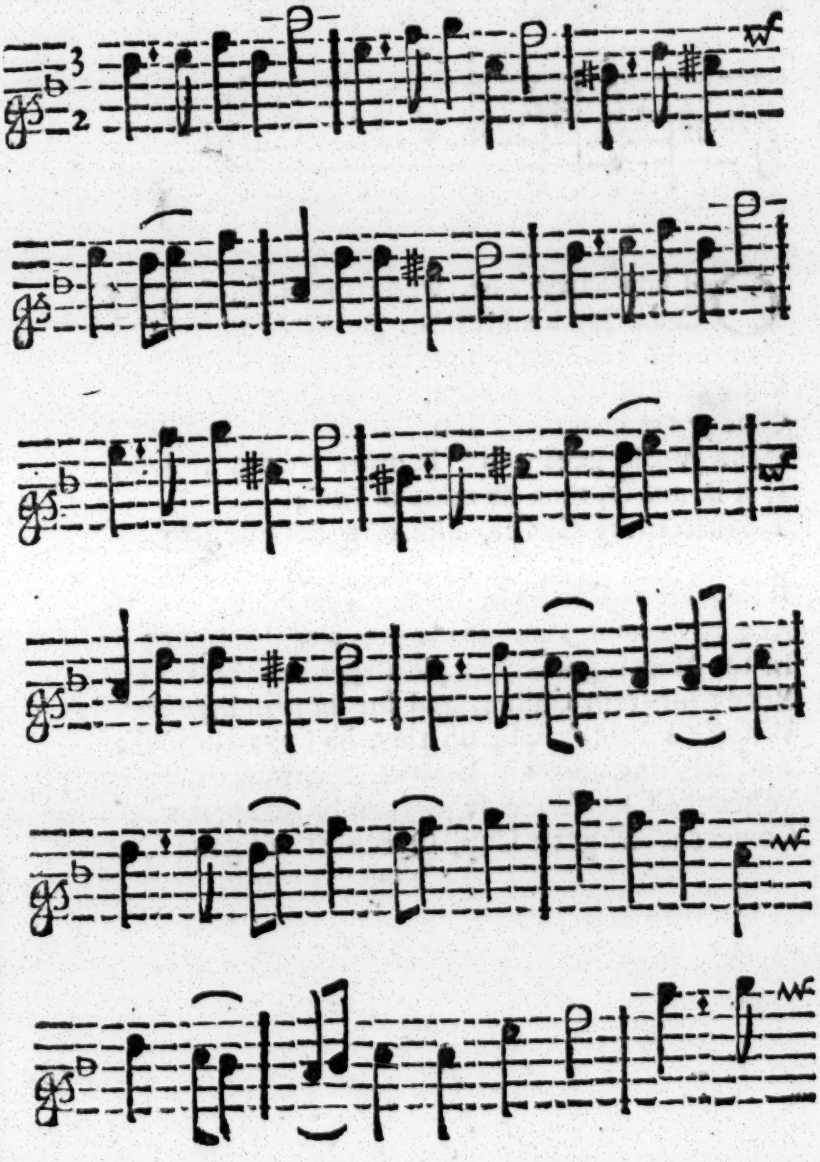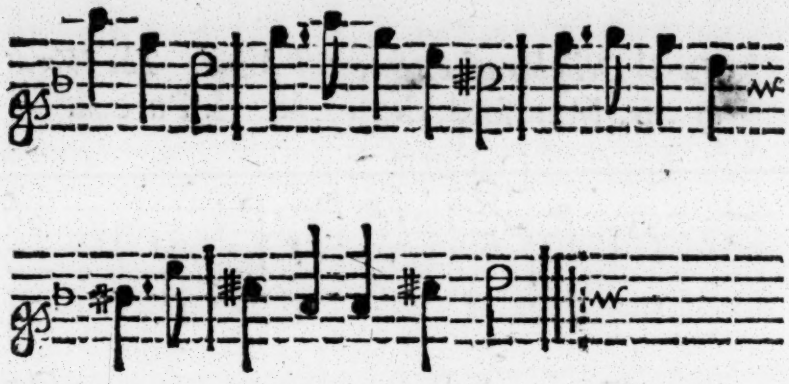




NO no, poor ſuffering heart, no change endeavour;
Chuſe to ſuſtain the ſmart rather than leave her:
My raviſh'd Eyes behold ſuch charms about her,
I can dye with her but not live without her:
One tender ſigh of her to ſee me languiſh;
Will more than pay the price of my paſt anguiſh,
Beware, oh cruel fair how you ſmile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in ſtore for me one happy minute,
And ſhe will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of Bliſs and pleaſures leaving,
Ages ſhall ſlide away without perceiving:
Cupid ſhall guard the door, the more to pleaſe us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would ſeaze us;
Time and death ſhall depart, and ſay in flying;
Love as found out a way to live by dying.

The Loyal Delights of a contented Mind. The Words by Mr. Mumford, *Sett by Mr.* H. Purcell.
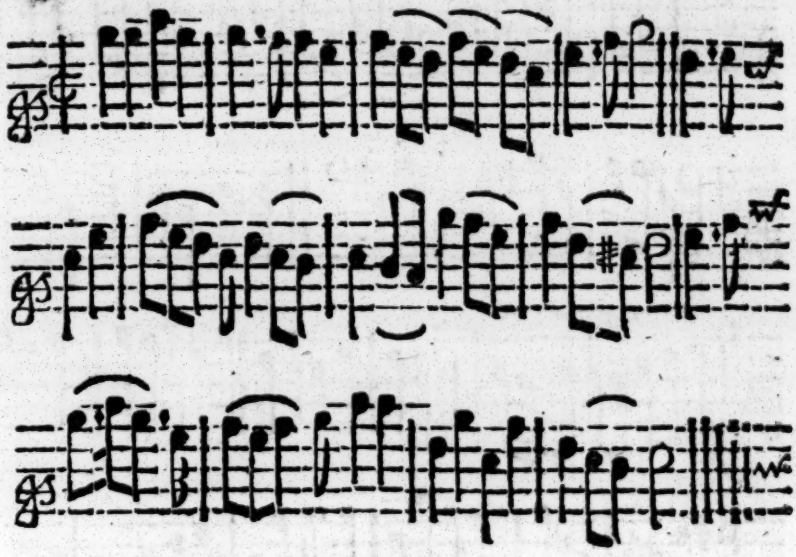




OH how happy's he, who from Buſineſs free;
Can enjoy his Miſtreſs, Bottle and his Friend:
Not confin'd to State, nor the pride of Great;
Only on himſelf, not others doth Depend:
Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex him;
If the World goes well a Bumper crowns his joys,
If it be not ſo, then he takes of two;
Till ſucceeding Glaſſes, Thinking doth deſtroy.

When his noddle reels, he to *Cælia* ſteals;
And by pleaſures unconfin'd runs o'er the night;
In the Morning wakes, a pleaſing farewel takes;
Ready for freſh tipling, and for new delight:
When his Table's full, oh then he hugs his Soul;
And drinking all their healths, a welcome doth expreſs:
When the Cloth's remov'd, then by all approv'd,
Comes the full grace Cup, Queen *Anna's* good ſucceſs.

On

On a Lady Drinking the Waters, The words by Sir. George Etherige, *Sett by Mr.* James Hart.
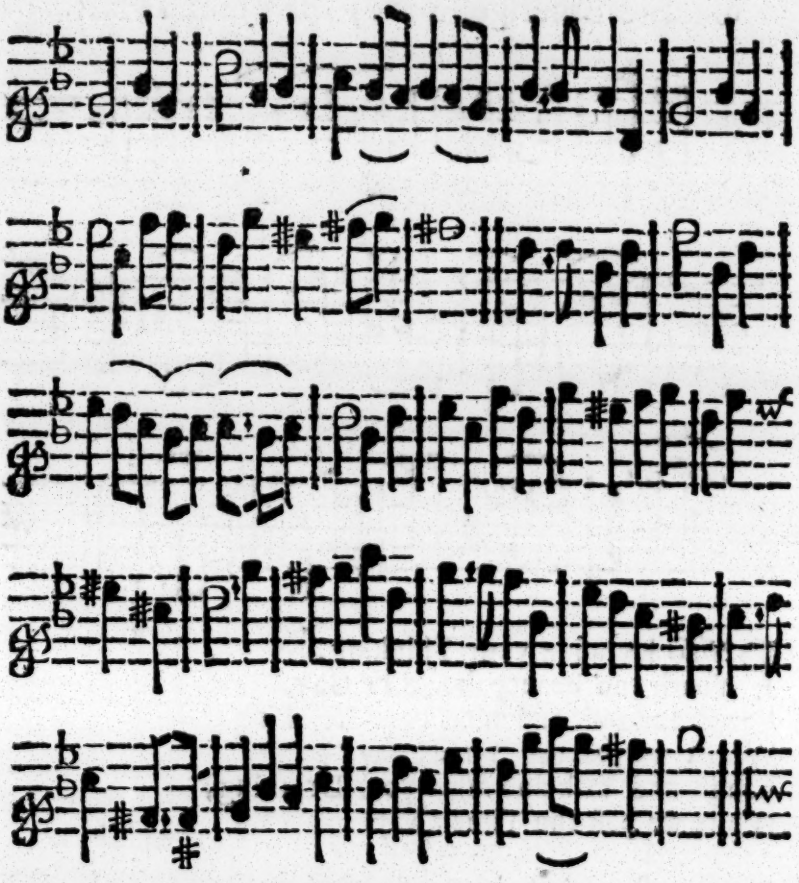


Phillis lay aſide your Thinking,
Youth and Beauty ſhou'd be Gay,
Laugh and talk and mind your Drinking;
Whilſt we paſs the Time away,
Laugh and talk and mind your Drinking,
While we paſs the Time away.

They ought only to be penſive,
Who dare not their Grief declare,
Leſt their ſtory be offenſive,
But ſtill languiſh in deſpair,
Leſt their, *&c.*

Yet what more torments your Lovers,
They are Jealous they Obey,
One whoſe Reſtleſs mind diſcovers,
She's no leſs a Slave then They,
One whoſe, *&c,*
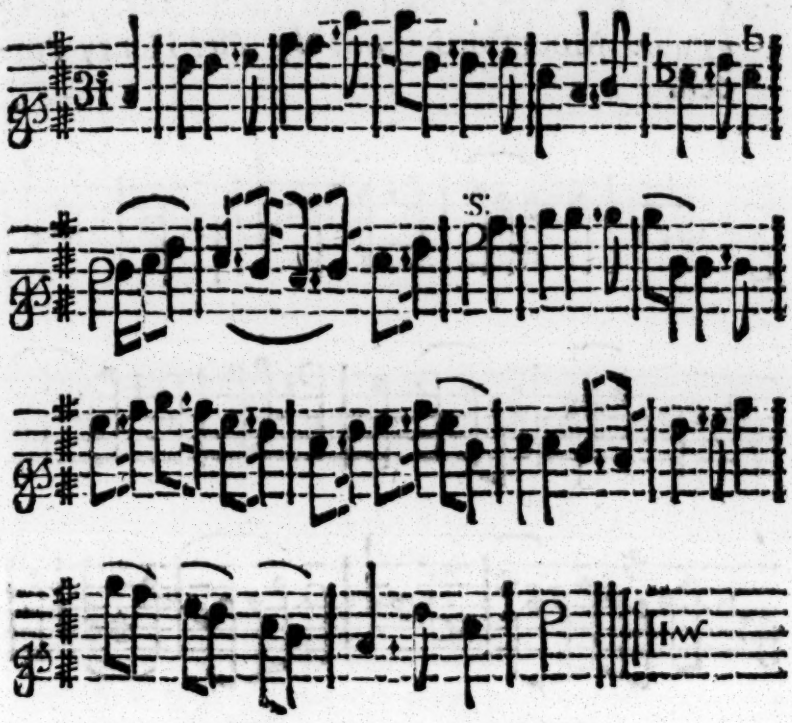
The Laſciavious Lover and the coy Laſs.



PIſh fy you're rude Sir,
I never ſaw ſuch idle fooling;
You're grown ſo lewd Sir,
So debauch'd I hate your ways;
Leave, what are you doing?
I ſee you ſeek my ruin,
I'll cry out, pray make no delay,
But take your hand away;
Ah! good Sir, pray Sir, don't you do ſo,
Never was I thus abus'd ſo,
By any man but you alone,
Therefore Sir pray begon.

Ad-

Advice to a Miſer. Sett by Mr. James Graves.
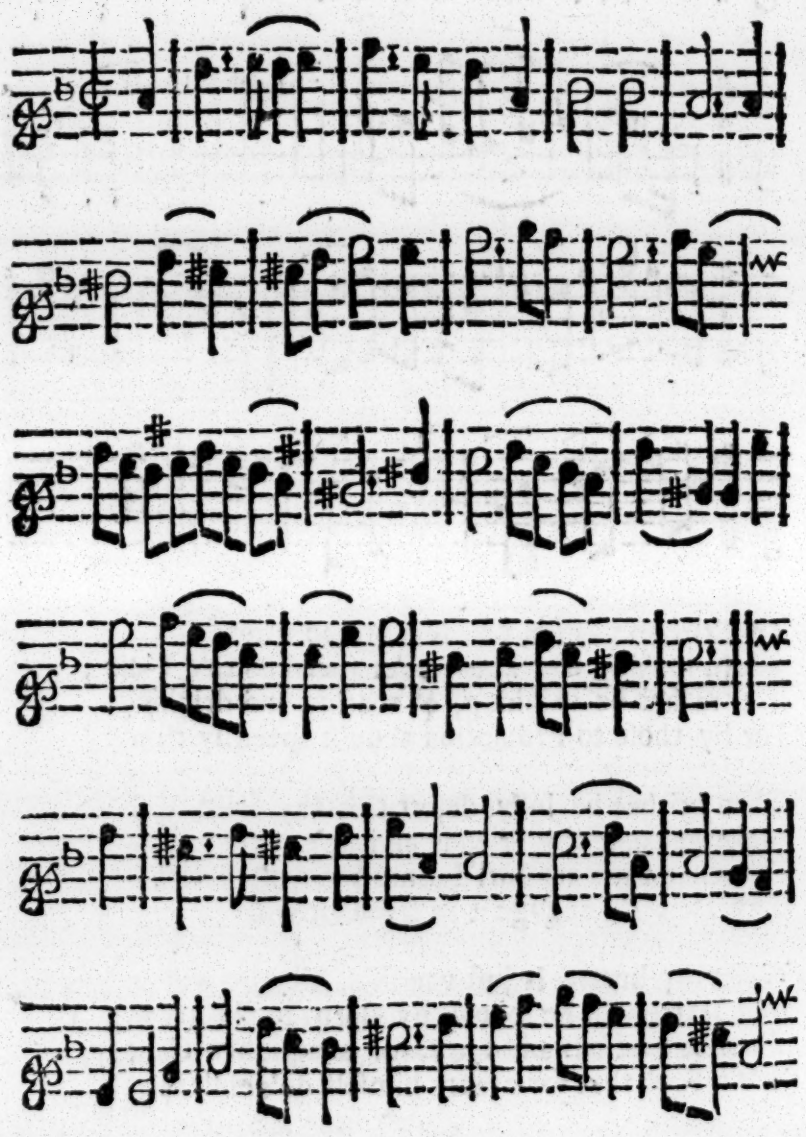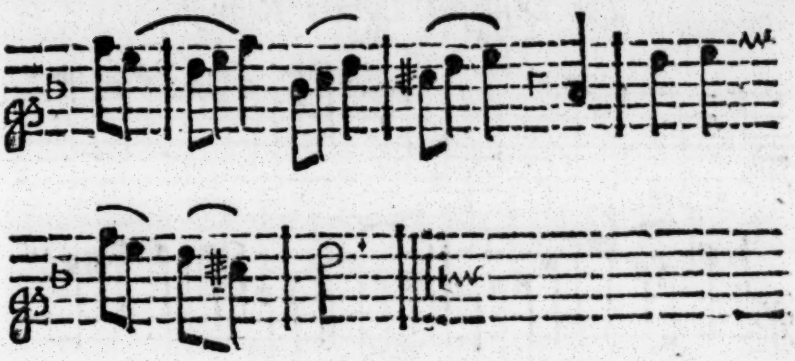


RETire old Miſer, and learn to be wiſer,
In looking o'er Books ne'er ſpend all thy Time;
But rather be thinking, of roaring and drinking,
For by thoſe to Promotion thou'lt ſpeedily climb.

Then prithee be Jolly, deſert this thy folly,
Make welcome thy Friends and ne'er repine;
For when thou art hurl'd, into the next world,
Thy Heir I'll engage it in ſplendor will ſhine.

When thy breath is juſt vaniſh'd, his care will be baniſht;
And ſcarce will he follow thy Corps to the grave;
Then be cautious and wary, for nought but Canary,
He's a Fool that for others himſelf do's enſlave.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (The Wifes Excuſe: *Or*, Cuckolds make themſeves.) *Sung by Mr.* Mountford. *Sett by Mr.* Henry Purcell.
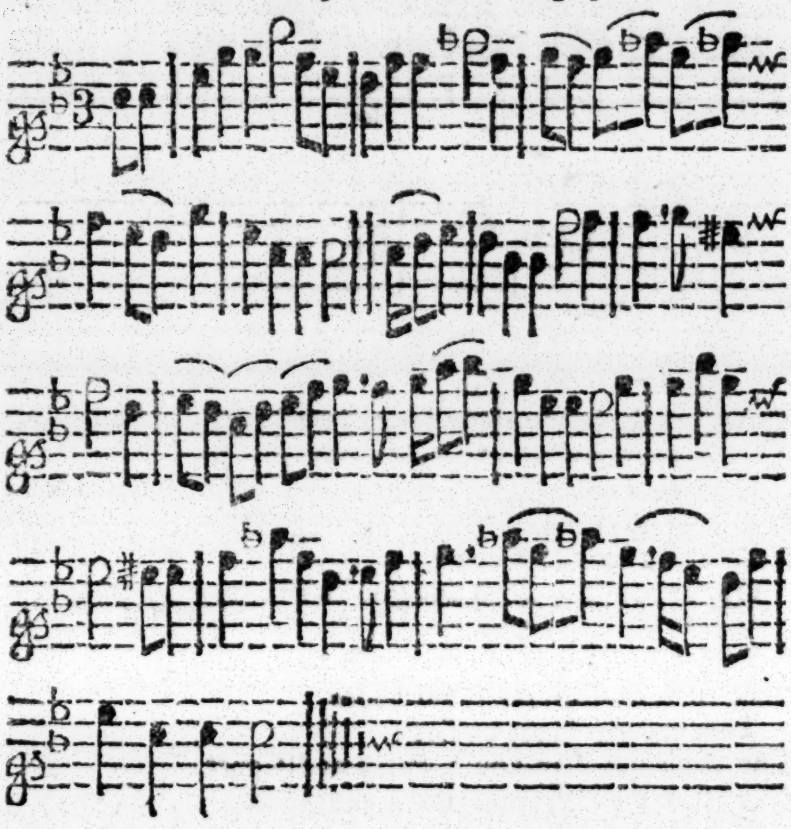




SAy cruel *Amoret*, how long, how long,
In billet-doux, and humble Song;
Shall poor *Alexis*, ſhall poor *Alexis*, poor *Alexis* woo?
If neither Writing, Sighing, Sighing, Dying,
Reduce you to a ſoft complying,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, when will you come too.

Full thirteen Moons are now paſt o'er,
Since firſt thoſe Stars I did adore,
That ſet my heart on fire:
The conſcious Play-houſe, Parks and Court,
Have ſeen my ſufferings made your ſport,
Yet I am ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover ſhou'd deſerve,
A better face, than thus to ſtarve:
In ſight of ſuch a feaſt:
But oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry ſlave ſhou'd taſt one bit;
Give ſome kind looks at leaſt.
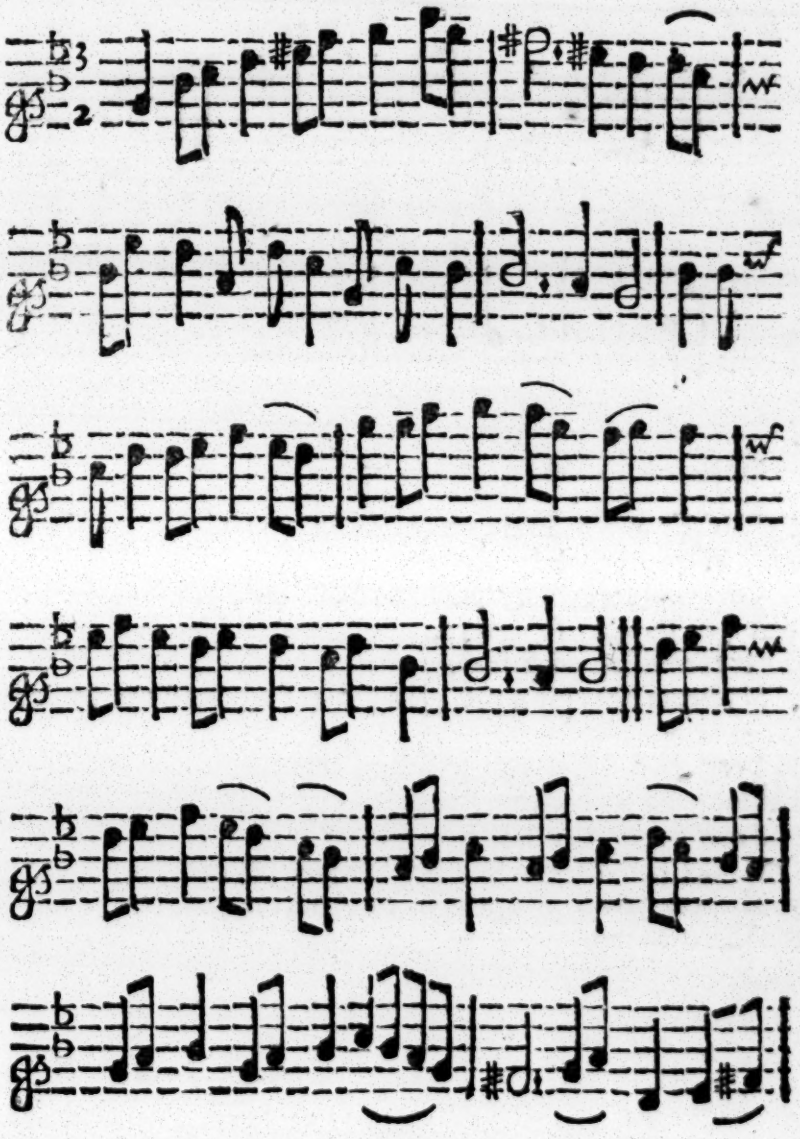
The Doubtful Lovers Requeſt.
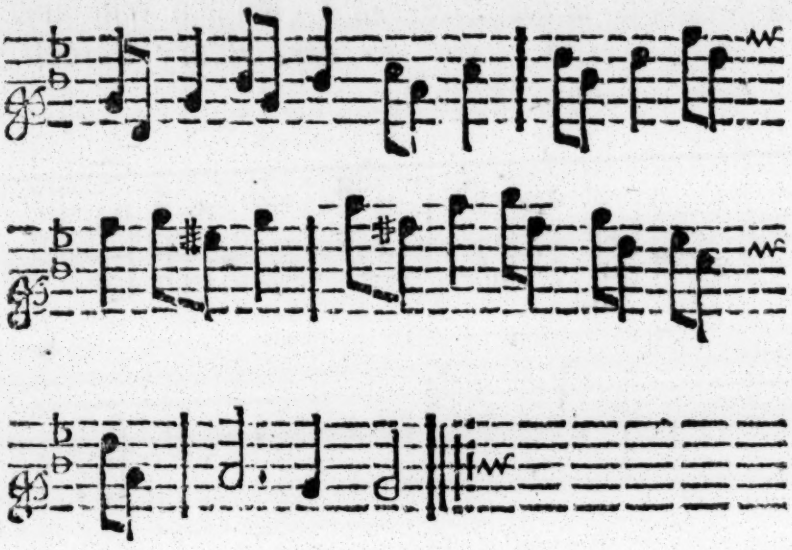


SUch command o'er my Fate has your love or your hate,
That nothing can make me more wretched or great;
Whilſt expiring I lie, to live or to die,
Thus doubtful the ſentence of ſuch I rely:
Your Tongue bids me go, tho' your Eyes ſay not ſo,
But much kinder words from their Language do flow.

Then leave me not here thus between hope and fear,
Tho' your Love cannot come let your pity appear;
But this my requeſt, you muſt grant me at leaſt,
And more I'll not ask but to you leave the reſt;
If my fate I muſt meet, let it be at your feet.
Death there with more joy, than elſe-where I wou'd greet.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Rule a Wife and have a Wife.) *Sett by Mr.* Henry Purcell. *Sung by Mrs.* Hudſon.
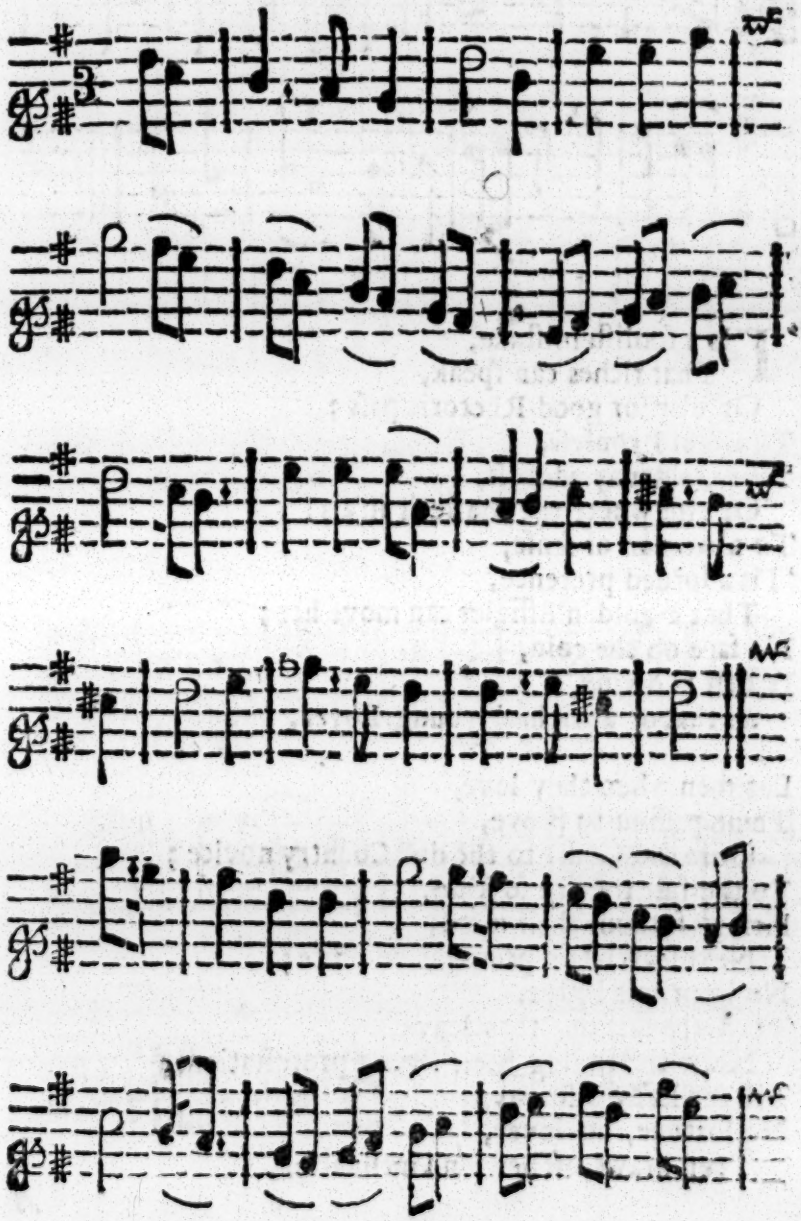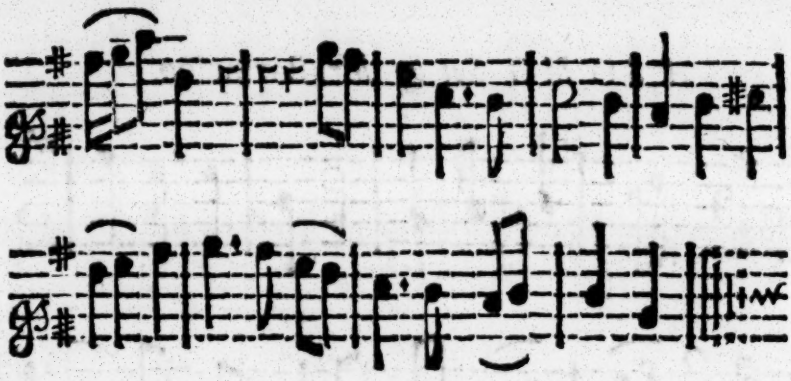




THere's not a Swain on the Plain,
Wou'd be bleſt like me. (ſmile;
Oh! could you but, cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me
But you appear ſo ſevere,
That trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat, all the while:

If I cry muſt I die, you make no reply,
But look ſhy and with a ſcornful eye,
Kill me by your cruelty;
Oh! can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you, can you, can you be too hard to me.

A SONG Set by Mr. Barincloe.
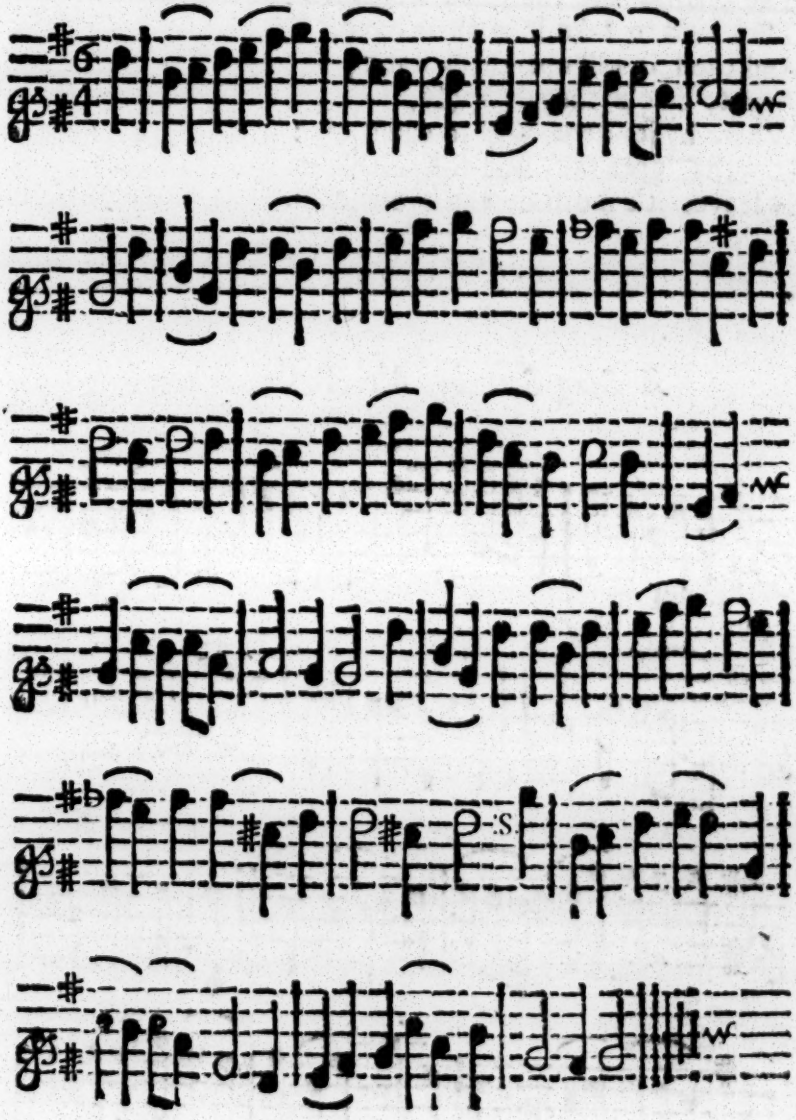




'TIs a fooliſh miſtake,
That riches can ſpeak,
Or e'er for good Rhetoric paſs;
To a fool I confeſs,
Your Gold may addreſs,
Or elſe where the maſter's an aſs:
To a woman of ſenſe,
'Tis a ſorded pretence,
That a golden Effigies can move her;
No face on the coin,
Is half ſo divine,
As that of a faithful young Lover.
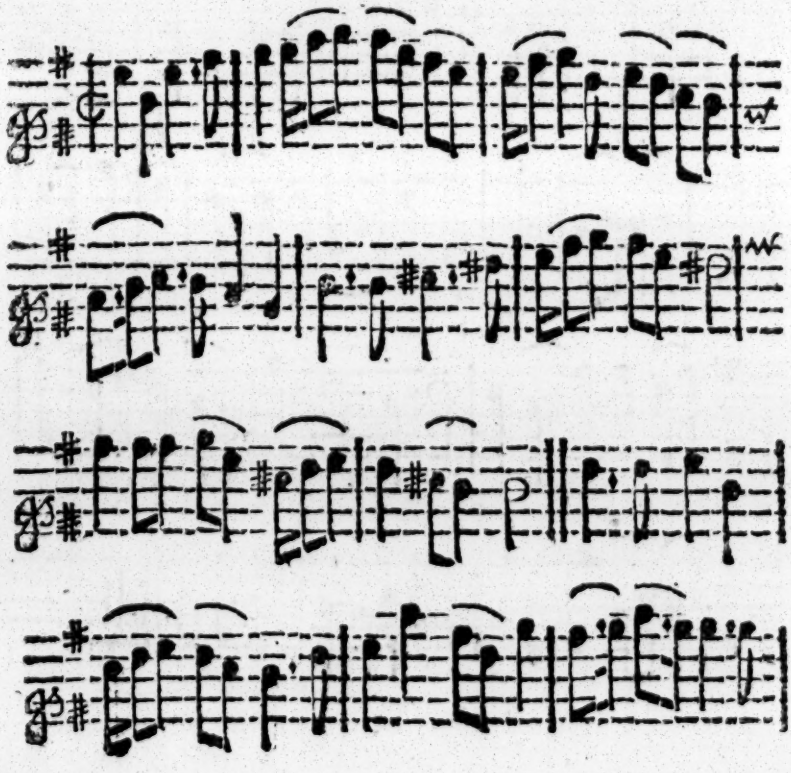
But men when they love,
Their paſſion to prove,
From the Court to the dull Country novice;
To the fair they're ſo kind,
Firſt to fathom their mind,
Next ſearch the prerogative office;
No imprimis I give,
Then the fair one they leave,
Notwithſtanding their ſtrong proteſtations;
Till the Lady diſcover,
No fortune, no lover,
Then draws off her fond inclination,

A RIDDLE.



THere is a thing which in the light
Is seldome us'd, but in the night
It serves the maiden female crew,
The Ladies and the good wives too:
They us'd to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly stand;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good Will it cou'd die:
It wafts, goes out, and still within,
It leaves it's moisture thick and thin.

A Song Sett by Mr. Rob. King.
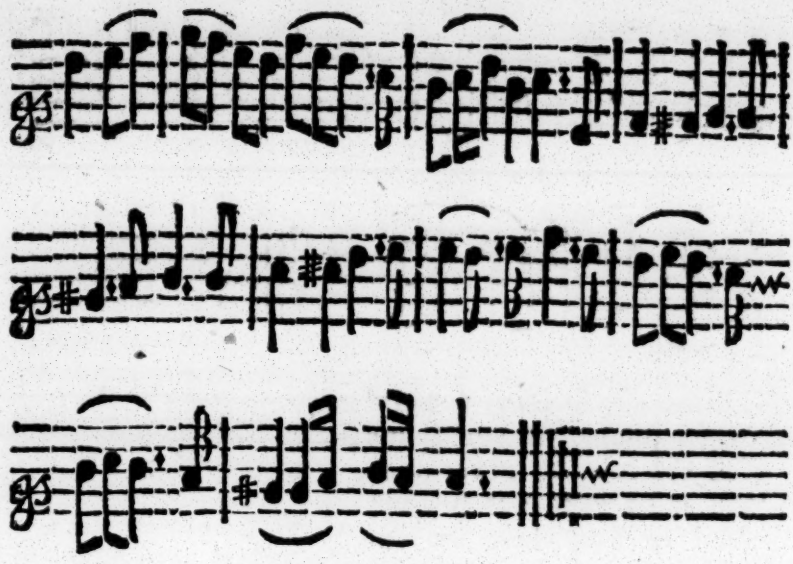




TEll me why ſo long you try me,
Still I follow ſtill you fly me;
Will the race be never done,
Will it be ever but begun:
Cou'd I quit my love for you,
I'd ne'er love more what e'er I do;
When I ſpeak truth you think I lie,
You think me falſe but ſay not why.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Lancaſhire Witches.)
Sung by Mrs. Hudſon, *and Set by Mr.* J. Eccles.
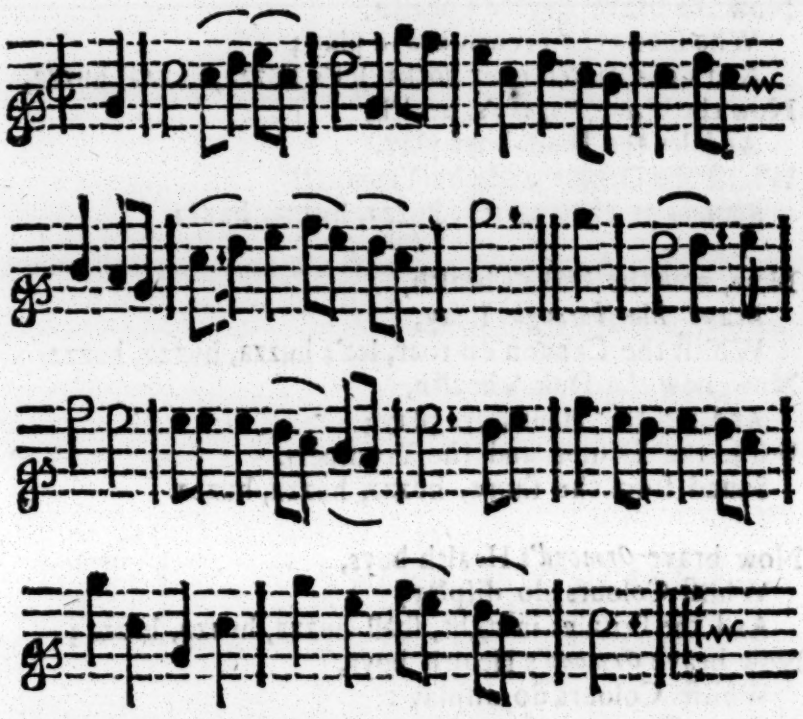




TOrmenting beauty leave my breaſt,
In ſpight of *Cloe* I'll have reſt;
In vain is all her Syren art,
Still longer to hold my troubled heart:
For I'm reſolv'd to break the chain,
And o'er her charms the conqueſt gain,
And o'er her charms the conqueſt gain.

Inſulting beauty I have born,
Too long your female pride and ſcorn;
Too long have been your publick jeſt,
Your common Theme at ev'ry feaſt:
Let others thee, vain Fair, purſue,
Whilſt I for ever bid adieu,
Whilſt I for ever bid adieu.

The valiant Soldier's, and Sailor's, Loyal Subjects Health, to the Queen, Prince and Noble Commanders.



NOw now the Queens health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Troops on their march ſhall huzza, huzza,
(huzza:

Now now the Queens health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
While the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from the ſhore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Princes health,
And let the Haut-boys play,
Whilſt the Troops on their march, ſhall huzza, huzza,
(huzza:

Now

Now, now the Prince's health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilſt the Drums and the Trumpens,
Sound from the ſhore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now the brave *Eugene*'s health,
Who ſhews the French brave play;
And does march over rocks, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,
Now the brave *Eugene*'s health,
And let the Haut-boys play,
Whilſt the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sounds as they march, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now, now the Duke's health,
Brave *Marlborough* I ſay,
Whilſt the Cannon do roar, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,
Now, now the Duke's health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
While the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from the ſhore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now brave *Ormond*'s Health boys,
Whilſt Colours do diſplay,
And the Britains in fight, ſhall huzza, huzza, huzza;
Now brave *Ormond*'s Health boys,
Whilſt Colours do diſplay:
And the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from the ſhore, huzza, huzza, huzza.
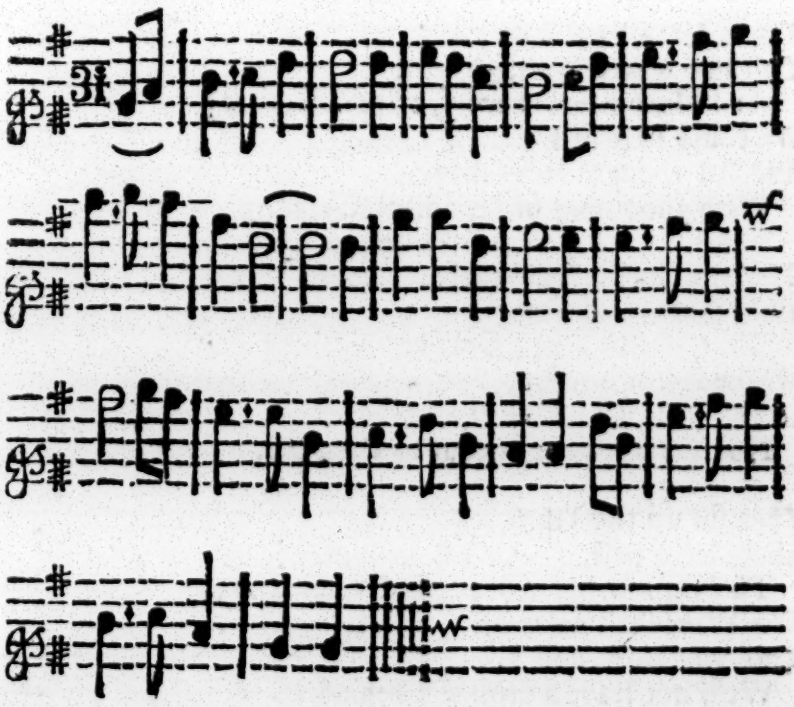
Now Sir *Cloudſly*'s health boys,
And Trumpets ſound each day,
Whilſt the Tars with their Caps ſhall huzza, huzza,
(huzza,
Now Sir *Cloudſly*'s health boys,
And Trumpets ſound each day:
Whilſt the Thundering Cannon,
Loudly do roar, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Brave

Brave *Peterborough*'s health boys,
Who boldly makes his way,
While the French run let us huzza, huzza, huzza;
Brave *Peterborough*'s health boys:
And let the Haut-boys play,
While the Drums and the Trumpets:
Sound as they march, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now, now brave *Leak*'s health,
Who is ſailed away?
For to find the French fleet, let's huzza, huzza, huzza;
Now, now brave *Leak*'s health,
Who'll ſhew the French fair play,
While the Drums and the Trumpets:
Sound from on Board, huzza, huzza, huzza.

The Beau's *Ballad. Occaſioned by the ſight of a White Marble* Side-Table.



A Pox on the Fool,
Who could be ſo dull,
To contrive ſuch a Table for Glaſſes:
Which at the firſt ſight,
The Gueſts muſt affright,
More by half than their Liquor rejoyces.

'Tis ſo like a Tomb,
That whoever does come,
Can't look on't without thus reflecting;
Heaven knows how ſoon,
We muſt lye under one,
And ſuch thought muſt needs be perplexing.

Then away with that Stone,
Break it, throw it down,
To ſome Church or other, elſe fling't in:
'Tis fitter by far,
To have a place there,
That ſtand here to ſpoil Mirth and good Drinking.
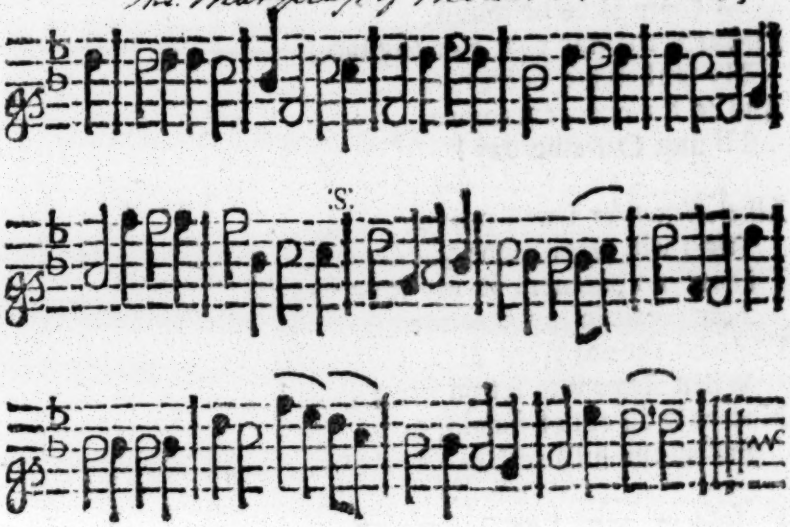
There death let it ſhow,
To thoſe who will go,
And Monuments there gaze and ſtare at;
We come here to live,
And ſad thoughs away drive,
With good ſtore of immortal Claret.

Tho' the Glaſſes ſtand there,
They ſhant do ſo here,
'Tis the only kind leſſon that teaches;
Whilſt it ſeems to ſay,
Life's ſhort, Drink away,
No time o'er your liquour to Preach is.

Then fill up the Glaſs,
About let it paſs,
Tho' the Marble of death doth remind us;
The Wine ſhall ne'er die,
Tho' you muſt, and I,
We'll not leave a drop of't behind us.

A SONG.

The original song by the Marquess of Montrose's lines.



MY Dear and only love take heed,
How thou thy ſelf expoſe;
And let not longing Lovers feed,
Upon ſuch looks as thoſe:
I'll Marble Wall thee round about,
And Build without a door;
But if my love doth once break out,
I'll never love thee more.

If thou haſt love that thou refine,
And though thou ſeeſt me not;
Yet parrallel that heart of thine,
Shall never be forgot:
But if unconſtancy admit,
A ſtranger to bear ſway;
My treaſure that proves counterfeit,
And he may gain the day.
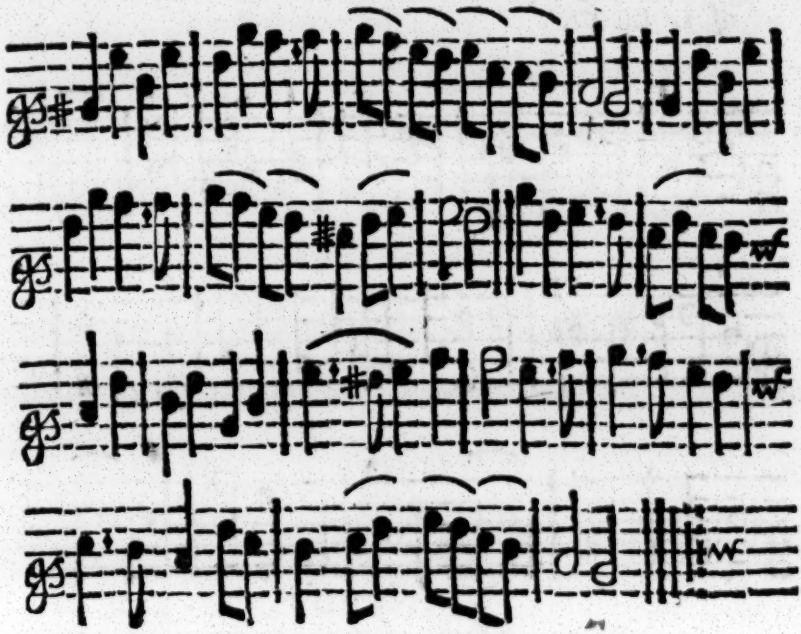
I lock my ſelf within a Cell,
And wander under ground;
For there is no ſuch faith in her,
As there is to be found:
I'll curſe the day that e'er thy face,
My ſoul did ſo betray;
And ſo for ever, evermore,
I'll ſing O well-a-day!

Like *Alexander* I will prove,
For I will reign alone;
I'll have no partners in my love,
Nor rivals in my throne:
I'll do by thee as *Nero* did,
When *Rome* was ſet on fire;
Not only all relief forbid,
But to the hills retire.

I'll fold my arms like Enſigns up,
Thy falſhood to deplore;
And after ſuch a bitter Cup,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bore thee once,
And leſt that love ſhould die;
A marble Tomb of ſtone I'll write,
The truth to teſtifie:
That all the pilgrims paſſing by,
May ſee and ſo implore;
And ſtay and read the reaſon why,
I'll never love thee more.

A SONG.
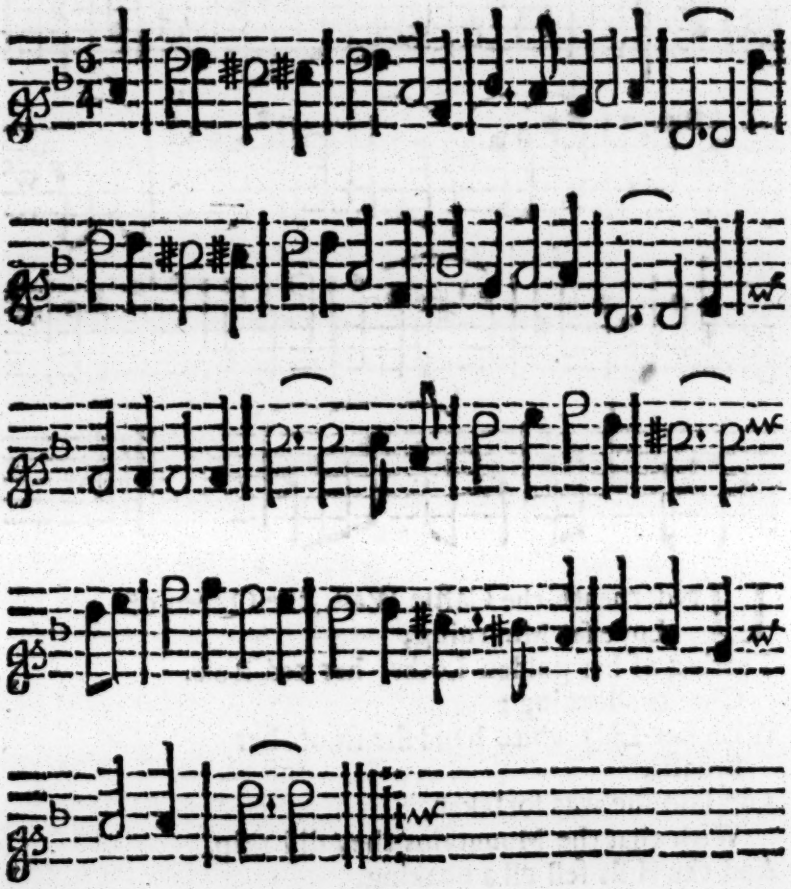


UNderneath the Caſtle Wall, the Queen of
Love ſat Mourning,
Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Roſe.
Cheeks adorning;
With her Lilly white hand ſhe ſmote her
Breaſts,
And ſaid ſhe was forſaken,
With that the Mountains they did skip,
And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten hedge, the Tinkers
Wife ſat ſhiting,
Tearing of a Cabbage leaf, her ſhitten A—
A wiping;
With her cole black hands ſhe ſcratch't her
A—,
And ſwore ſhe was beſhitten,
With that the Pedlars all did skip,
And the Fidlers fell a ſpitting.

The

The 2d. *Part of the Treaders Meddly: or, The Cries of* London.



COme buy my Greens and Flowers fine,
Your Houſes to adorn;
I'll grind your knives, to pleaſe your Wives,
And bravely cut your Corns:
Ripe Straw-beries here I have to Sell,
With Taffity Tarts and Pyes;
I've Brooms to ſell will pleaſe you well,
If you'll believe your Eyes.

Here's

Here's Salop brought from foreign parts,
With dainty Pudding-Pyes;
And Shrewsbury-Cakes, with wardens bak'd,
I ſcorn to tell you lies:
With Laces long and ribbands broad,
The beſt that e'er you ſee;
If you do lack an Almanack,
Come by it now of me.

The Tinker's come to ſtop your holes,
And Sauder all your Cracks;
What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,
And choice of Sealing-Wax:
Come maids bring out your Kitchin-ſtuff,
Old Rags, or Womens hair;
I'll ſell you Pins for Coney-skins,
Come by my Earthen ware.

Here's Limmons of the bigeſt ſize,
With Eggs and Butter too;
Brave news they ſay is come to day,
If *Jones*'s News be true:
Here's Spiggots and fine Wooden-wares,
With Foſſets to put in;
I'll Bottom all your broken Chairs,
Then pray let me begin.

A Rabbat fat and plump I have,
Young Maidens love the ſame;
Come by a Bird, I'm at a word,
Or Pullet of the Game:
I ſell the beſt ſpice Ginger-Bread,
You ever did Eat before;
While Madam *King*, her Dumplings,
She cry's from Door to Door.

Come buy a Comb, or buckle fine,
For Girdle of your laſs;
My Oyſters too, are very new,
With Trumpet ſounding glaſs:

Your Lanthorn-horns I'll make them ſhine,
And mend them very well;
There's no Jack-line ſo good as mine,
As I have here to ſell.

Come by my Hony and my Book,
For Cuckolds to peruſe;
Your Turnip-man is come again,
To tell his Dames ſome news:
I've Plums and Damſons very fine,
With very good mellow Pears;
Come by a charming Diſh of Fiſh,
And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,
Here's Cuſtards of the beſt;
And Muſtard too, that's very new,
Tho' you may think I Jeſt:
My holland-ſocks are very ſtrong,
Here's Eels do skip and play;
My hot grey-peaſe buy if you pleaſe,
For I come no more to day.

Old Suits or Cloaks or Campain Wigs,
With rufty Guns or Swords;
When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,
I never take their words:
Your Chimney clean my Boy ſhall ſweep,
While I do him command;
Card matches cheap by lump or heap,
The beſt in all the land.
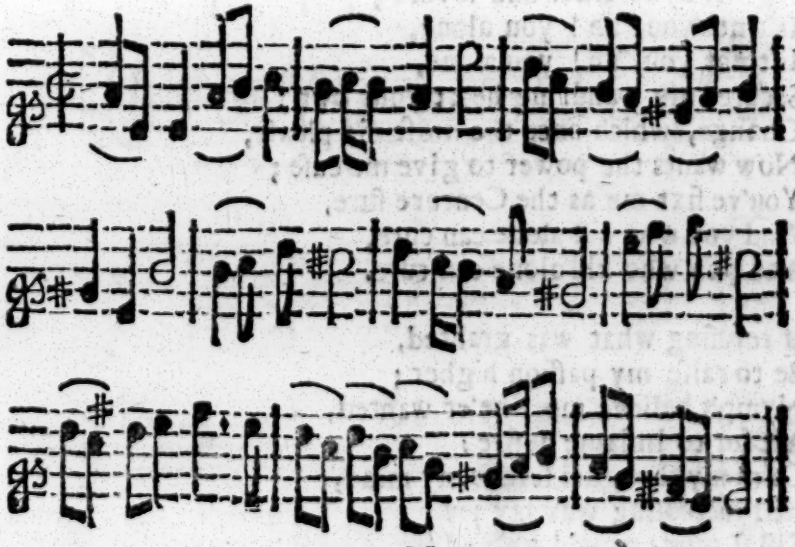
Come taſte and buy my Brandy Wine,
'Tis newly come from *France*:
This powder now is good I vow,
Which I have got by chance:
New Mackeril the beſt I have,
Of any in the Town;
Here's Cloath to ſell will pleaſe you well,
As ſoft as any Down.
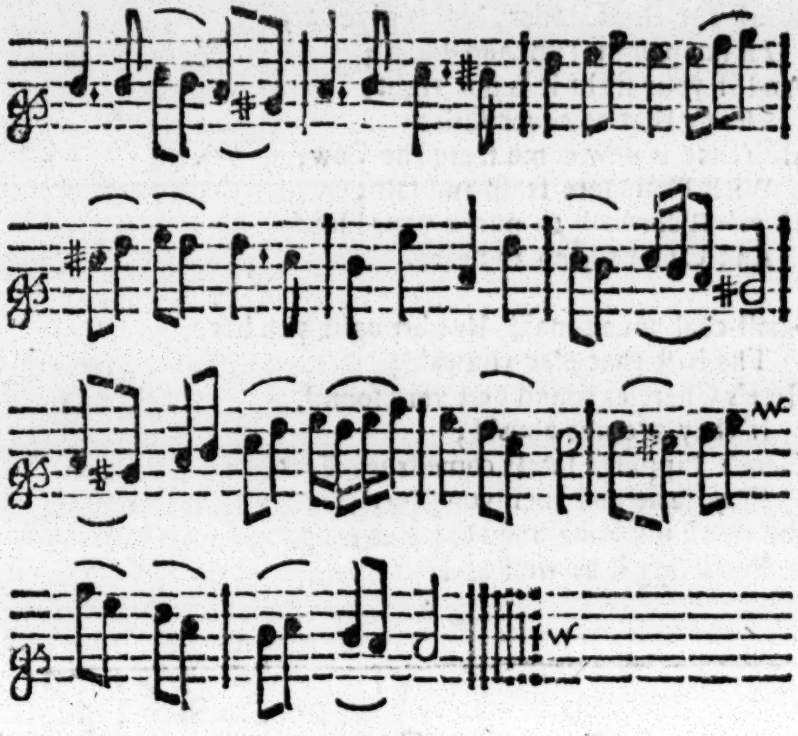
Work

Work for the Cooper, Maids give ear,
I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails;
And if your ſight it is not right,
Here's that as never fails:
Milk that is new come from the Cow,
With Flounders freſh and fair;
Here's Elder buds to purge your bloods,
And Onions keen and rare.

Small-coal young maids I've brought you here,
The beſt that e'er you us'd;
Here's Cherries round and very ſound,
If they are not abus'd;
Here's Pippings lately come from *Kent*,
Pray taſte and then you'll buy;
But mind my Song and then e'er long,
You'll ſing it as well as I.

The Lovers CHARM.
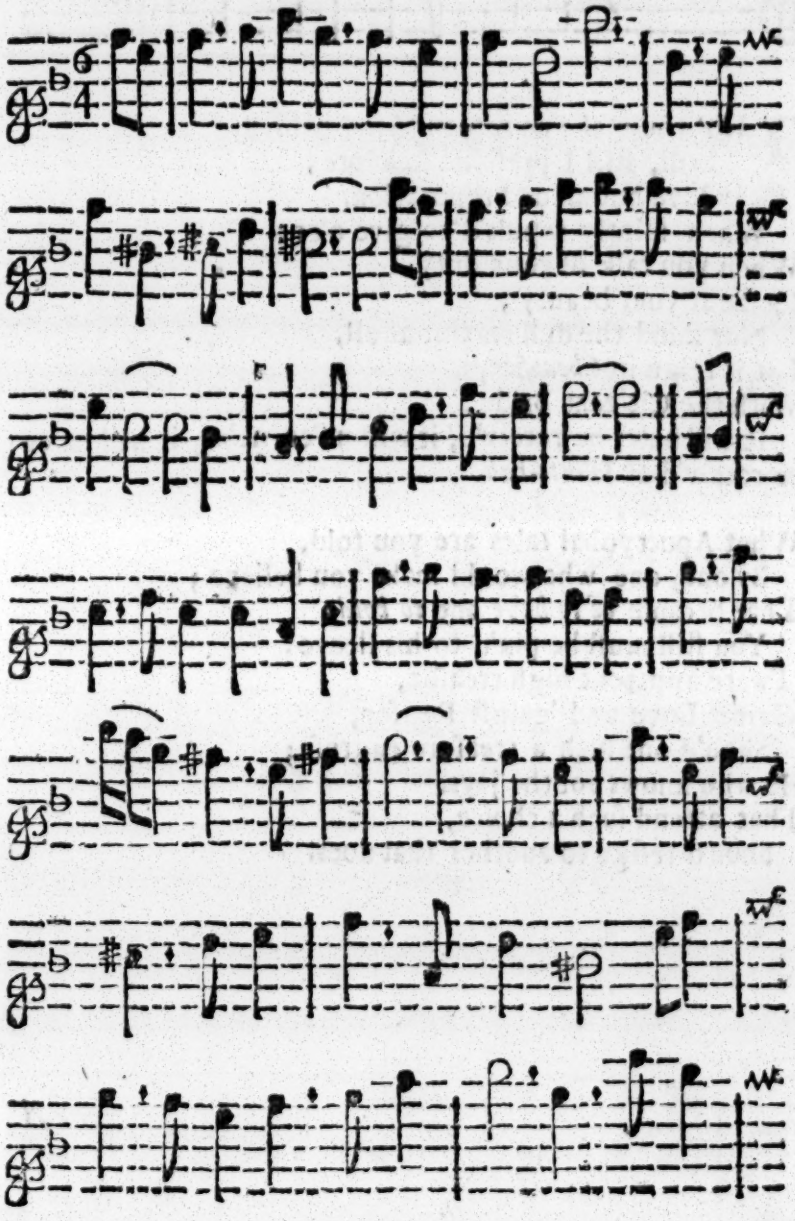


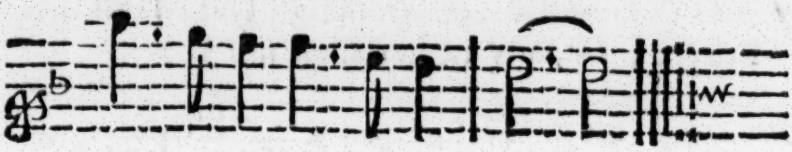


TEll me, tell me, charming fair,
Why ſo cruel and ſevere;
Is't not you, ah! you alone,
Is't not you, ah! you alone,
Secures my wandring heart your own:
Change, which once the moſt did pleaſe,
Now wants the power to give me eaſe;
You've fixt me as the Centure ſure,
And you who kill alone can cure,
And you who kill alone can cure.

If refuſing what was granted,
Be to raiſe my paſſion higher;
Nymph believe me I ne'er wanted,
Art for to inflame deſire:
Calm my thoughts ſerene my mind,
Still increaſing was my joy;
Till *Lavinia* prov'd unkind,
Nothing could my peace deſtroy.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd (The Maids laſt Prayer, *Or*, any rather then fail.)
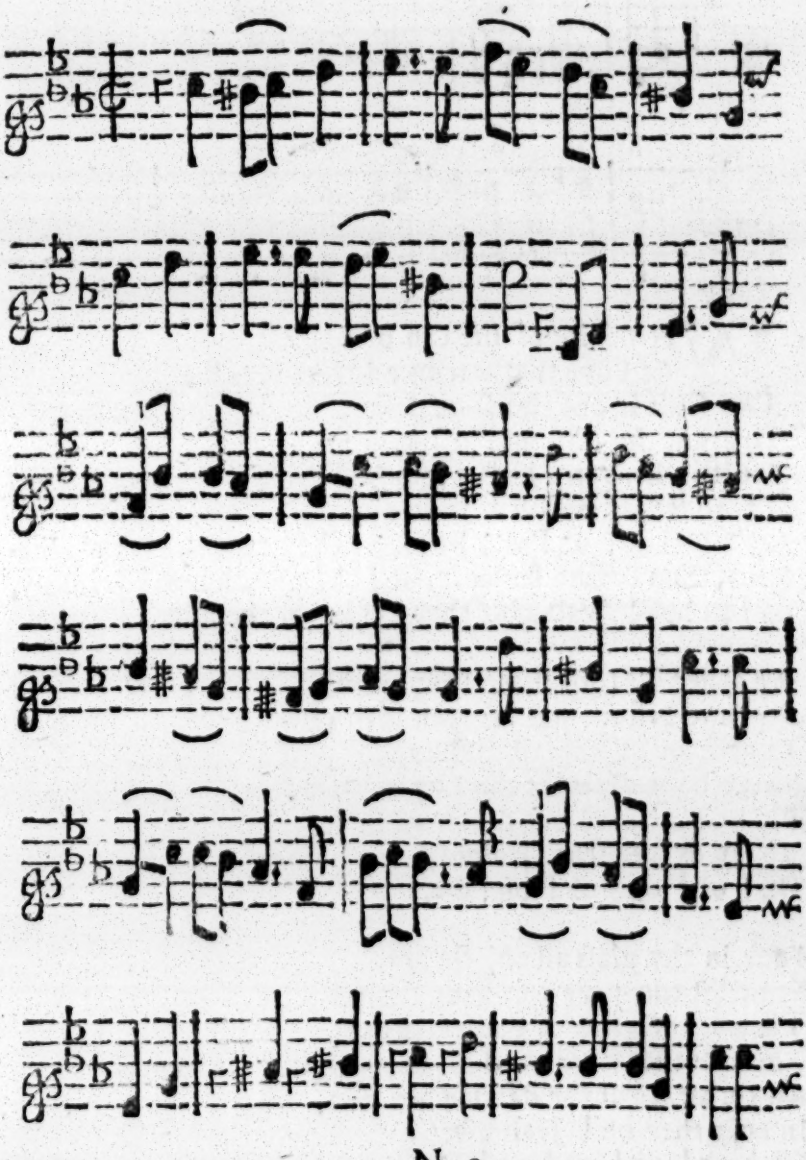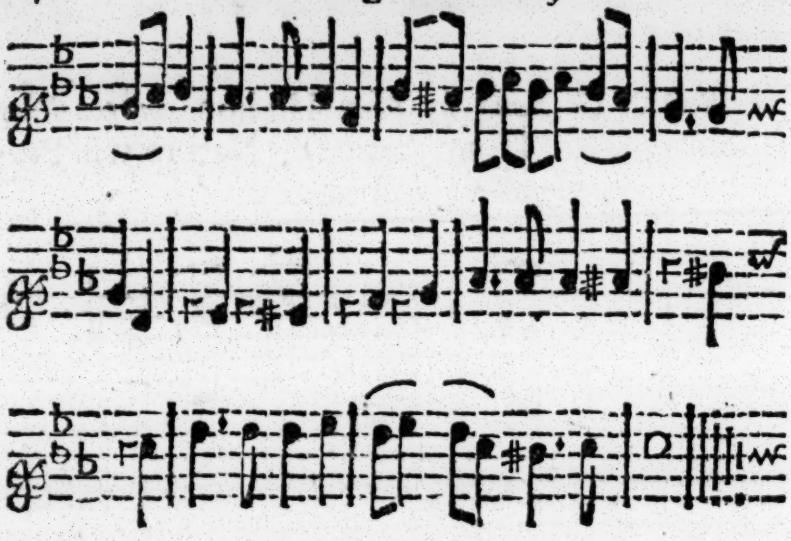




THo' you make no return to my paſſion,
Still, ſtill I preſume to adore;
'Tis in love but an odd reputation,
When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:
When you talk of your duty,
I gaze at your beauty;
Nor mind the dull maxim at all,
Let it reign in *Cheapſide*,
With the Citizens Bride:
It will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at *White-hall*.

What Apocryphal tales are you told,
By one, one who would make you believe;
That becauſe of *to have* and *to hold*,
You ſtill muſt be pin'd to his ſleeve:
'Twere apparent high treaſon,
'Gainſt Love and 'gainſt Reaſon,
Shou'd one ſuch a treaſure engroſs;
He who knows not the joys,
That attend ſuch a choice,
Shou'd reſign to another that does.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Hudſon, *in the Play call'd* (Love Triumphat: *Or,* Nature will Prevail.) *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles.
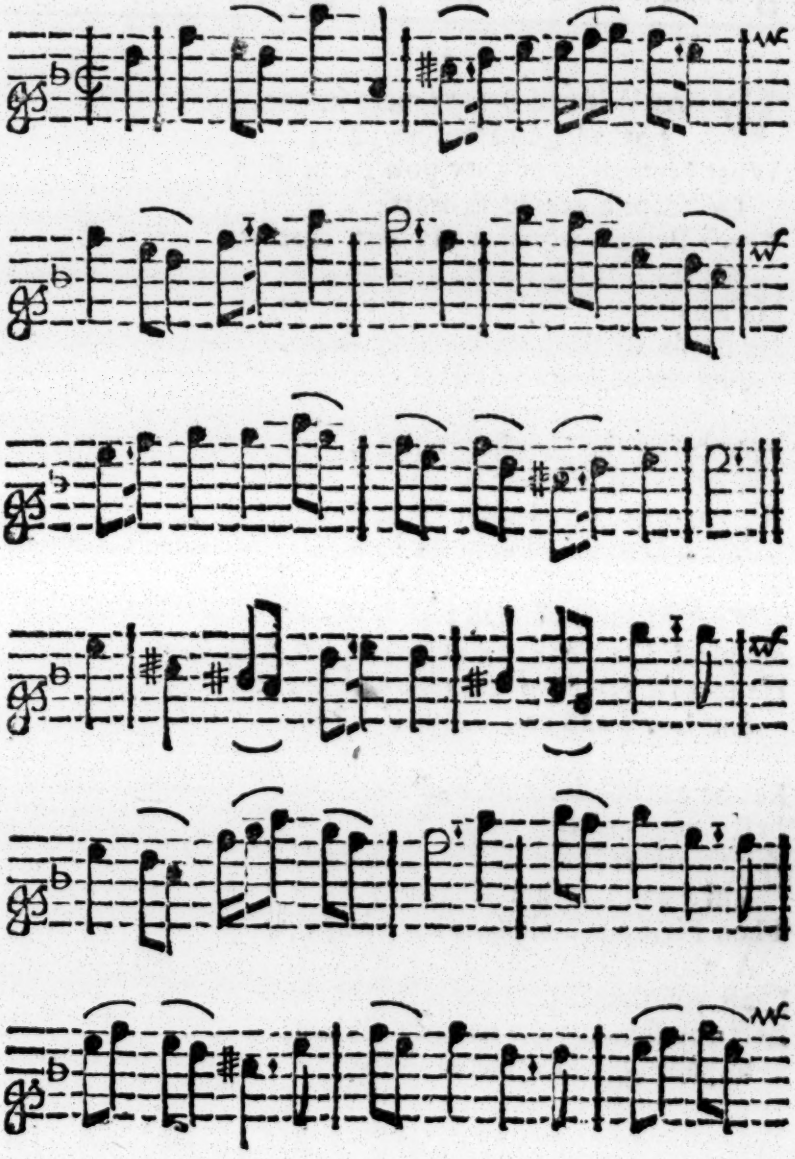




WHat ſtate of life can be ſo bleſt,
As Love that warms a lovers breaſt;
Two ſouls in one the ſame deſire,
To grant the bliſs and to require:
But if in heaven a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee oh! Jealouſy,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealouſy, thou tyrant, tyrant, Jealouſy, thou tyrant Jealouſy, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealouſy, oh! oh! oh! Jealouſy, thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine and ſweeten love;
In abſence or unkind diſdain,
Sweet hope relieves the Lovers pain:
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free from Jealouſy,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

Falſe in thy glaſs all objects are,
Some ſet too near and ſome too far;
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire that burns and gives no light:
All torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee oh! Jealouſy,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

The

The Cruel Fair requited, Written by J. R. *Sett by Mr.* James Hart.
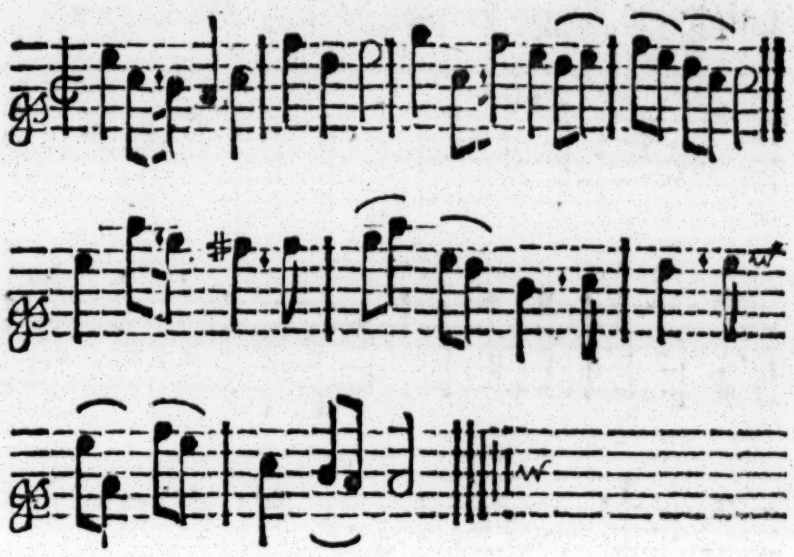




WHen Wit and Beauty meet in one,
That acts an amorous part;
What Nymph its mighty pow'r can ſhun,
Or 'ſcape a wounded heart:
Thoſe Potent, wondrous Potent, charms,
Where e'er they bleſs a Swain;
He needs not ſleep with empty Arms,
He needs not ſleep with empty Arms,
Nor dread ſevere diſdain.

Aſteria ſaw the Shepherds bleed,
Regardleſs of their pain;
Unmov'd ſhe heard their Oten Reed,
They Dance and ſung in vain;
At length *Aminor* did appear,
That Miracle of Man;
He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
She Lov'd and call'd him P A N.

But he as tho' deſign'd by Fate,
Revenger of the harms;
Which others ſuffer'd from her hate,
Riſl'd and left her Charms:
Then Nymphs no longer keep in pain,
A plain well meaning heart;
Leaſt you ſhou'd joyn for ſuch diſdain,
Leſt you ſhou'd joyn for ſuch diſdain,
In poor *Aſteria*'s ſmart.

The unfortunate Lover, Sett by Mr. Willis.
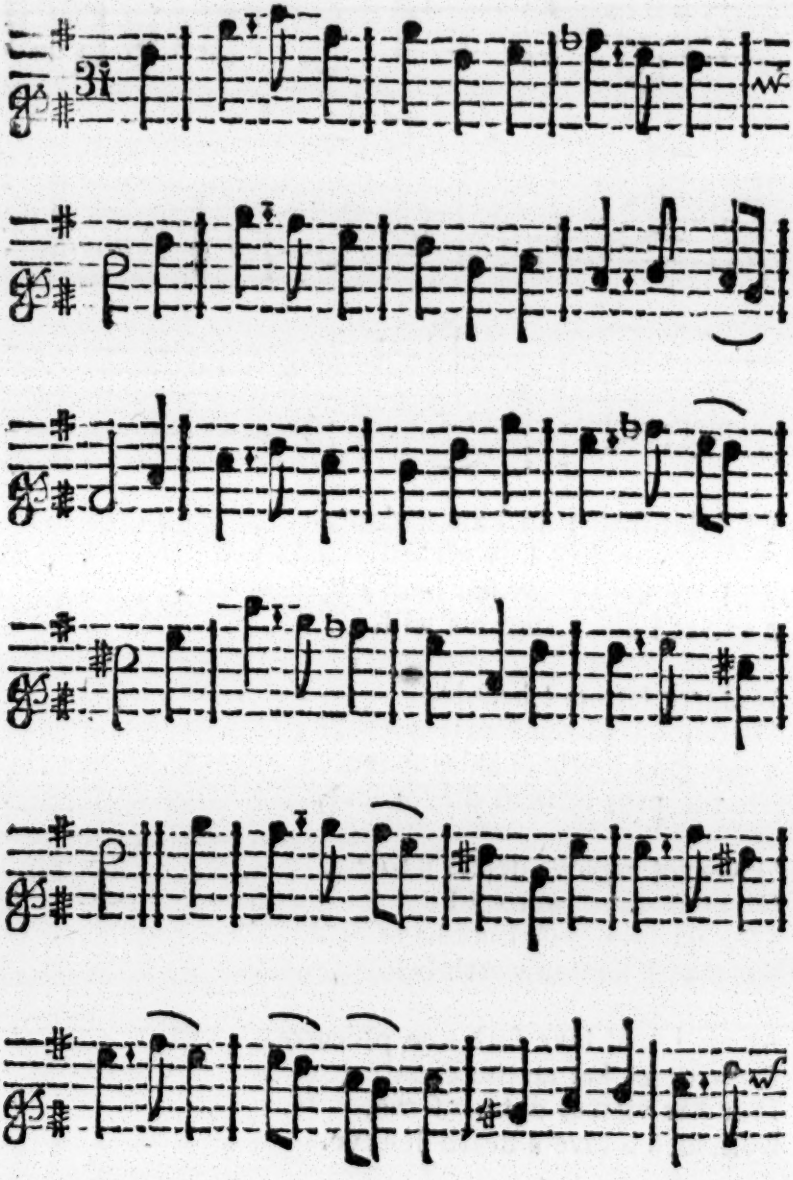


WHat ſhall I do I am undone,
Where ſhall I fly my ſelf to ſhun;
Ah! me my ſelf my ſelf muſt kill,
And yet I die againſt my will.
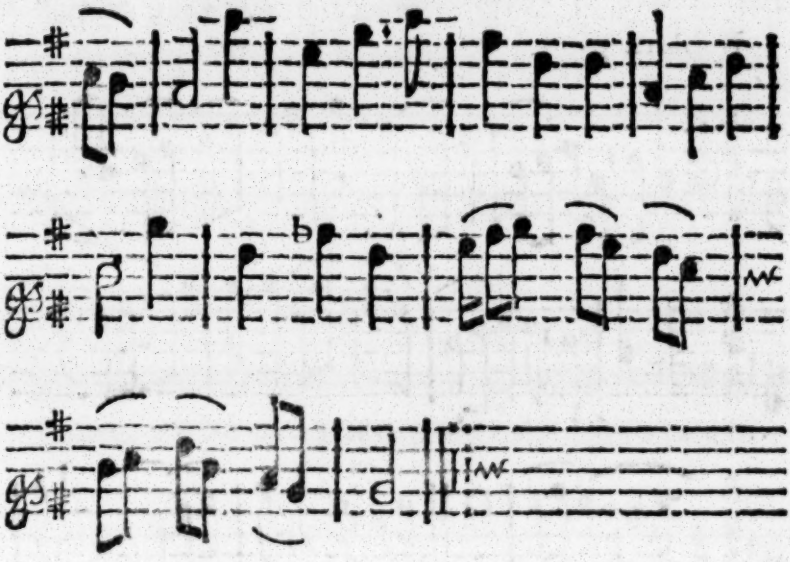
In ſtarry letters I behold,
My death is in the Heavens inrol'd;
There find I writ in Skies above,
That I, poor I, muſt die for love.

'Twas not my love deſerv'd to die,
Oh no it was unworthy I;
I for her love ſhould not have dy'd,
But that I had no worth beſide.

Ah me! that love ſuch woe procures,
For without her no life endures;
I for her virtues did her ſerve,
Doth ſuch a love a death deſerve.

A Song, Sung at the Theatre Royal, in the Play call'd, (Alphonſo *King of* Naples,) *Sett by Mr.* Eagles.
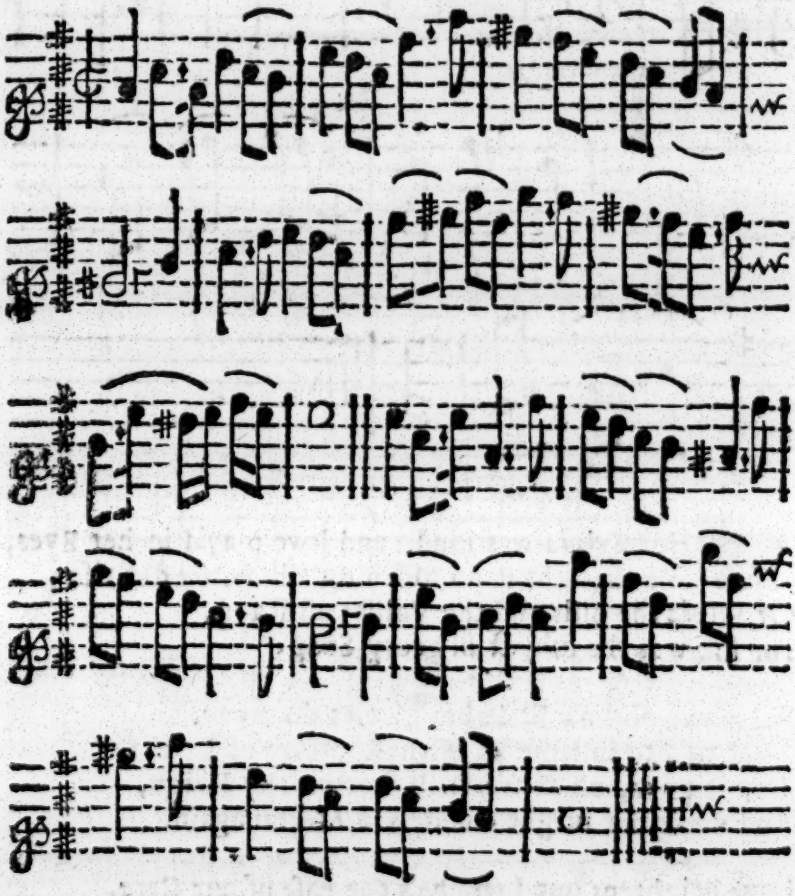




WHen *Sylvia* was kind, and love play'd in her Eyes,
We thought it no Morning till *Sylvia* did riſe;
Of *Sylvia* the hills and the Vallies all Rang,
For ſhe was the ſubject of every Song.

But now, oh how little her glories do move,
That us'd to inflame us, with Raptures of Love;
Thy Rigour, oh *Silvia*, will ſhorten thy Reign,
And make our bright Goddeſs a Mortal again.

Love heightens our Joys, he's the eaſe of our Care,
A ſpur to the Valiant, a Crown to the fair;
Oh ſeize his ſoft wings then before 'tis too late,
Or Cruelty quickly will haſten thy fate.

'Tis kindneſs, my *Silvia*, 'tis kindneſs alone,
Will add to thy Lovers, and ſtrengthen thy Throne;
In Love, as in Empire, Tyrannical ſway,
Will make Loyal Subjects forget to Obey.

The Shepherds Complaint, Sett by Mr. William Williams,
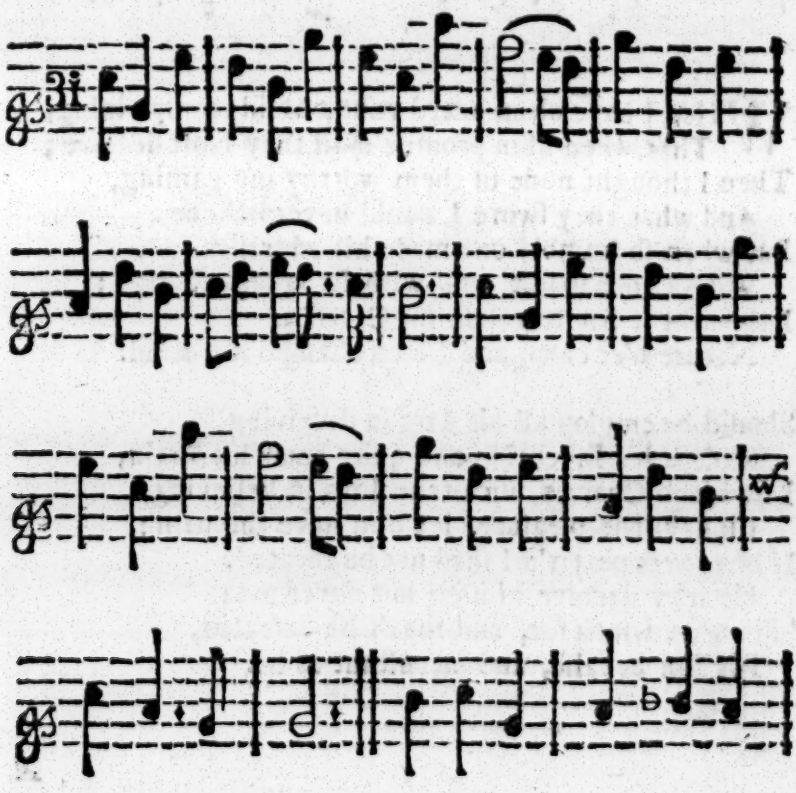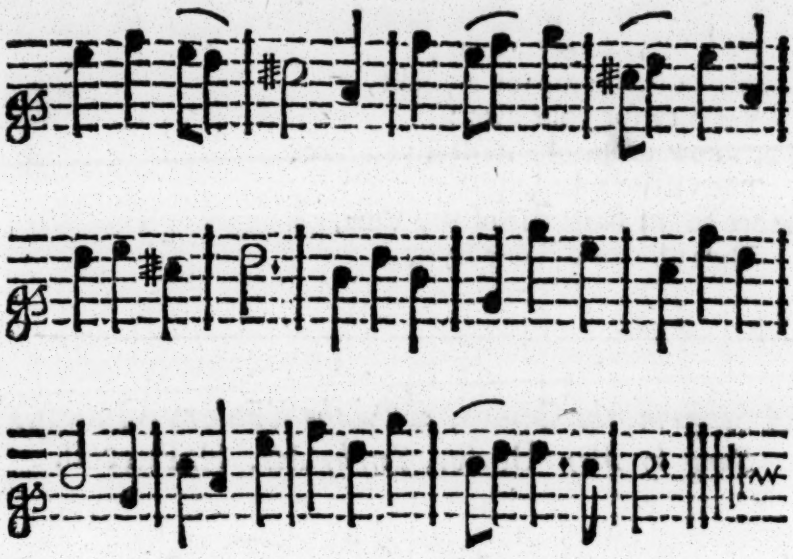


WHat, Love a crime, Inhumane fair ?
Repeal that raſh Decree,
As well may pious Anthems bear;
The name of Blaſphemy:
'Tis Bleeding Hearts and Weeping Eyes,
Uphold your Sexes Pride;
Nor cou'd you longer Tyrannize,
My fetters laid a ſide.

Then

Then from your haughty Viſion make,
And liſten to my Moan;
Tho' you refuſe me for my ſake,
Yet pity for your own:
For know proud Sheherdeſs you owe,
The victim you deſpiſe;
More to the ſtrictneſs of my Vow,
Then glories of your Eyes.

A Song in the Opera, *call'd the* (Faiery Queen,)
Sung by Mrs. Butler, *Sett by Mr.* H. Purcell.
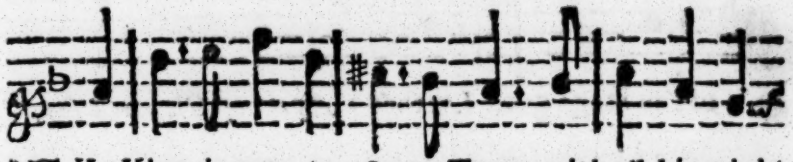




WHen I have often heard young Maids complaining,
That when Men promiſe moſt they muſt deceive;
Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining,
And what they ſwore I would never believe:
But when ſo humbly one made his addreſſes,
With Looks ſo ſoft, and with Language ſo kind;
I thought it Sin to refuſe his Careſſes,
Nature o'er came and I ſoon chang'd my mind.

Should he emyloy all his Arts in deceiving,
Stretch his Invention and quite crack his Brain,
I find ſuch Charms, ſuch true Joys in believing,
I'll have the pleaſure, let him have the pain:
If he proves perjur'd I ſhall not be cheated,
He may deceive himſelf but never me;
'Tis what I look for, and ſhan't be defeated,
For I'm as falſe, and inconſtant as he.

A SONG.
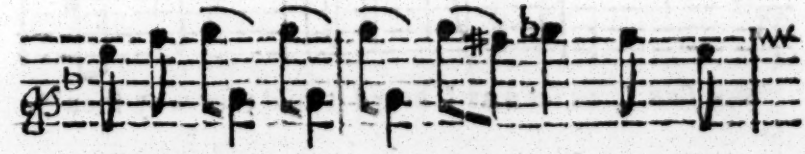


THe King is gone to *Ox-on* Town, with all his might



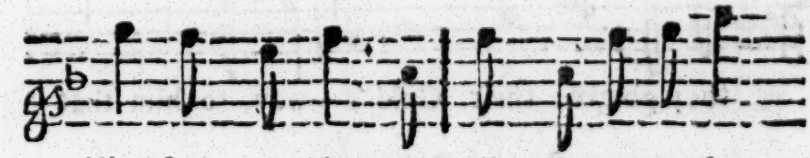
and main a; The Nobles they at——tending



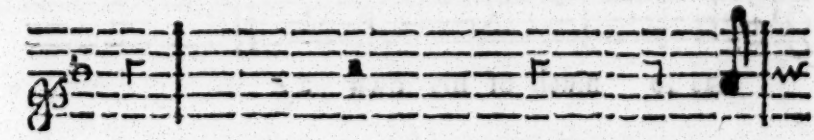
on, with all their gallant Train a: The May'r



of the Town in his Furr Gown, gave the

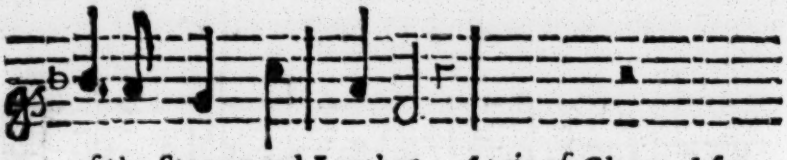


King ſuch at thing, the like was never ſeen;
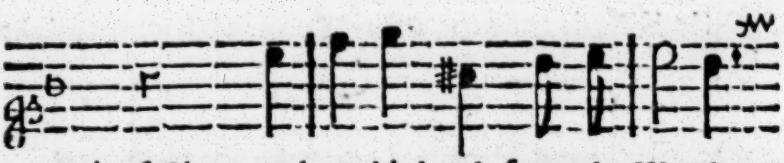


A pair of Gloves, I ſay a pair of Gloves, made
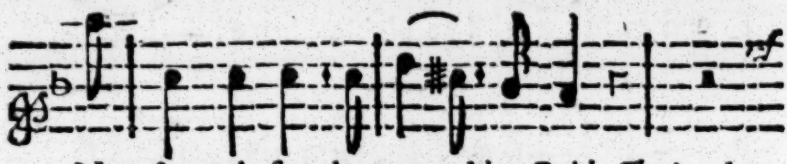
of
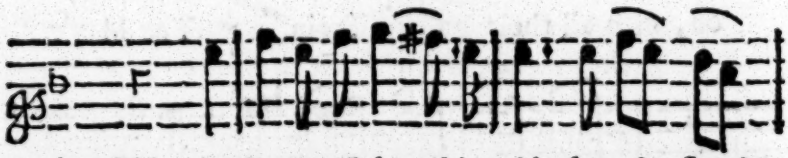


of the Stags good Leather : *A pair of Gloves, I ſay,*



a pair of Gloves, to keep his hands from the Weather ;
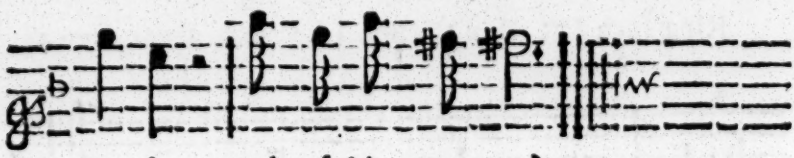


Nay, ſome do ſay they gave him Gold, *That's a lye,*



then ſaid I, as ſoon as I heard it told ; for why ſhould
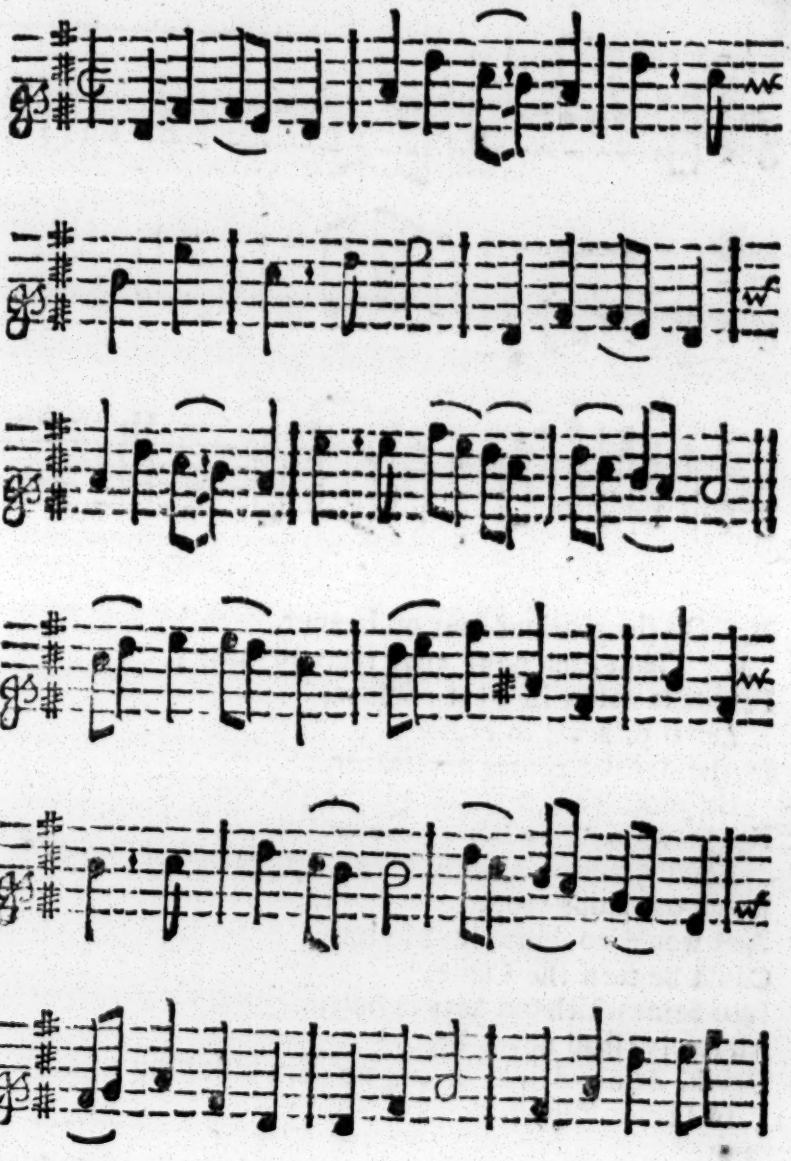


they go give their Gold a—way, to him that
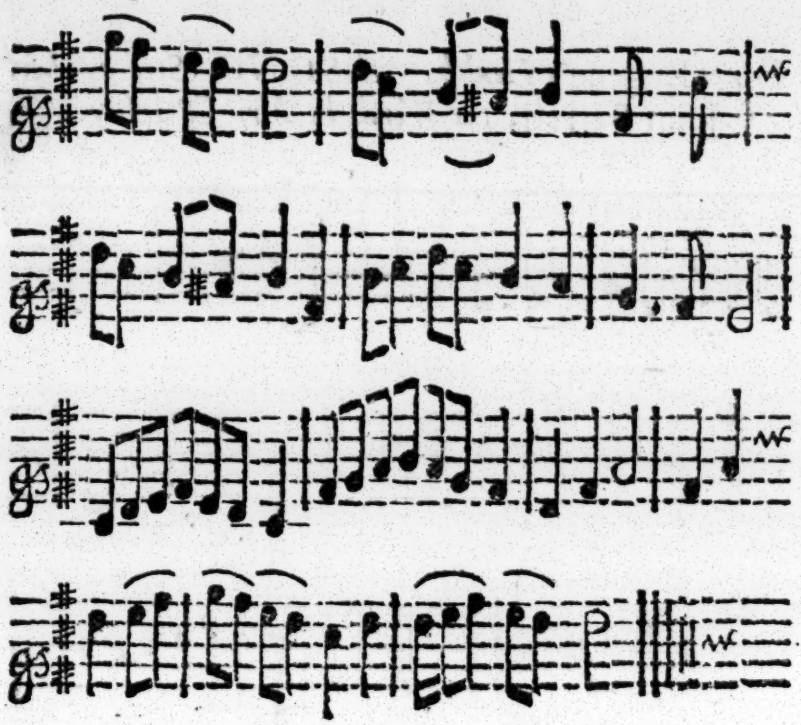


has ſo much of his own a ?

Prince

Prince Eugene's *Health.* *A SONG, Sett by Mr.* John Barrett, *the Words by Mr.* D'Urfey.
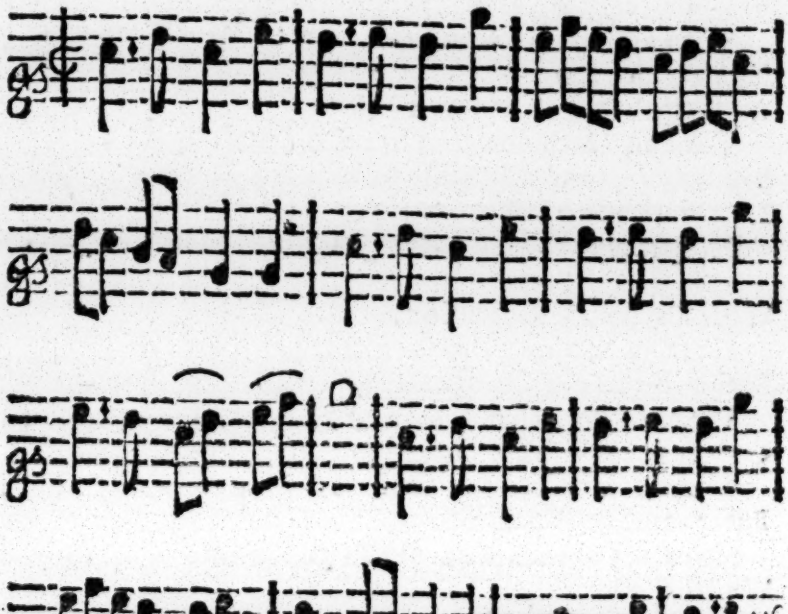




YOu the glorious Sons of honour,
That each hour your fame advance;
Pray take notice in what manner,
Lewis prizes it in *France*:
In the *Reſwick* charte remember,
He great *William* lawful Names;
But grown doating laſt *September*,
Loudly ſounds, Loudly ſounds up another *James*:
Routs our trade too,
And wou'd no doubt invade too;
Could he turn the Oglio,
Into Seine which our boys in *Italy*,
All reſolve ſhall never be,
Drink, drink, drink, drink, we then a flowing glaſs
to Prince *Eugene*.
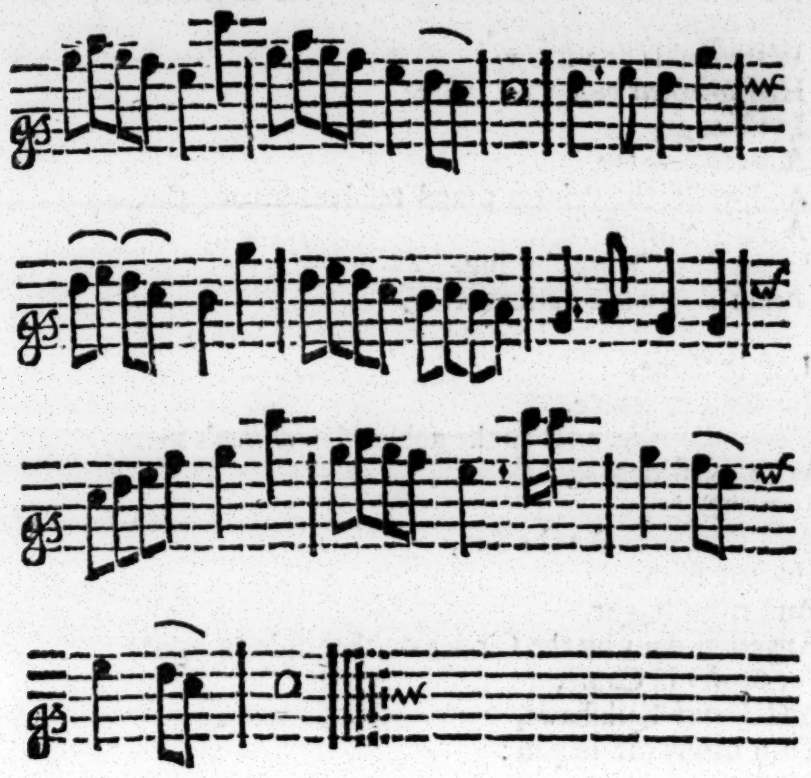
Like

Like the Peaſant in the Fable,
As we read in times of old;
Rated from the Satyrs table,
For his blowing hot and cold:
From his own and every nation,
Monſieur ſhould be rated ſo;
Who on every vile occaſion,
With all ſorts of winds can blow:
Sign a peace too.
And break it with as much eaſe to,
Take an Oath now and ſtreight deny't again;
But that this and all that's paſt,
May come home to him at laſt,
Proſper may the conquering Arms of Prince *Eugene*.

With Deſpotick Reſolution,
He from Subjects Gold can tear;
Praiſe be to our Conſtitution,
We have no ſuch doings here:
Government in bleſt condition,
When to juſt Law 'tis confin'd;
But tyrannick diſpoſition,
Ne'er yet agreed with the Engliſh kind:
Whilſt *Carero*,
Combin'd with galick *Nero*;
Anjou's crown then unjuſtly would maintain,
And th'imperial claim Controul:
Chearing ſtill each heart and ſoul,
Let us ſee the glaſs go round to Prince *Eugene*.

A Health to the Imperialiſt's: Or, An Invective Ode on the Treachery of the Elector of Bavaria; *the Words by Mr.* D'Urfey. *To a Tune of Mr.* J. C.
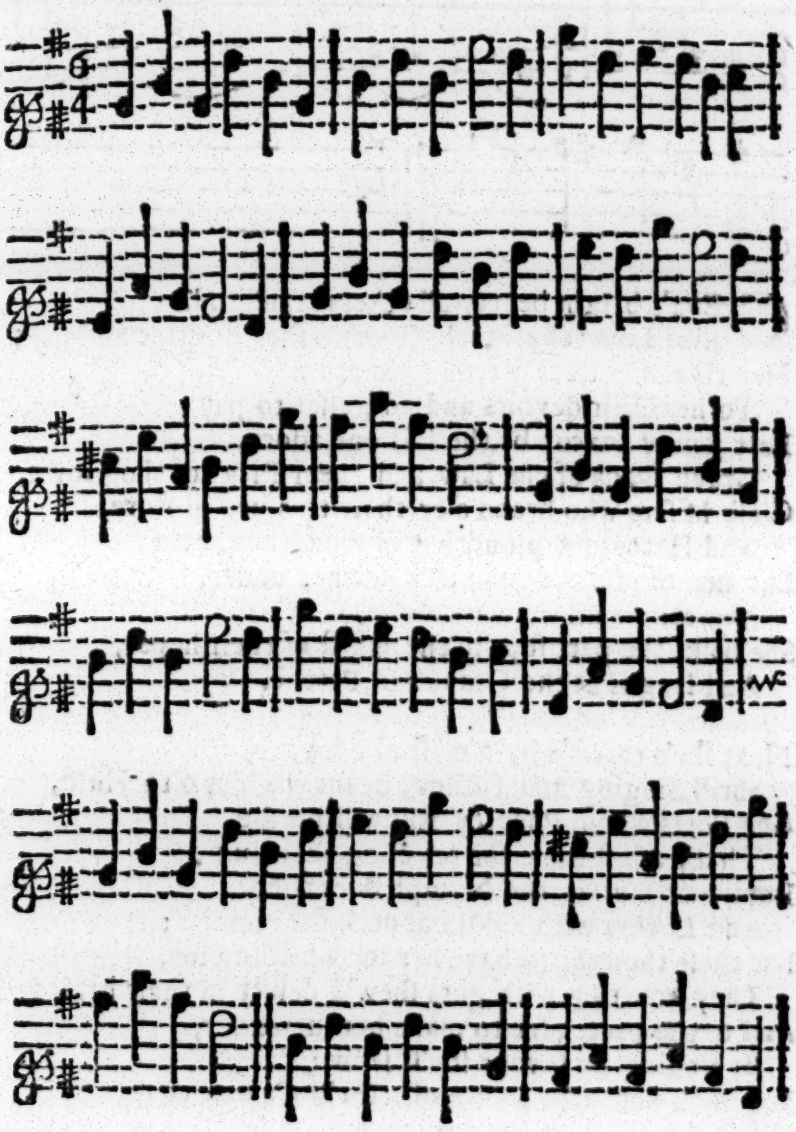




ULm is gon,
But baſely won,
And treacherous *Bavaria* there, has buried his Renown;
That Strolling Prince,
Who few years ſince,
Was cram'd with *William*'s gold:
Penſion loſt,
And hopes too croſt,
Of having more from *Britiſh* ſtore to keep his wanted poſt;
To aid in vain,
Uſurping *Spain*,
Himſelf to *France* has ſold;
For 'tis plain,
Tho' plots were vain,
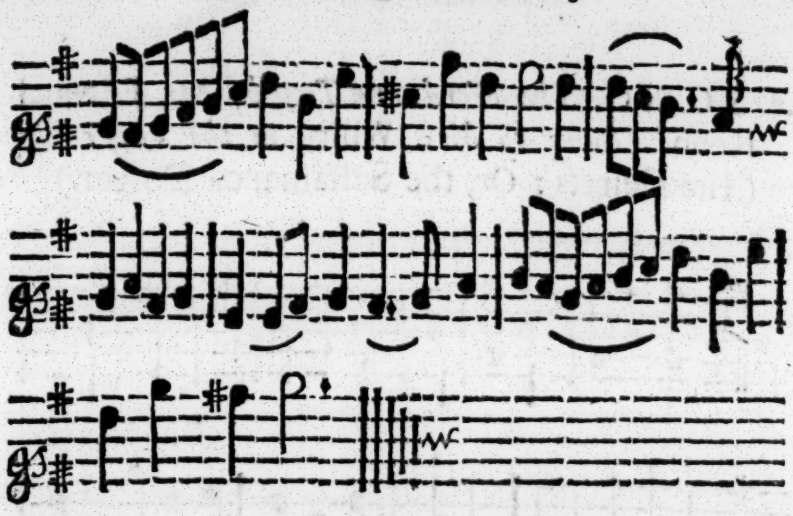
That

That *Auſburgh* was th'intended project of his brain;
The mem'ry of *Naſſaw*,
Was valu'd not a ſtraw,
Had *Monſieur* reliev'd *Landau:*
Let him go,
A worthleſs foe,
And whilſt the Princes round reſolves his overthrow;
A Jolly bottle bring,
Great *Baden's* Praiſes ſing.
And th' *Roman's* valiant King.

Loſt in Fame,
Involv'd in ſhame,
Thou odious Scandal to the noble *Maximilian's* name,
Who durſt debaſe,
Imperial grace,
And thus provoke the *Ban*,
Honour ſlight,
And royal Right,
Expected daily by the Circles on their ſide to fight;
For *Spains* ill Cauſe,
And *French* Kickſhaws,
Turn baſely cat in pan:
But go on,
Forlorn undone,
And e'er his yearly courſe, arround has rowl'd the ſun;
Deſerted and diſgrac'd,
Still routed too and chac'd,
In chain's thou may'ſt groan thy laſt:
Or my Fate,
To prove her hate,
Thy falſhood to the miſery of war tranſlate;
And there ſo low appear,
A Fuzee may's thou bear,
Like ſome poor Muſqueteer.

A SONG. *The Words and Tune by Mr.* Edward Keen. *Sung by Mrs.* Willis, *in the Play call'd* (The Heireſs: *Or*, the Sallamanca Doctor.)
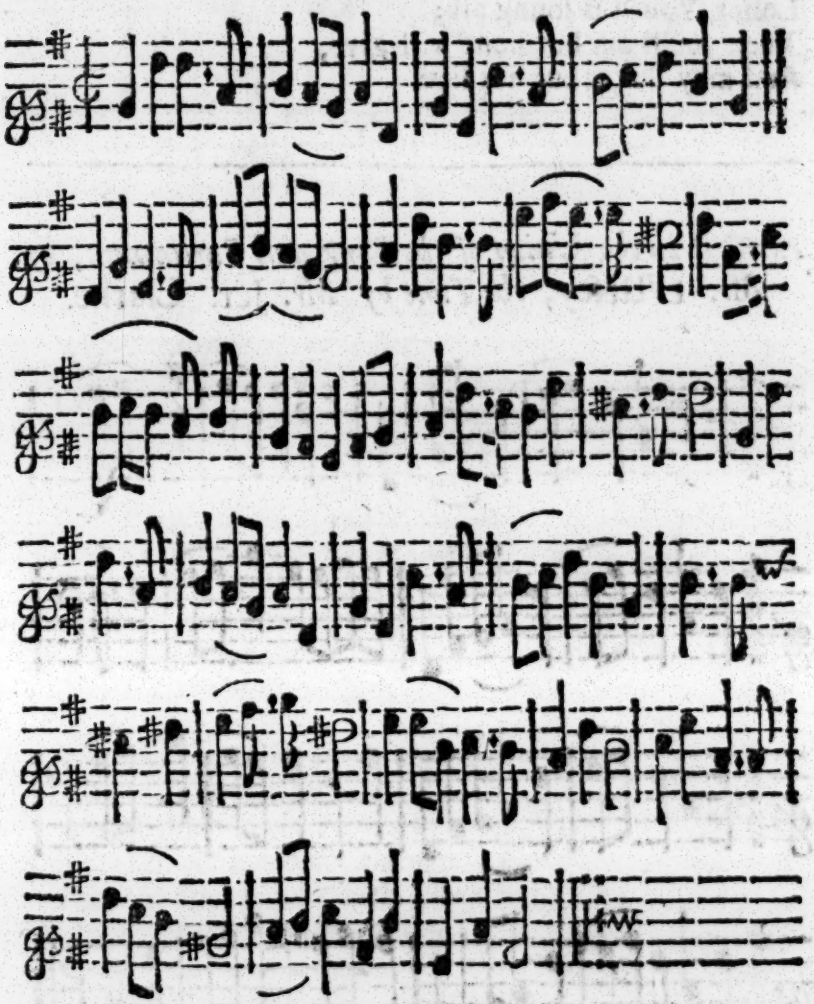




Cælia's bright beauty all others tranſcend,
Like Lovers Sprightly Goddeſs ſhe's flippant and gay;
Her rival admirers in crouds do attend,
To her their devoirs and addreſſes to pay:
Pert gaudy coxcombs the fair one adore,
Grave Dons of the Law and queer Prigs of the Gown,
Cloſe Miſers who brood o'er their treaſure in ſtore,
And Heroes for plundring of modern renown.
But men of plunder can ne'er get her under,
And Miſers all women deſpiſe,
She balks the pert fops in the midſt of their hopes,
And laughs at the Grave and Preciſe.

Next ſhe's careſs'd by a muſical crew,
Shrill Singing and Fidling, Beaus warbles o'th Flute,
And Poets whom Poverty ſtill will purſue,
That's a juſt cauſe for rejecting their ſuit:
Impudent Fluters the Nymph does abhor,
And Lovers with Fiddle at neck ſhe diſdains;
For theſe thought to have her for whiſtling for,
They courting with guts ſhew'd defect in their brains:
And to the pretender to make her ſurrender,
By ſinging no favour ſhe'll ſhow;
For ſhe'll not make choice of a ſhrill Capons voice,
For a politick reaſon you know.

A Song in (Love's a Jeſt,) *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* Hudſon.
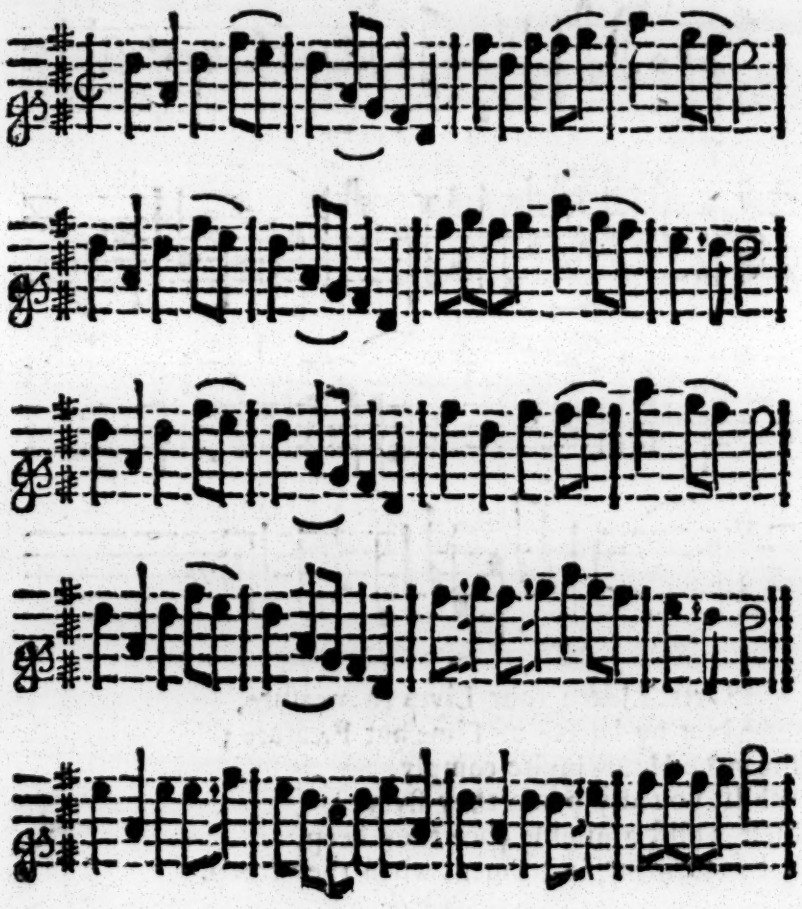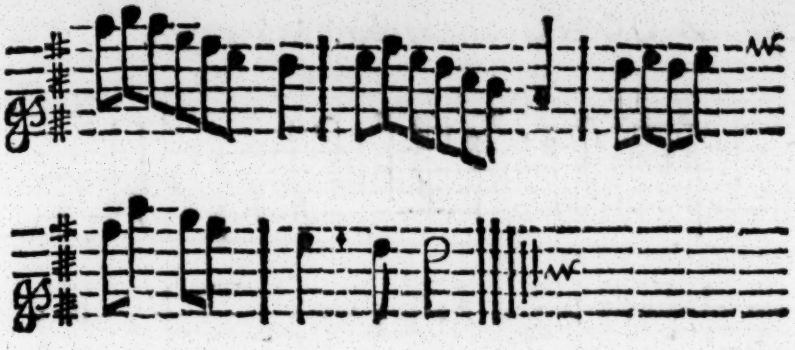


MOrtal's learn your Lives to meaſure,
Not by length of Time but Pleaſure;
Now the Hours invite comply,
Whilſt you idly pauſe they fly ye:
Bleſt whilſt a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, in torment when they creep.

O Mor-

Mortals learn your Lives to meaſure,
Not by length of Time but Pleaſure;
Soon your Spring muſt have a fall,
Loſing Youth is loſing all;
Then you'll ask but none will give,
And may linger but not live.

An Ode on the Union of the King and Parliament, by Mr. D'Urfey, *the Tune by Mr.* Jer. Clarke.
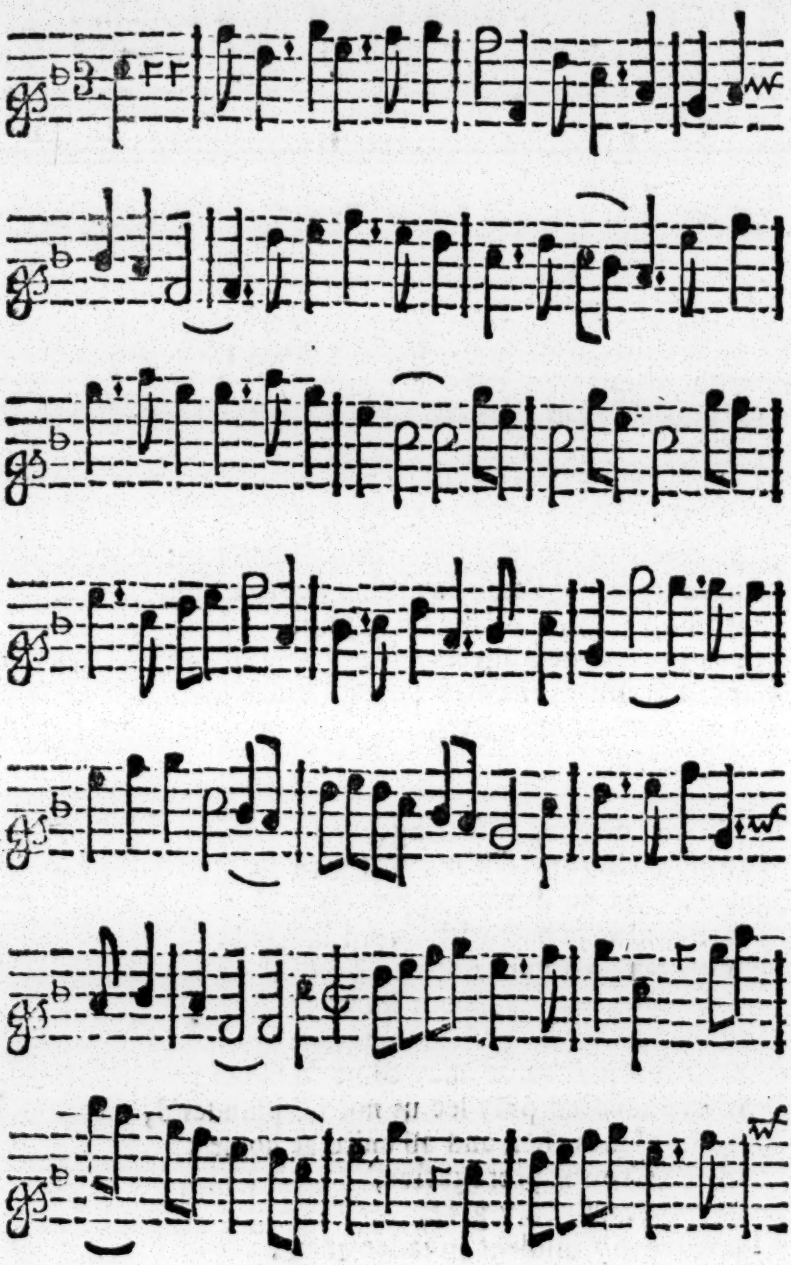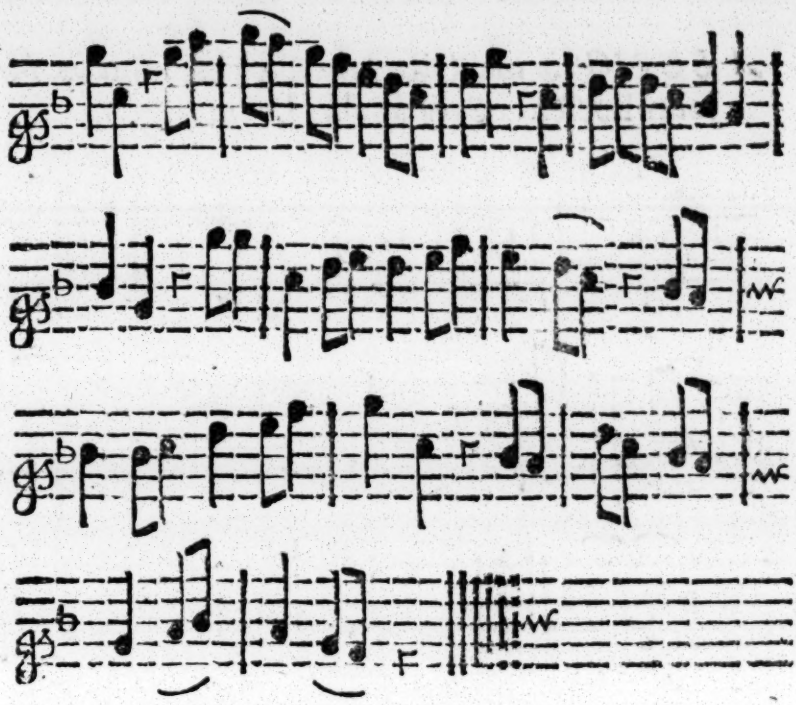




WHilſt the *French* their Arms diſcover,
By the Troops abroad they bring;
We with joy can ſend 'em over,
Tidings that can make all *Europe* Ring:
Engliſh boys renown'd for warring,
As Fame's glorious records ſhew;
Bleſt by Fate now leave off Jarring,
And reſolve to joyn 'gainſt the common foe:
No more frowning Batavians think of drowning,
But to *Spaniards* this jolly ditty ſing,
England's Senate now agrees,
Cæſar can ſecure your Peace;
Chant it at the crowning,
Of their infant King.

Britain's Sons no danger fearing,
Whilſt their royal Fleet's well man'd;
Know tho' yet no ſtorm's appearing,
Peace is always beſt with ſword in hand:
Honour's but an empty notion,
As our plotting neighbour ſhews;
Breach of Faith may raiſe commotion,
And in proper ſeaſon may come to blows:
Great five hundred pray let us not be plunder'd,
Save our lands then and all unite at home;
Guard the Crowns prerogative,
Boldly vote and nobly give,
Then let any inſolent invader come.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Ackeroy'd.
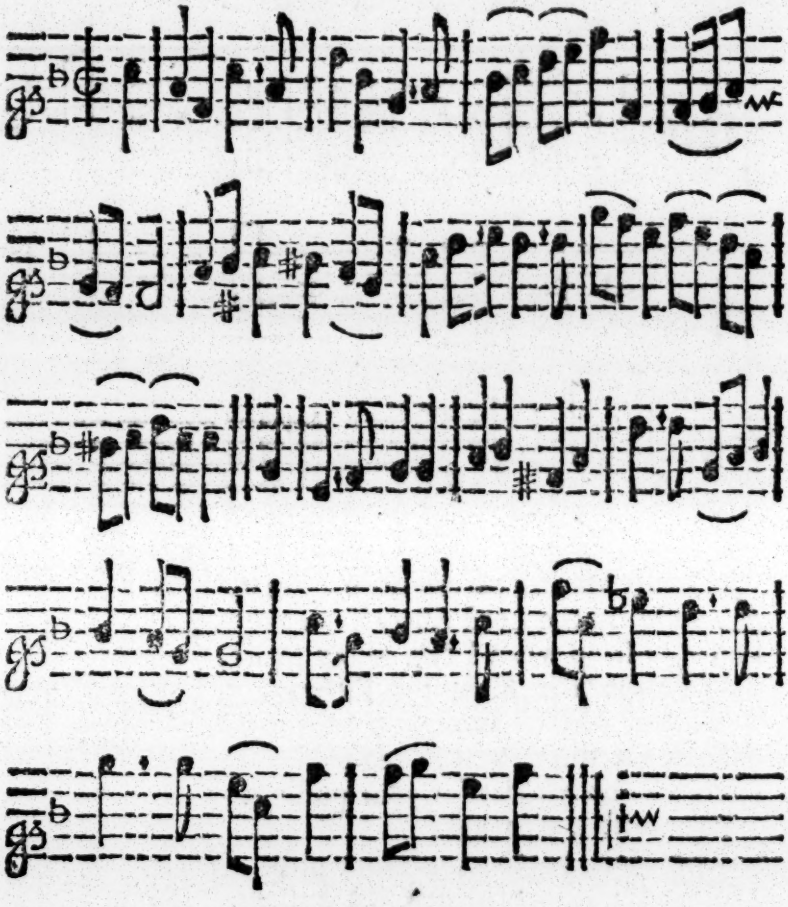




ZOunds Madam return me my heart,
Or by the Lord *Harry* I'll make ye;
Tho' you ſleep when I talk of my ſmart,
As I hope to be Knighted I'll wake ye;
If you rant why by *Jove*,
Then I'll rant as well as you;
There's no body cares for your puffing.
Your miſtaken in me;
Nay prethee, prethee, prethee piſh,
We'll try whoſe the beſt at a huffing.
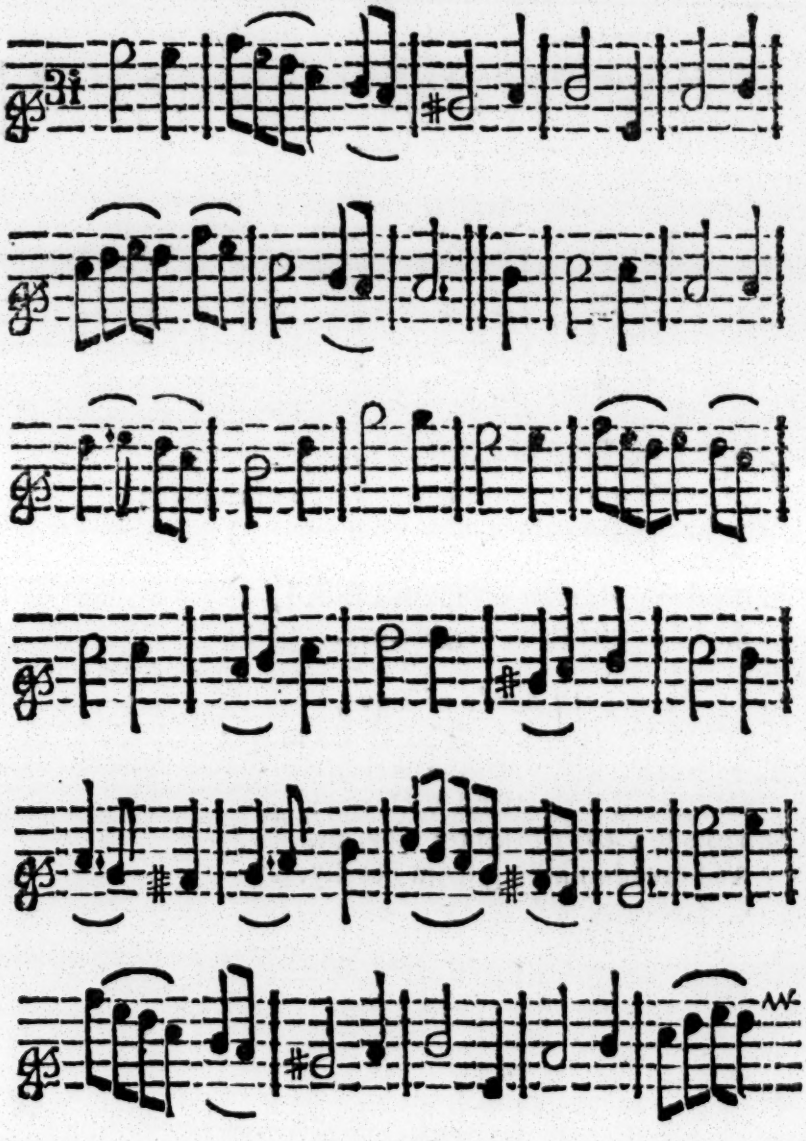
But if you will your heart ſurrender,
And confeſs your ſelf uncivil;
'Tis probable I may grow tender,
And recal what I purpos'd of evil:
But if you ſtill perſiſt in rigour,
'Tis a thouſand to one but I teeze you;
For you'll find ſo much heat and ſuch vigour,
As may trouble you forſooth or pleaſe you.
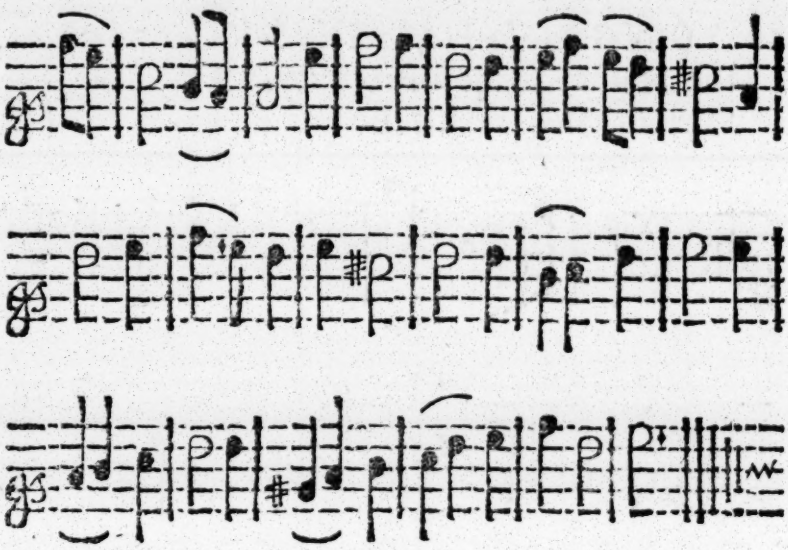
A SONG in the (Royal Miſchief.) *Sett by Mr.* John Eccles. *Sung by Mr.* Leveridge.



UNguarded lies the wiſhing Maid,
Diſtruſting not to be betray'd;
Ready to fall with all her charms,
A ſhining treaſure to your arms:
Who hears this ſtory muſt believe,
No heart can truer Joy receive;
Since to take Love and give it too,
Is all that Love for hearts can do.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Self Conceit: Or, the Mother made a Property.) *Set by Mr.* John Eccles; *Sung by Mrs.* Bowman.
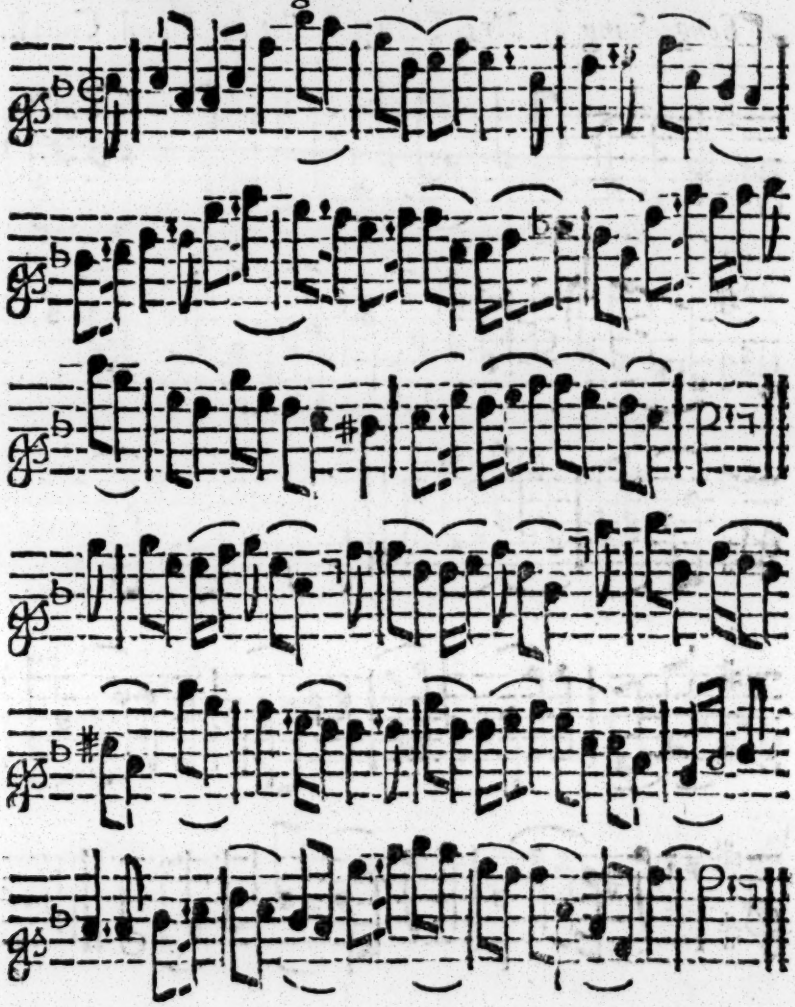




OH! the mighty pow'r of Love,
What Art againſt ſuch Force can move;
The harmleſs ſwain is ever bleſt,
Beneath ſome Silent Shady Grove;
Until ſome Nymph invade his Breaſt,
And diſapprove his eager Love.
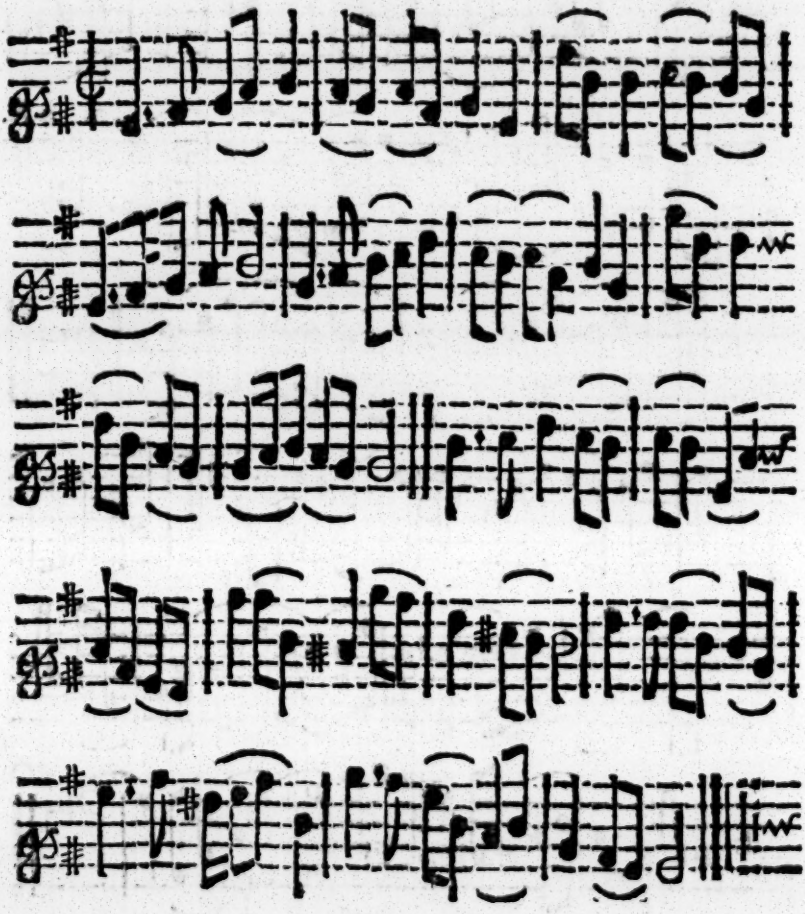
Oh! the mighty pow'r of Love,
What Art againſt ſuch Force can move;
The Greateſt Hero who in Arms,
Has gain'd a thouſand Victories:
Submits to *Cælia*'s brighter Charms,
And dreads a killing from her Eyes.

A Scotch *Song Sett by Mr.* Robert Cox.



WHen *Jockey* firſt I ſaw my ſoul was charm'd,
To ſee the bonny Lad ſo blith, ſo blith and gay;
My heart did beat it being alarm'd,
That I to *Jockey* nought, nought could ſay:
At laſt I courage took and paſſion quite forſook,
And told the bonny Lad his charms I felt;
He then did ſmile with a pleaſing look,
And told me *Jenny* in his arms, his arms ſhould melt.

A Song. Sung by Mrs. Temple, *Set by Mr.* J. Clark.
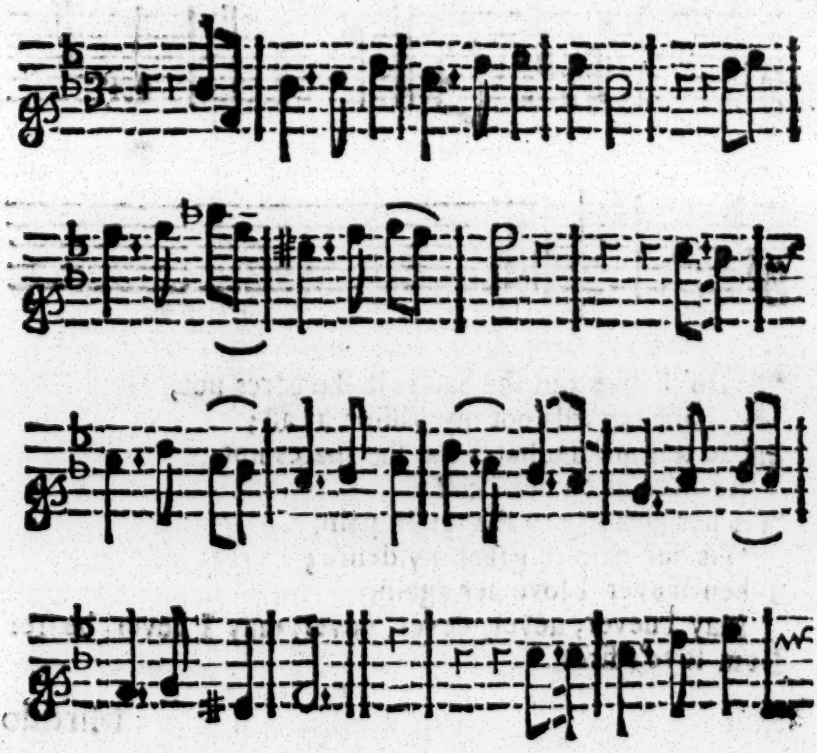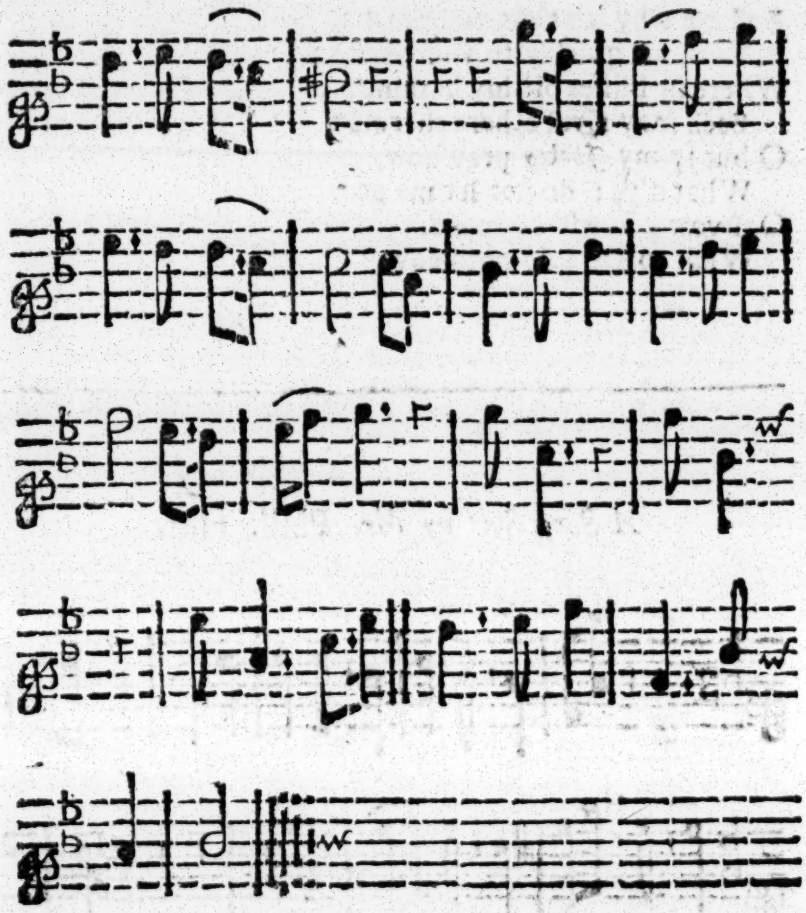


I See no more to ſhady coverts,
Fockey's Eyn are all my joy;
Beauty's there I Ken that cannot,
Muſt not, ſhall not, ſteal away:
What wou'd *Fockey* now do to me,
Surely you're to me unkind;
I'ſe ne'er ſee you, nay you fly me,
Yet are ne'er from out my mind.

Tell

Tell me why 'tis thus you uſe me,
Take me quickly to your Arms;
Where in bliſſes blithly baſking,
Each may rival others charms:
O but fy my *Fockey* pray now,
What d'ye; do not let me go;
O I vow you will undo me,
What to Do I do not know.

A Song Sett by Mr. Phill. Hart.
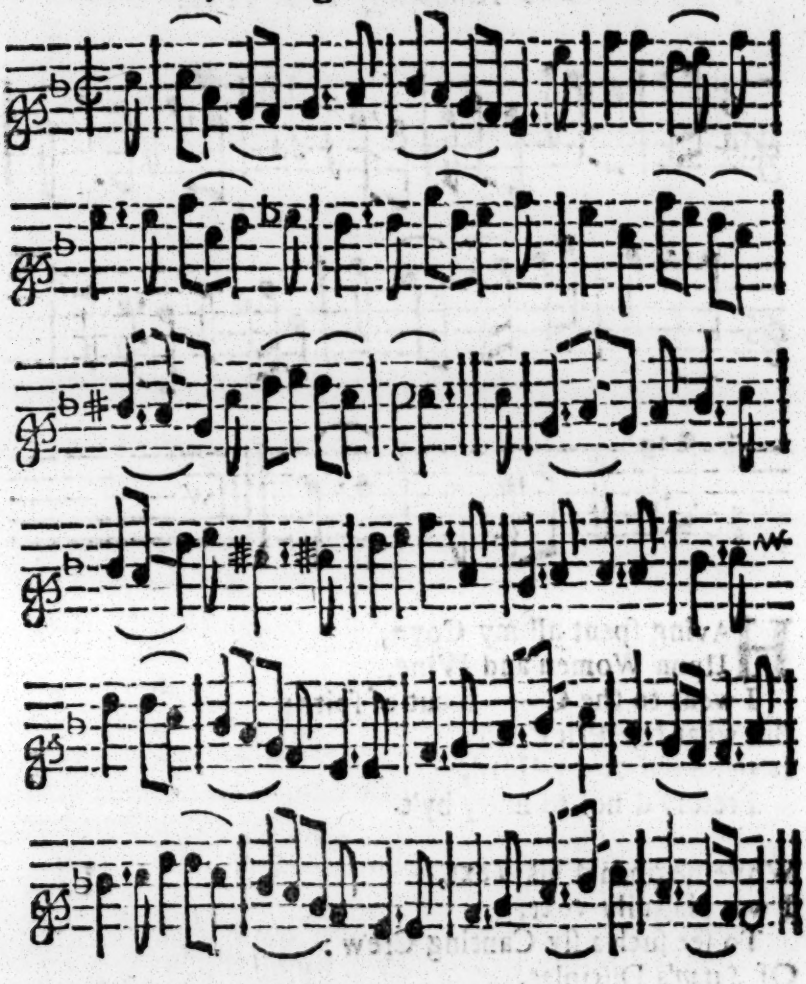




THo' I love and ſhe knows it ſhe cares not,
She regards not my paſſion at all;
But to tell me ſhe hates me ſhe ſpares not,
As often as on her I call:
'Tis her pleaſure to ſee me in pain,
'Tis her pain to grant my deſire;
Then if ever I love her again,
May I never, never, never, never, may I never, be free from love's fire.

Mirtillo
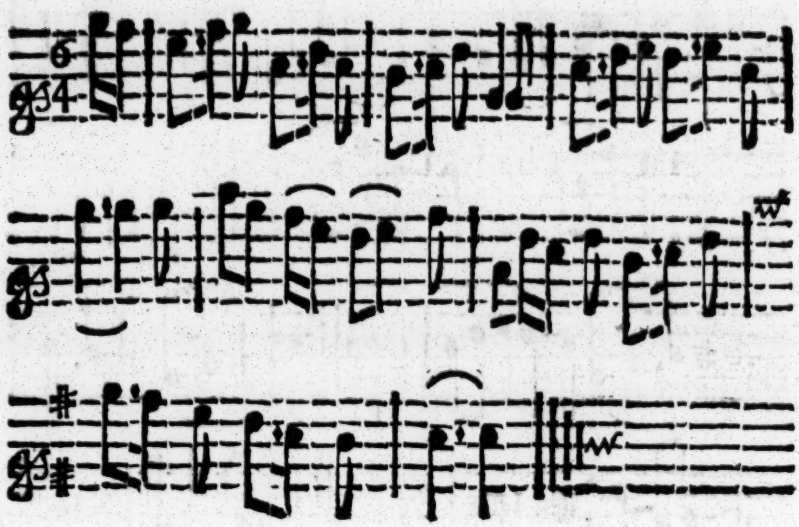
Mirtillo, *A Song Set by Mr.* Tho. Clark.



Mirtillo whilſt you patch your Face,
By nature form'd ſo fair;
We know each ſpot conceals a Grace,
And wiſh, and wiſh to ſee it bare;
But ſince our wiſh you've gratifi'd,
We find, we find, 'twas raſhly made,
And that thoſe ſpots were but to hide, to hide,
Exceſs of luſtre lay'd:
And that thoſe ſports were but to hide, to hide,
Exceſs of luſtre Lay'd.

The

The Rambling RAKE.



HAving ſpent all my Coyn,
Upon Women and Wine,
I went to the C——h out of ſpite;
But what the Prieſt ſaid,
Is quite out of my Head,
I reſolv'd not to Edify by't.

While he open'd his Text,
I was plaguily vext,
To ſee ſuch a ſly Canting Crew:
Of *Satan*'s Diſciples,
With P——r Books and B——s,
Enough to have made a Man Spew.

All the Women I view'd,
Both Religious and Lewd,
From the Sable Top-knots to the Scarlets;
But a Wager I'll Lay,
That at a full Play,
The Houſe does not ſwarm ſo with Harlots,

Lady

Lady F——— there ſits,
Almoſt out of her Wits,
'Twixt Luſt and Devotion debating;
She's as Vitious as Fair,
And has more Buſineſs there,
Than to hear Mr. *Tickle-text*'s prating.

Madam *L——l* ſaw,
With her Daughters-in-law,
Whom ſhe offers to ſale ev'ry Sunday;
In the midſt of her prayers,
She'll negotiate affairs,
And make aſſignations for Monday.

Next a Lady much Fam'd,
Therefore muſt not be nam'd,
'Cauſe She'll give you no trouble in Teaching;
She has a very fine Book,
But does ne'er in it look,
Nor reguard either Praying or Preaching.

There's a *Baronet*'s Daughter,
Her own Mother taught her,
By Precept and Practical Notion;
That to wear Gawdy Cloaths,
And to Ogle the Beaus,
Was at Church two ſure ſigns of Devotion.
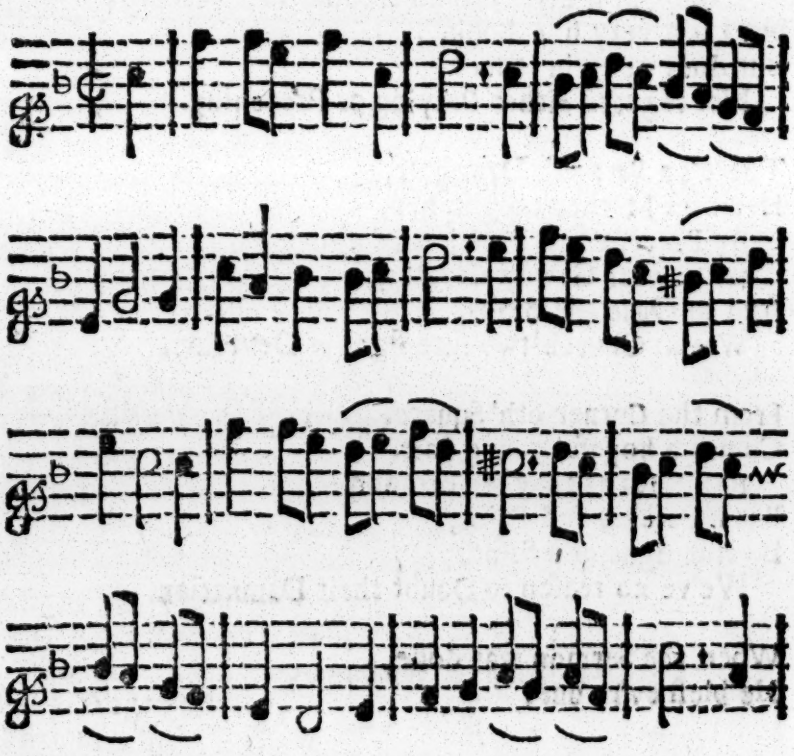
From the Corner oth' Square,
Comes a hopeful young Pair,
Religious as they ſee occaſion:
But if Patches and Paint,
Be true ſigns of a Saint,
We've no reaſon to Doubt their Damnation.
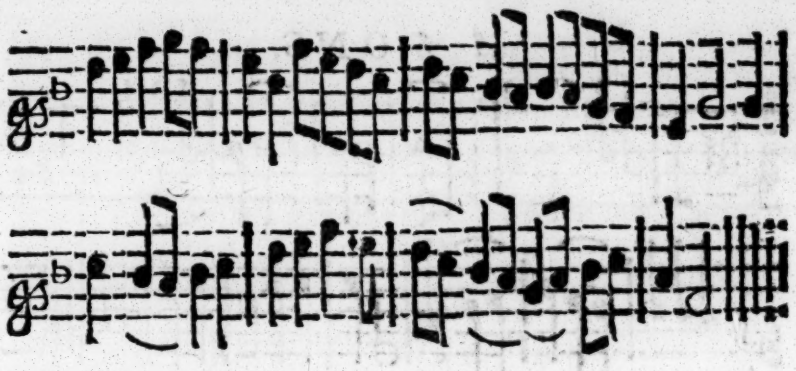
When the Sermon was done,
He bleſt ev'ry one,

And they like good Chriſtians retir'd;
Tho' they view'd ev'ry face,
Each Head and each Dreſs,
Yet each one her ſelf moſt admir'd.

I had view'd all the reſt,
But the Parſon had bleſt,
With his Benediction the People;
So I ran to the Crown,
Leaſt the Church ſhould fall down,
And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

The Airy Old Woman.
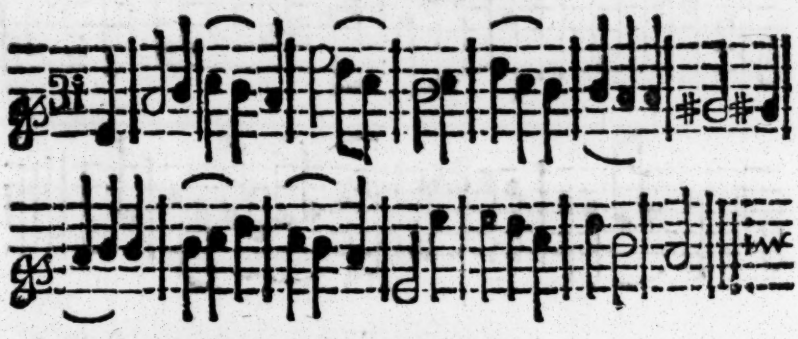




YOu gueſs by my wither'd Face,
And Eyes no longer Shining;
That I can't Dance with a Grace,
Nor keep my pipes from whining:
Yet I am ſtill Gay and Bold,
To be otherwiſe were a Folly;
Methinks my blood is grown Cold,
I'll warm it then thus and be Jolly:
jolly, jolly, jolly jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, &c.
Methinks my blood is grown Cold,
grown cold, grown cold, grown cold, &c.
I'll warm it then thus and be jolly.

I find by the ſlighting Beau's,
That Nature is Declining;
Yet will I not knit my Brows,
Nor end my Days in pining:
Let other Dames Fret and Scold,
As they paſs to the Stygian Ferry;
You ſee though I am grown Old,
My Temper is youthful and Merry:
Merry, merry, merry, merry, &c.
You ſee though I am grown Old,
grown old, grown old, grown old, &c.
My Temper is Youthful and Merry.

A SONG.



ALL joy to Mortals joy and Mirth,
Eternal Io's ſing;
The Gods of Love deſcend to earth,
Their Darts have loſt their Sting.

The youth ſhall now complain no more,
On *Silvia*'s needleſs Scorn,
But ſhe ſhall Love if he adore,
And melt when he ſhall burn.
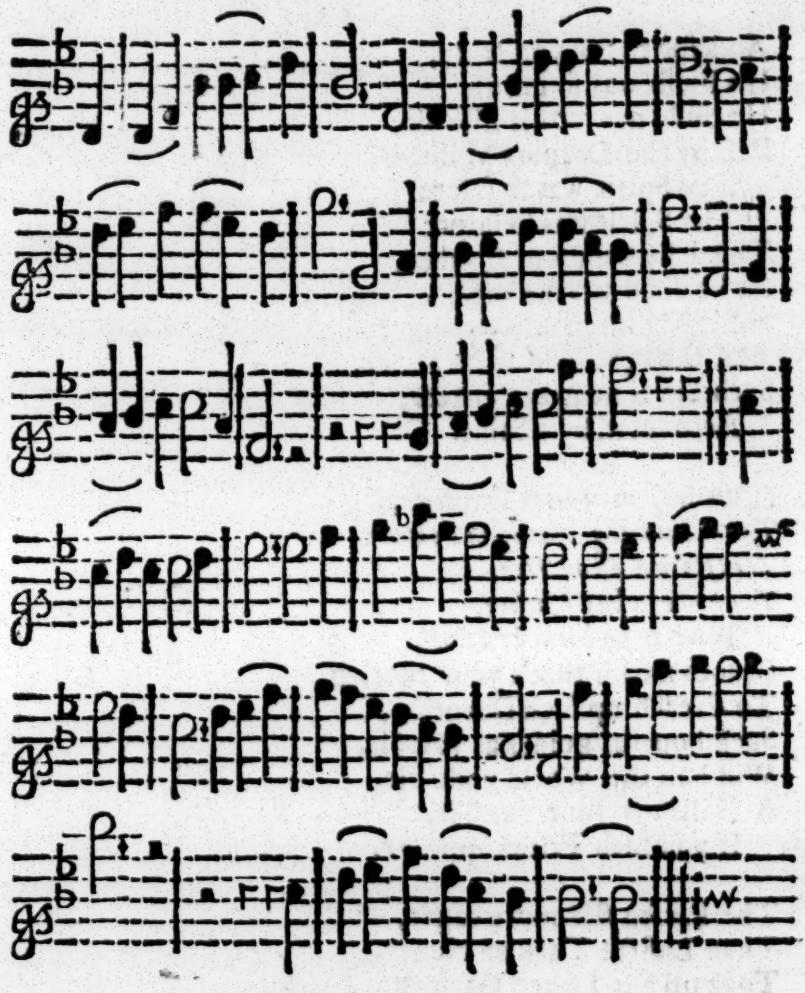
The Nymph no longer ſhall be ſhy,
But leave the Jilting Road;
And *Daphne* now no more ſhall Fly,
The wounded Painted God.

But all ſhall be Serene and Fair,
No ſad complaints of Love;
Shall fill the gentle whiſpering Air,
No Ecchoing ſighs the Grove.

Beneath the ſhades young *Strephon* lies,
Of all his wiſh poſſeſs'd;
Gazing on *Sylvia*'s charming Eyes,
Whoſe Soul is there confeſs'd.

All ſoft and ſweet the Maid appears,
With looks that know no Art;
And though ſhe yields with Trembling Fears,
She yields with all her heart.

The Saint turn'd Sinner: Or the Diſſenting Parſon's Text under the Quaker's *Petticoats.*



YOu Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I ſhall declare Sir,
Before you are aware Sir,
The matter very plain,
The matter very plain;
A Goſpel Cuſhion Thumper,
Who Dearly lov'd a Bumper.

And

And ſomething elſe beſide Sir,
If he is not bely'd Sir,
This was a holy Guid Sir,
For the Diſſenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Fleſh was ſo unruly
He could not for his Life Sir,
Paſs by the Drapers Wife Sir,
The Spirit was ſo faint:
The Spirit was ſo faint:
This jolly handſom Quaker,
As he did overtake her,
She made his mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her,
Such Sin is no great matter,
Accounted by a Saint.

(Says he) *my pretty Creature,*
Your Charming Handſom Feature,
Has ſet me all on Fire,
You know what I deſire,
There is no harm in Love,
(Quoth ſhe) if that's your Notion,
To Preach up ſuch Devotion,
Such hopeful guides as you Sir,
Will half the World undo Sir,
A Halter is your due Sir,
If you ſuch Tricks approve.
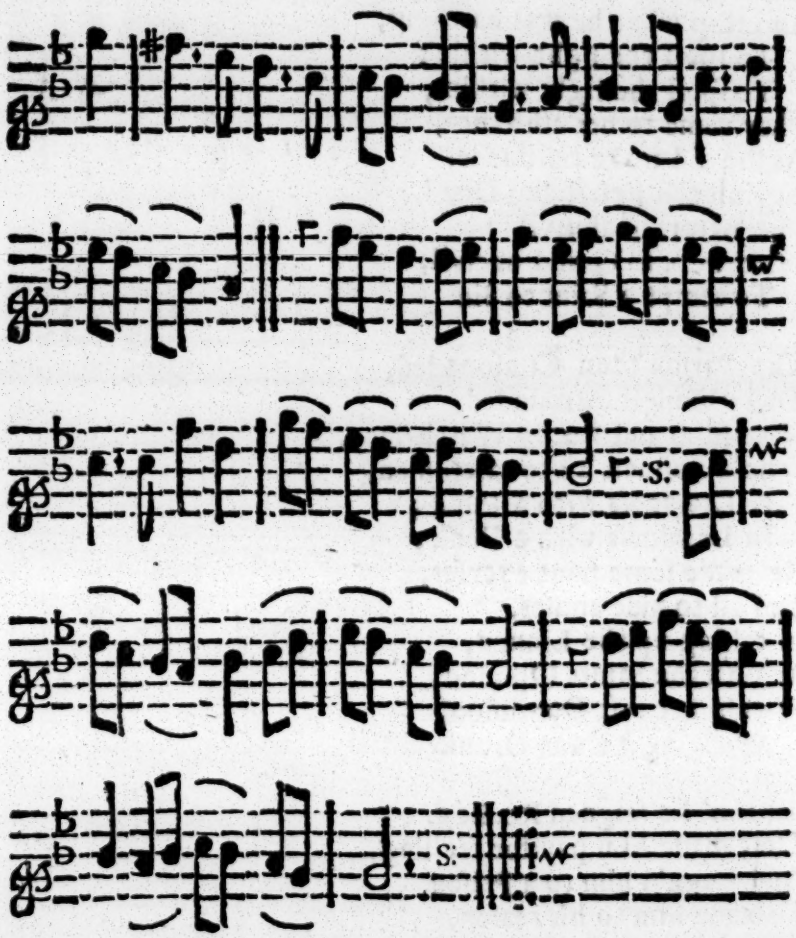
The Parſon ſtill more eager,
Than Luſtful Turk or Neger,
Took up her Lower Garment,
And ſaid there was no harm in't,
According to the Text;
For *Solomon* more wiſer,
Than any dull adviſer,
Had many Hundred Miſſes,
To crown his Royal Wiſhes,
And why ſhou'd ſuch as this is,
Make you ſo ſadly vext.

The frighted Female Quaker,
Perceiv'd what he would make her,
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And ſtop what he was hatching,
To ſpoil the light within;
To ſpoil the light within;
They came to her aſſiſtance,
As ſhe did make reſiſtance,
Againſt the Prieſt and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were ſo Grand uncivil,
To tempt a Saint to Sin.

The Parſon then Confounded,
To ſee himſelf ſurrounded,
With Mob and ſturdy Watch-men,
Whoſe Buſineſs 'tis to catch men,
In Lewdneſs with a Punk;
In Lewdneſs with a Punk;
He made ſome faint excuſes,
And all to hide abuſes,
In taking up the Linnen,
Againſt the Saints Opinion,
Within her ſoft Dominion,
Alledging he was Drunk.
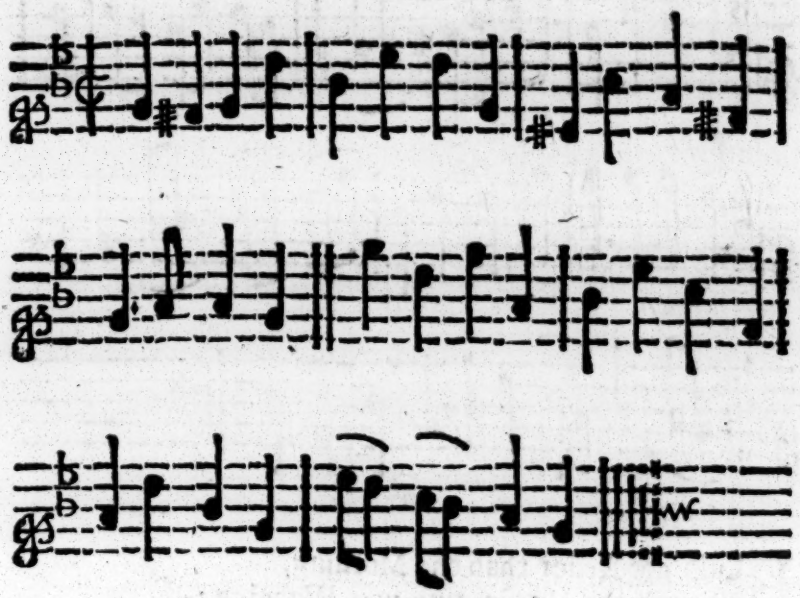
But tho' he feigned Reeling,
They made him pay for feelling,
And Lugg'd him to a Priſon,
To bring him to his reaſon,
Which he had loſt before;
Which he had loſt before;
And thus we ſee how Preachers,
That ſhould be Goſpel-Teachers,
How they are ſtrangely blinded,
And are ſo Fleſhly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To Lie with any Whore,

A SONG Set by Mr. Anthony Young.



I Try'd in Parks and Plays to find,
An object to appeaſe my Mind;
But ſtill in vain it does appear,
Since Fair *Hyrtuilia* is not there:
In vain alaſs I hope for Eaſe,
Since none but She alone can pleaſe.
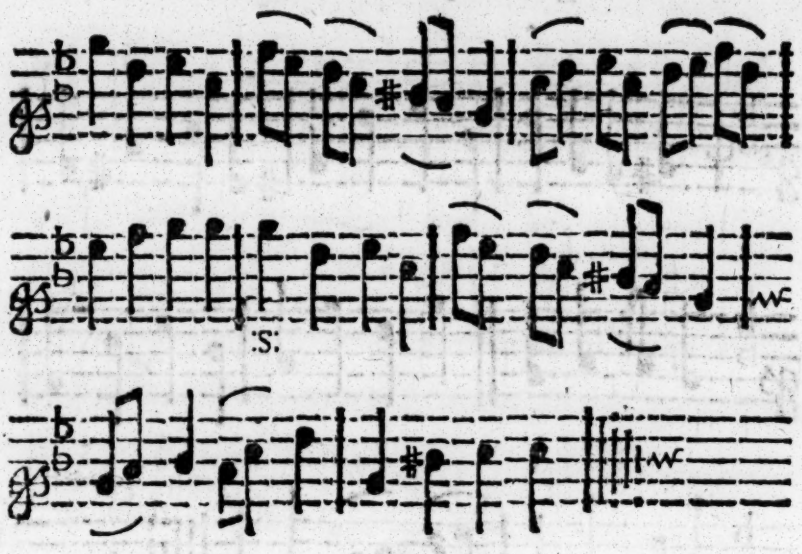
A Song Sett by Mr. H. Purcell.



Phillis, I can ne'er forgive it,
Nor I think ſhall e'er out-live it;
Thus to treat me ſo ſeverely,
Who have always lov'd ſincerely.

Damon, you ſo fondly cheriſh,
Whilſt poor I, alas! may periſh;
I that love which he did never,
Me you ſlight, and him you favour.

A SONG.
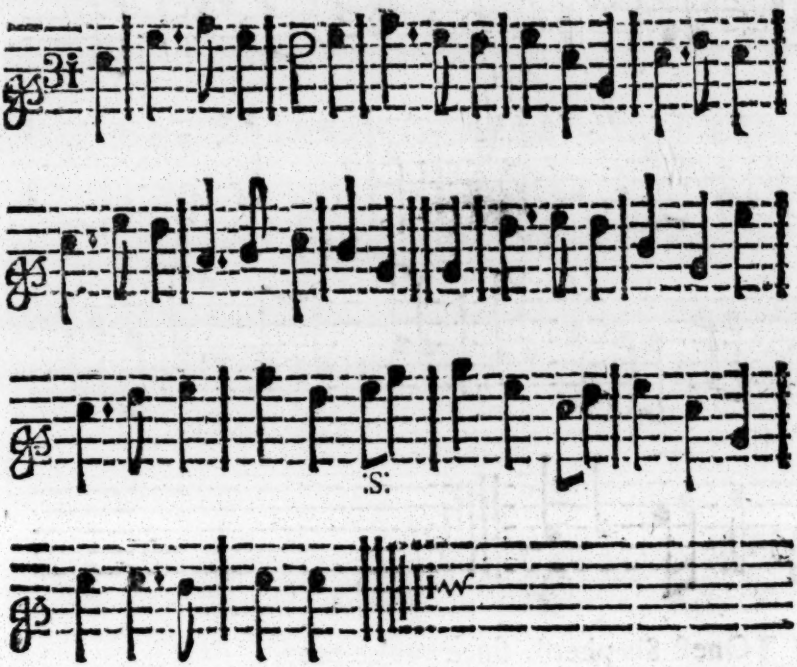


BLuſh not Reder than the Morning,
Though the Virgin give you Warning:
Sigh not at the chance befel you,
Though they ſmile and dare not tell you.
Sigh not at &c.

Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
Bill and Murmur in their Wooing;
Thus like you they ſtart and Tremble,
And their troubled Joys diſſemble.
Thus like you &c.

Graſp the Pleaſure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauty's now a blooming;
Leſt old Time our Joy- ſhould ſever,
Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever.
Leſt old Time, &c.
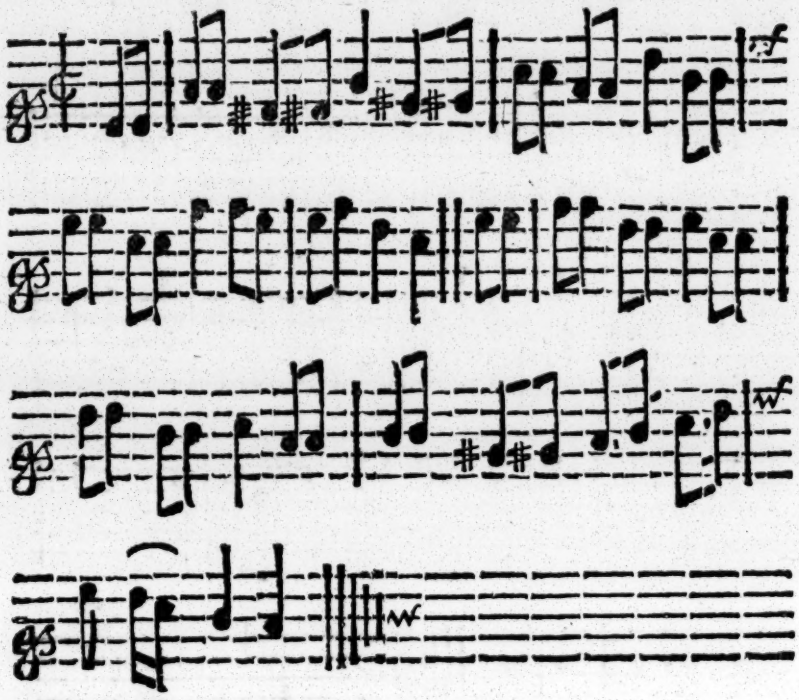
A SONG. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



LOve's Pow'r in my Heart, ſhall find no compliance,
I'll ſtand to my Guard and bid open defiance:
To Arms, I will muſter my Reaſon and Senſes,
Tarara ra, Tarara ra, a War now commences.

Keep, keep, a ſtrict Watch, and obſerve ev'ry motion,
Your Care to his Cunning exactly proportion;
Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,
Victoria! Victoria! the Battle is over.
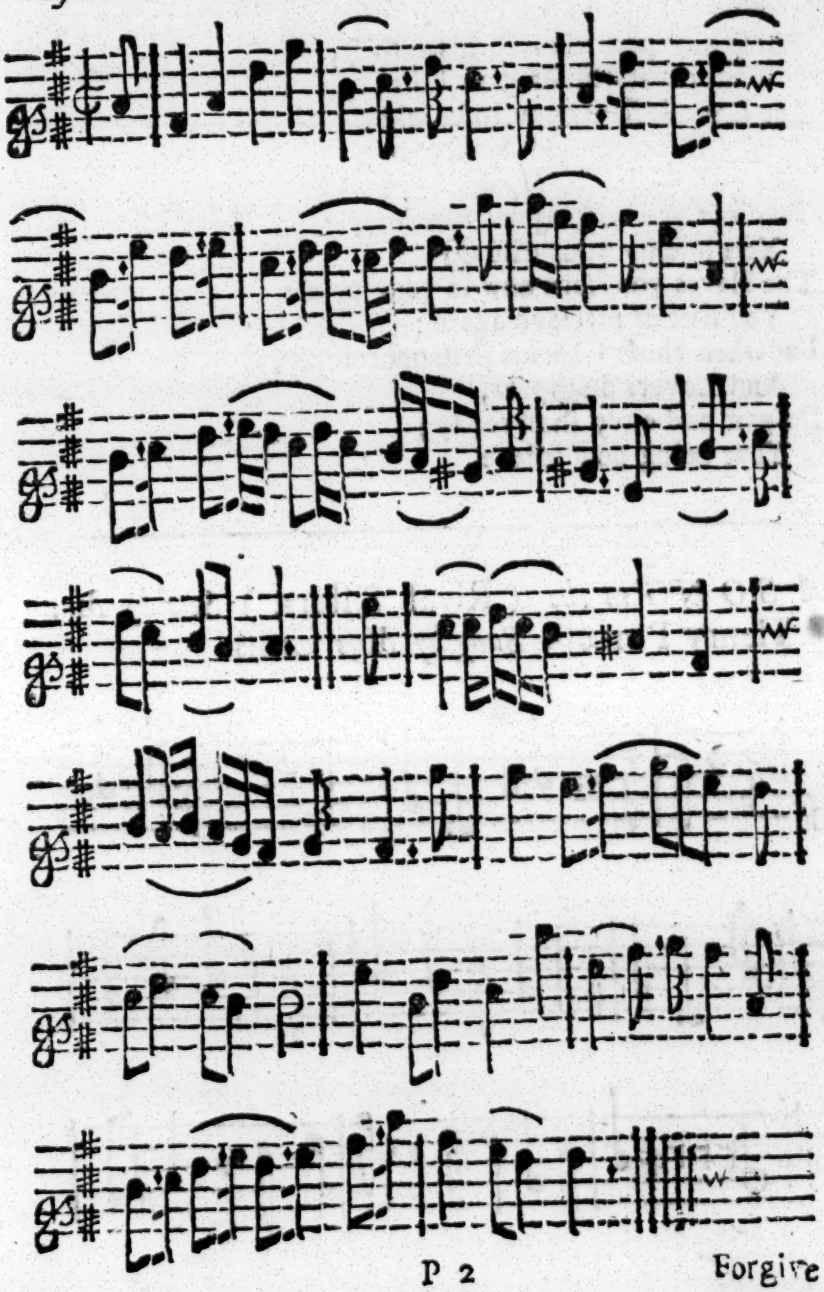
A SONG, Sett by Mr. James Hart.



HOneſt Shepherd, ſince you're poor,
Think of loving me no more,
Take advice, in time,
Give o'er your Solicitations:
Nature does in vain diſpence,
To your Vertue, Courage, Senſe,
Wealth can only influence,
A Woman's Inclinations.

What fond Nymph can e'er be kind,
To a Swain but rich in Mind,
If as well ſhe does not find
Gold within his Coffers?
Gold alone does Scorn remove,
Gold alone incites to Love,
Gold can moſt perſwaſive prove,
And make the faireſt Offers.
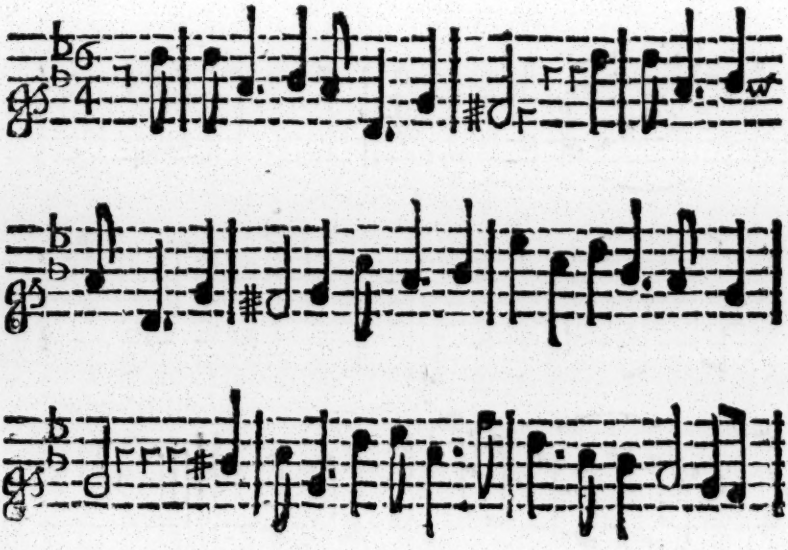
A SONG, *the Words by Captain* Danvers, *Sett by Mr.* T. Willis.
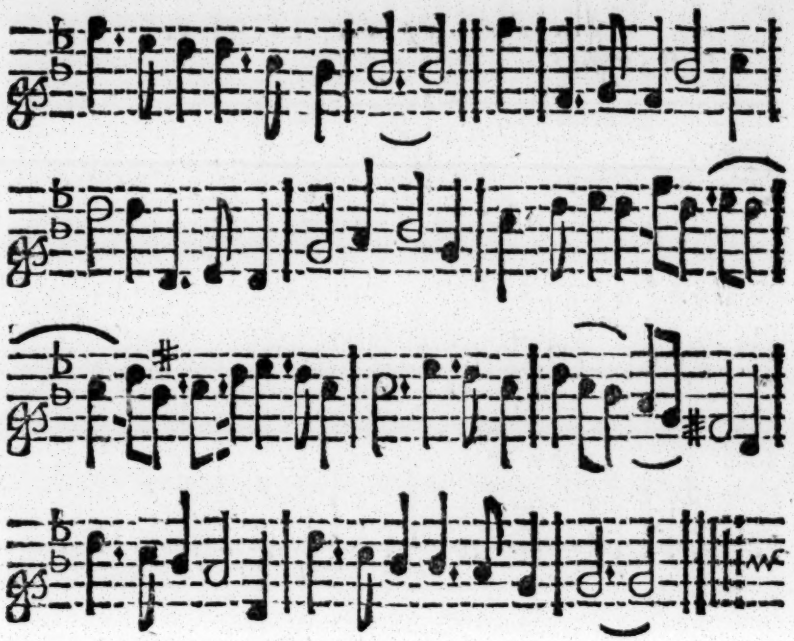


FOrgive me *Cloe* if I dare,
Your Conduct diſapprove:
The Gods have made you wond'rous Fair,
Not to Diſdain but Love:
Thoſe nice pernicious forms deſpiſe,
That cheat you of your bliſs;
Let Love inſtruct you to be wiſe,
Whilſt Youth and Beauty is.

Too late you will repent the time,
You loſe by your diſdain;
The Slaves you ſcorn now in your prime,
You'll ne'er retrieve again:
But when thoſe Charms ſhall once decay,
And Lovers diſappear,
Deſpair and envy ſhall repay;
Your being now ſevere.

A SONG in the (Rival Siſters,) *Sett by Mr.* Henry Purcell, *Sung by Miſs* Croſs.
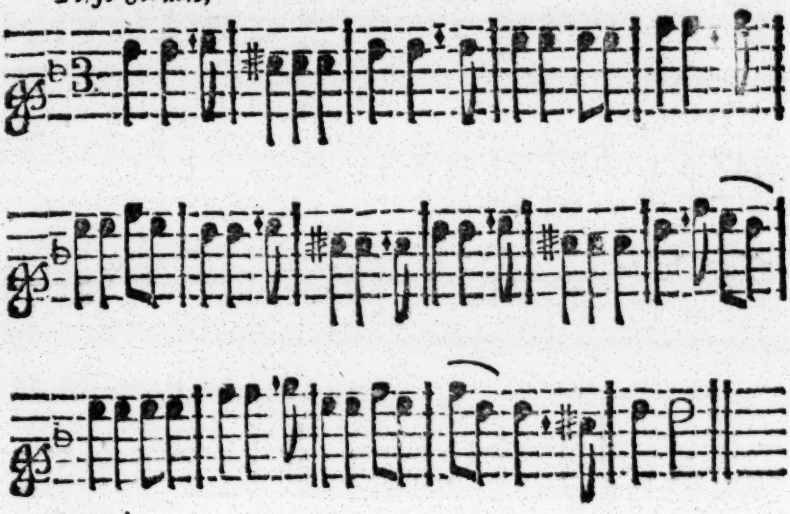




HOw happy, how happy is ſhe,
How happy, how happy is ſhe,
That early, that early her Paſſion begins;
And willing, and willing with Love to agree,
Does not ſtay till ſhe comes to her Teens;
Then, then ſhe's all pure and chaſt,
Then, then ſhe's all pure and chaſt;
Like Angels her ſmiles to be priz'd,
Pleaſure is ſeen Cherub Fac'd,
And Nature appears, and Nature appears undiſguis'd.
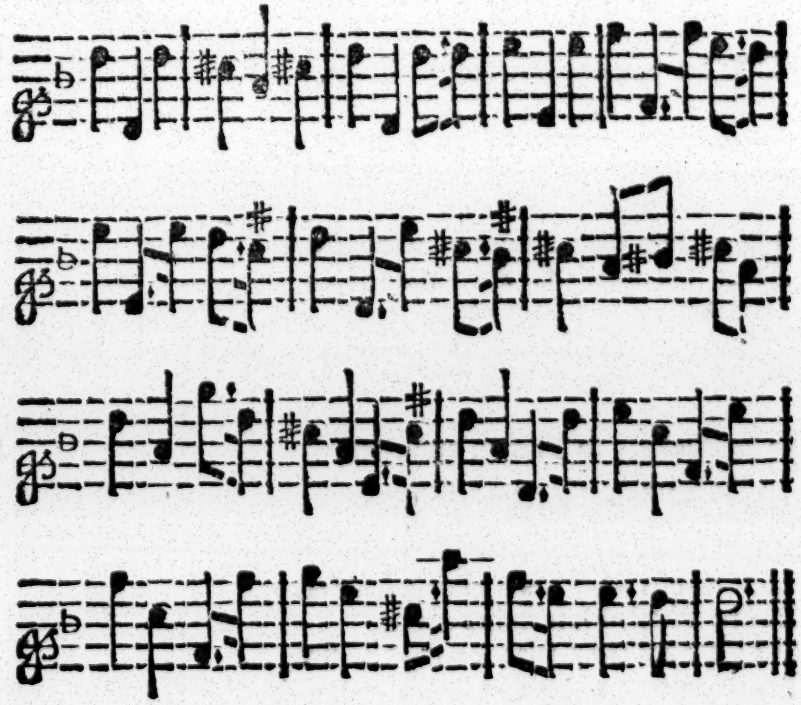
From Twenty to Thirty, and then,
Set up for a Lover in vain,
By that time we ſtudy how Men,
May be wrack'd with neglect and diſdain:
Love dwells where we meet with deſire,
Deſire which Nature has given,
She's a Fool then that feeling the fire,
Begins not to warm at Eleven.

The Kings Health. Sett to Farinel's *Grounds. In Six Parts by Mr.* D'Urfey.
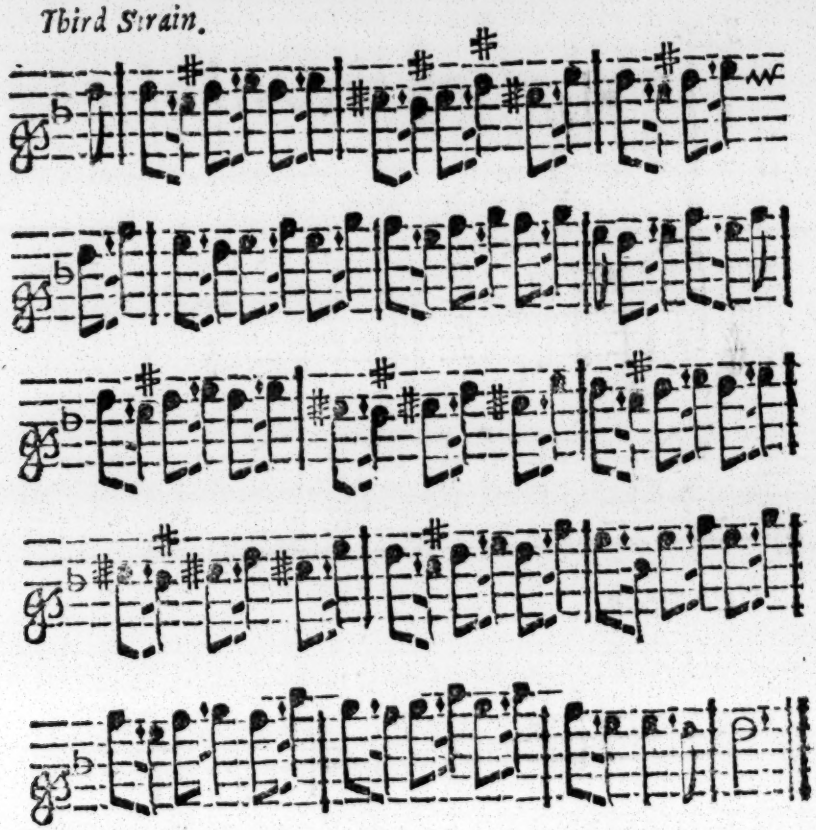
First Strain.
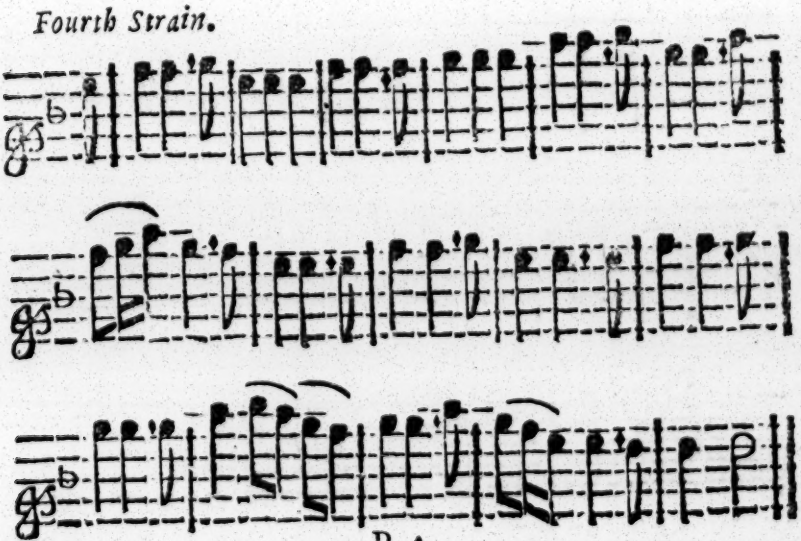


Second.
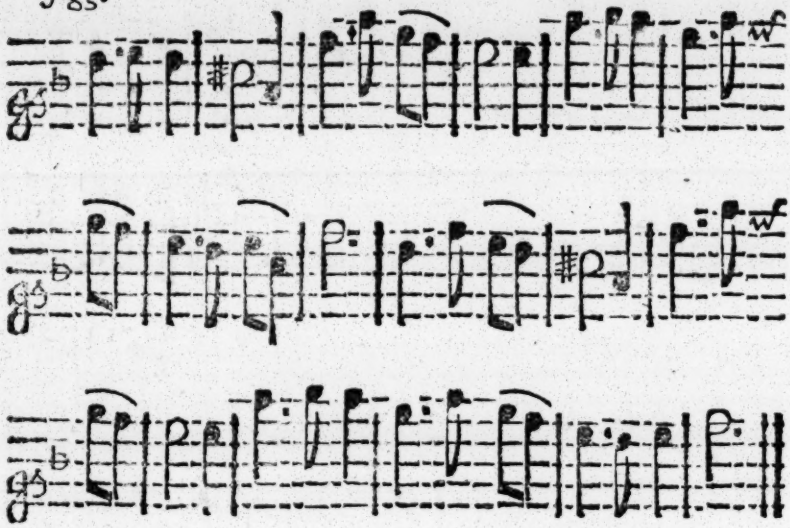


Third Strain.
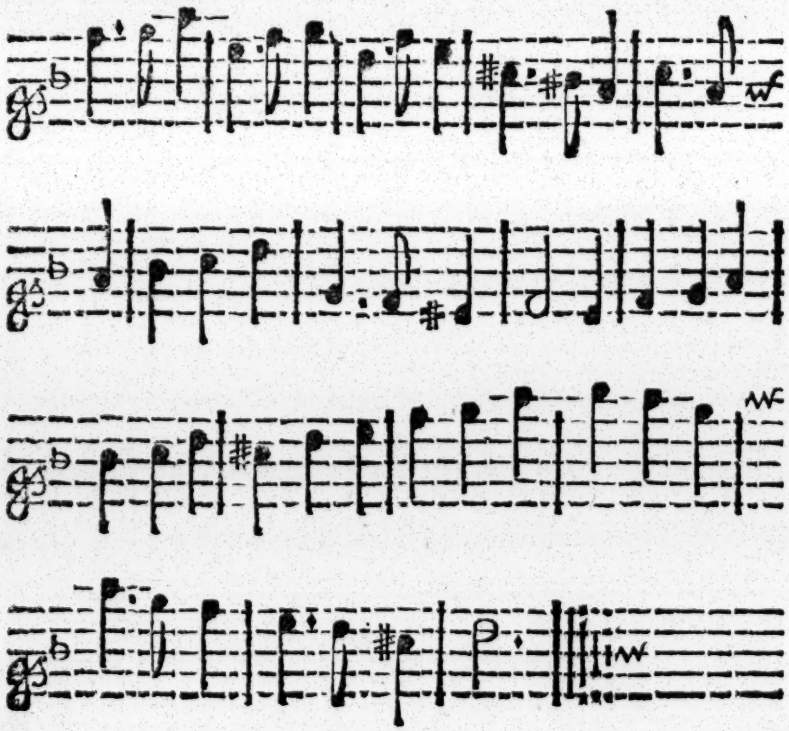


Fourth Strain.



Jigg.



Sixth Strain.



The First Strain.

JOY to Great *Cæsar*,
Long Life, Love and Pleasure;
'Tis a Health that Divine is,
Fill the Bowl high as mine is;
Let none fear a Feaver,
But take it off thus Boys;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

The Second Strain.

Try all the Loyal,
Defy all,
Give denyal;
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,
Nor any *Prig* here,
Or Sneaking *Whig* here,
Of Cripple *Tony*'s Crew,
That now looks blew,
His Heart akes too,
The *Tap* won't do,
His Zeal so true,
And Projects new,
Ill Fate does now pursue.

The Third Strain.

Let *Tories* Guard the King,
Let *Whigs* in Halters swing;
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,
Let Bugg'ring *Oats* be damn'd;
Let Cheating *Player* be Nick'd,
The turn-coat Scribe be Kick'd;
Let Rebel *City* Dons,
Ne'er beget their Sons;

Let ev'ry *Wiggiſh* Peer,
That Rapes a Lady fair,
And leaves his only Dear,
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,
Be puniſh'd out of hand,
And forc'd to pawn his Land,
T' attone the grand Affair.

The Fourth Strain.

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,
Spares thoſe would Un-King Him;
And warms with his *Graces*,
The *Vipers* that ſting Him:
Till Crown'd with juſt Anger,
The Rebels he Seizes;
Thus Heaven can thunder,
When ever it pleaſes.

Figg.
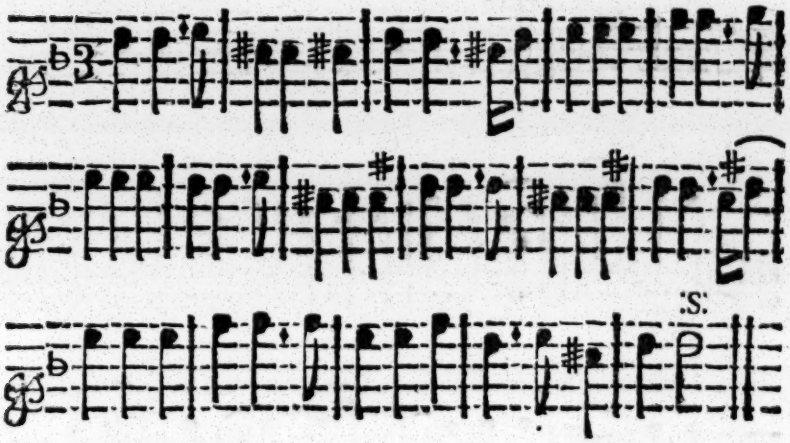
Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glaſs,
The Son of our *Matyr*, belov'd of the *King*:
Envy'd and Lov'd,
Yet bleſt from above,
Secur'd by an Angel ſafe under his Wing.

The Sixth Strain.
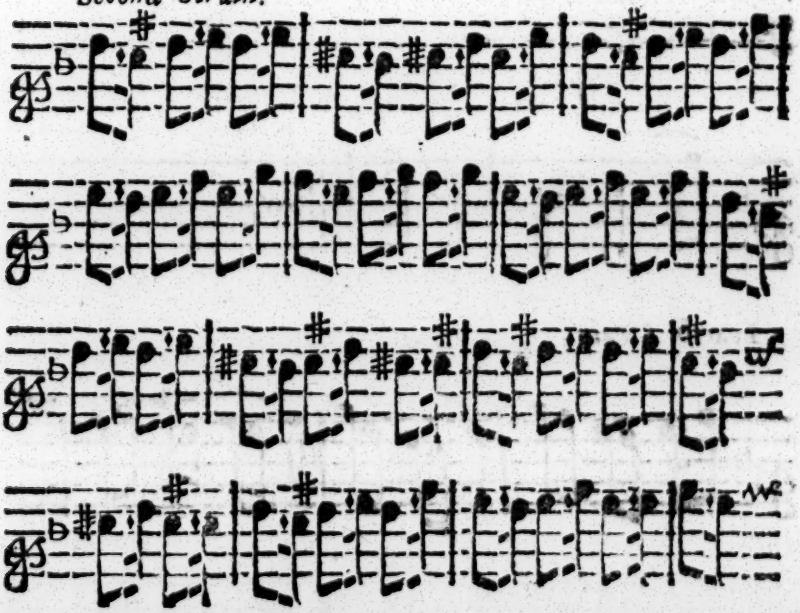
Faction and Folly,
And State Melancholy,
With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever ſhall dwell;
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
Then teach us our Duty,
For none e'er can Love, or be Wiſe and Rebel.

A Royal Ode *by Mr.* D'Urfey; *Congratulating the Happy Acceſſion to the Crown, and Coronation of our moſt Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen* ANNE. *The Words in Imitation of the foregoing Song, and fitted to ſome Strains of the ſame Ground.*

Firſt Strain.
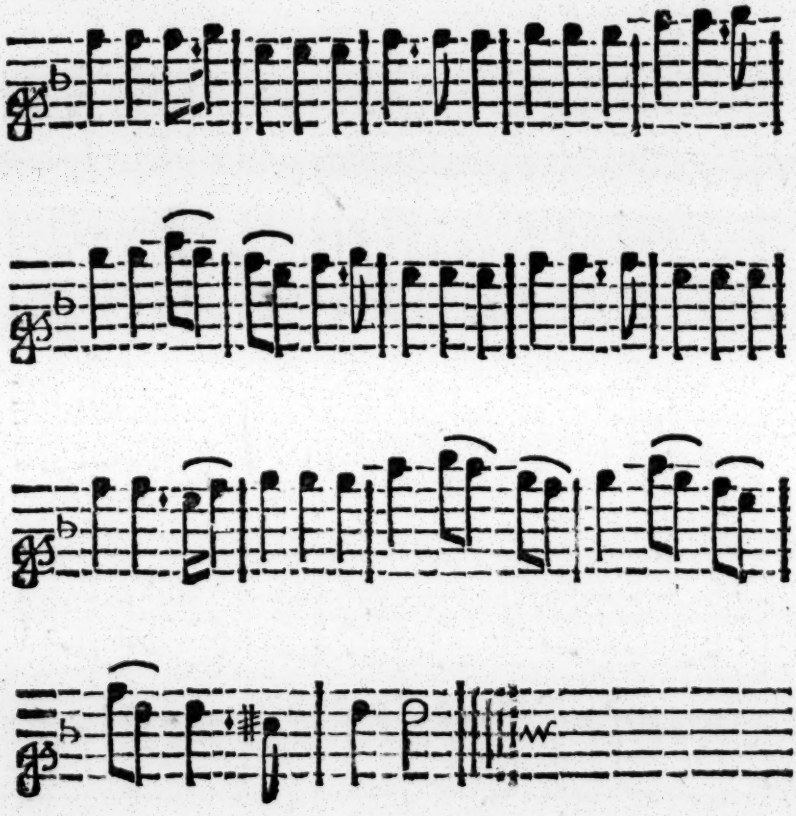


Second Strain.
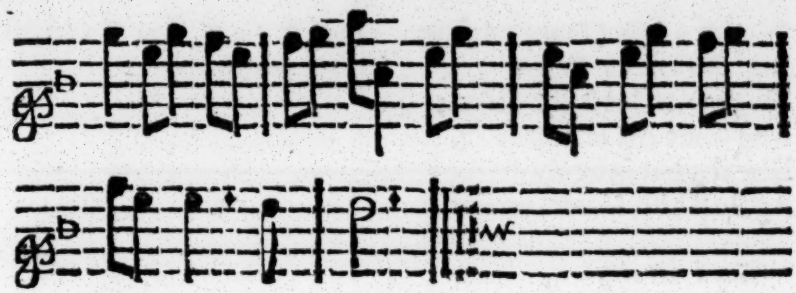




Third Strain.



Fourth Strain.





Firſt Strain.

Mars now is Arming,
The War comes on Storming;
All *Europe* is viewing,
What *England* is doing;
The flighted (1) Memorial,
In *France* and th' *Eſcurial*,
Has balk'd (2) Gallick *Nero*,
And *Porto* (3) *Carero*;
Brittains ceaſe weeping,
For (4) *Pan* that lyes ſleeping;
Tho' *Jove* us denies him,
Yet (5) *Pallas* ſupplyes him.
Then Sing out yet Muſes,
What *Peœbus* infuſes;
Divine is the occaſion,
Queen *Anne*'s Coronation.

(1) *The* French *Memorial.*
(2) *The* French *K.*
(3) *The new K. of* Spain's *chief Miniſter.*
(4) *King* William.
(5) *Queen* Anne.

Second Strain.

Pair your hearts and joyn,
For now the rightful Line;
Has left you no Excuſe,
For Jarring or abuſe;
The thought of Right and Wrong,
That plagu'd ye all ſo long;
No more be now let in,
To raiſe the *Senates* Spleen;

Not

Nor ſimple Fewds let grow,
'Twixt High Church and the Low;
But all reſolve to go,
To One at leaſt for ſhow;
And then made happy ſo,
Direct your Angers blow,
Againſt the Common Foe.

Third Strain.

Divine *Gloriana*,
Now Rules the Glad Nation;
Mild Prudent and Pious,
Without Affectation;
Sence Juſtice and Pity,
Her life ſtill renewing;
And Queen of all hearts,
E'er the Pageant of Crowning:

Fourth Strain.
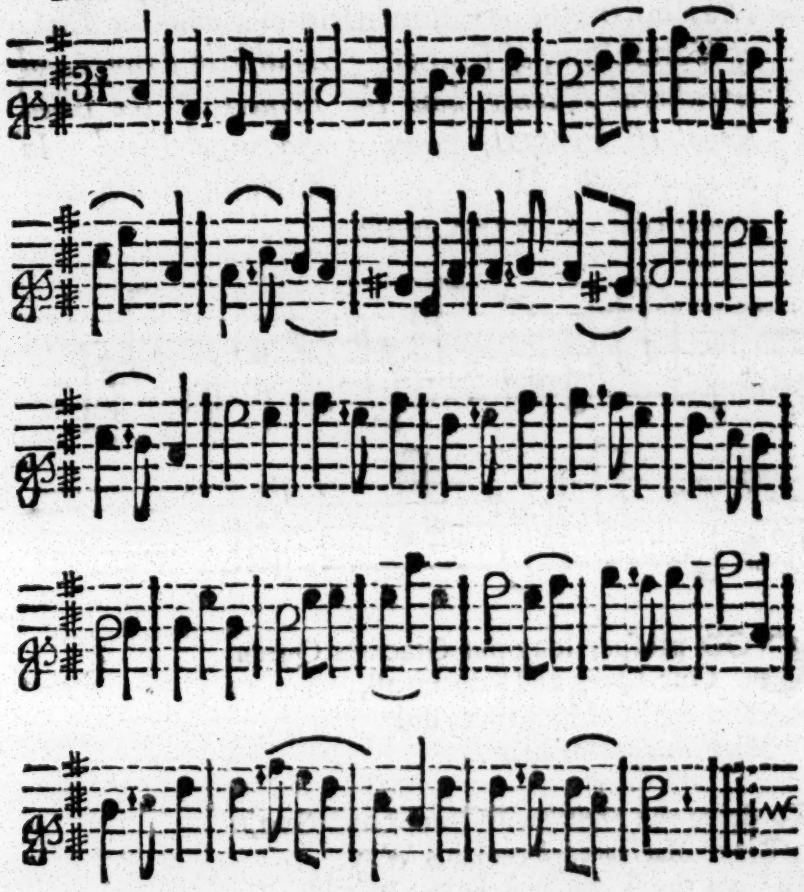
All the Radiant court of Heaven have bleſt Her,
Bright *Aſtrea* leaves the Sky to aſſiſt Her;
Whilſt on her from all,
Revolves the Sacred praiſe,
Of fam'd *Eliza*'s Days.

Sing then ye Muſes,
What Phœbus *infuſes*;
Divine is the Occaſion,
Queen Anne's *Coronation.*

This Cho. may be ſung to the Ground-Baſs.

The

The Duke of Marlboroughs Health. *Sett by Mr.* R. Cox.



COme, here's a good Health, the Duke I do mean,
That bravely Fought, that bravely Fought for his Nation and Queen;
May his Fate ſtill be,
That Conquer ſhall he,
Till the Nation with Peace it be Crown'd;
Come Lads never think,
But his Health let's Drink,
And Sing his Great Praiſe, and Sing his Great Praiſe whilſt Bumpers paſs Round.

A Happy Memorable Ballad,

On the Fight near Audenarde, *between the Duke of* Marlborough, *of* Great-Britain; *and the Duke of* Vendoſme, *of* France. *As alſo the ſtrange and wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of* France, *were found in a Wood. In alluſion to the* Unhappy Memorable Song *commonly call'd* Chevy-Chace.



GOD proſper long our Gracious Queen,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Fight of late there did
Near *Audenarde* befal.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,
Brave *Marlborough* took his Way,
Ah! wo the Time that *France* beheld
The Fighting of that Day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had ſwore
Vendoſme ſhou'd pay full dear
For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame
Should reach his Maſter's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thouſand bold,
And choſen Men of Might,
He with the *French* began to wage
A ſharp and bloody Fight.

The

The Gallant *Britains* ſwiftly ran
The *French* away to chaſe,
On *Wedneſday* they began to fight,
When Day-light did decreaſe.

And long before high-Night, they had
Ten thouſand *Frenchmen* ſlain,
And all the Rivers Crimſon flow'd,
As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods purſu'd,
The nible *French* to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
And every Tree did ſhake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
In Hopes *Vendoſme* to meet.
When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*
Fell at his Grace's Feet:

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
Into that Wood to ſhoot;
If ever pity mov'd your Grace,
But turn your Eyes and look;

See where the Royal Line of *France*,
Great *Lewis*'s Heirs do lie;
And ſure a Sight more piteous was
Ne'er ſeen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but muſt relent,
Like wax before the Sun,
To ſee their Glory at an end,
E'er yet it was begun.

When as our General found your Grace
Wou'd needs begin to fight,
As thinking it wou'd pleaſe the Boys,
To ſee ſo fine a Sight.

He ſtraightway ſent them to the Top
Of yonder Church's Spire,
Where they might ſee and yet be ſafe
From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But firſt he took them by the Hand,
And kiſs'd them e'er they went,
Whilſt Tears ſtood in their little Eyes,
As if they knew th' Event.

Then ſaid, he would with Speed return,
Soon as the Fight was done,
But when he ſaw his Men give Ground,
Away he baſely run,

And left theſe Children all alone,
As Babes wanting Relief,
And long they wandred up and down,
No Hopes to chear their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walked, till
At laſt this Wood they ſpy'd,
And when they ſaw the Night grow dark,
They here lay down and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
His Breaſt ſoft Pity beat,
And ſo he ſtraightway ordered
His Men for to retreat.
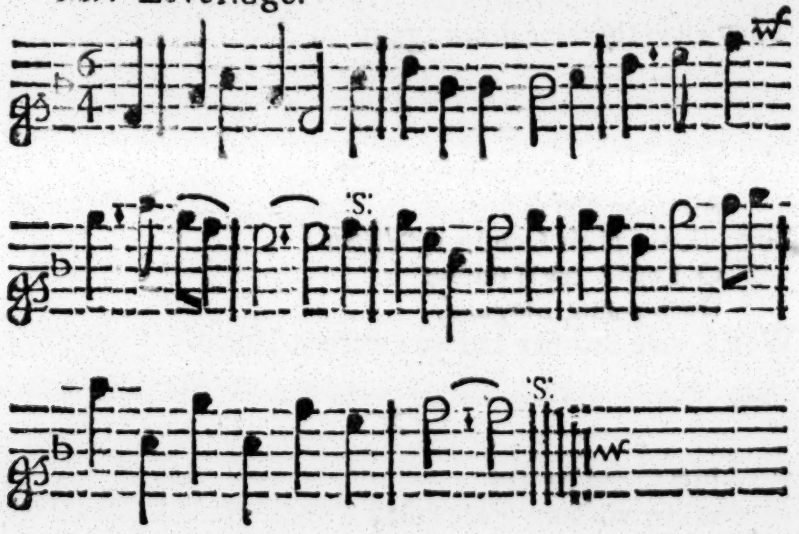
And now but that my Pen is blunt,
I might with eaſe relate,
How Fifteen Thouſand *French* were took,
Beſides what found their Fate.

Nor ſhou'd the Prince of *Hannover*
In Silence be forgot,
Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,
After his Horſe was ſhot.

And what ſtrange Chance likewiſe befel,
Unto theſe Children dear,
But that your Patience is too much
Already tir'd, I fear;

And ſo God bleſs the Queen and Duke,
And ſend a laſting Peace,
That Wars and foul Debare henceforth
In all the World may ceaſe.

Another Ballad on the Battle of Audenarde. *Sett by Mr.* Leveridge.



1

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll Sing you a Song if I can;
How *Lewis le Grand*,
Was put to a Stand,
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

How

2

How his Army ſo great
Had a total Defeat,
Not far from the River of *Dender*:
Where his Grand-Children twain,
For fear of being Slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popiſh Pretender.

3

To a Steeple on High
The Battle to Spy,
Up Mounted theſe clever young Men;
And when from the Spire
They ſaw ſo much Fire
They cleverly came down again.

4

Then a Horſe-back they got
All upon the ſame ſpot,
By advice of their Couſin *Vendoſme*
O Lord! cry'd out he
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

5

Juſt ſo did he ſay
When without more delay
A way the young Gentry fled;
Whoſe heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
But their Hearts were more heavy then lead.

6

Not ſo did behave
The young *Hannover* brave

In

In this Bloody field I aſſure ye;
When his War Horſe was Shot
Yet he matter'd it not,
But charg'd ſtill on foot like a Fury.

7

When Death flew about
Aloud he call'd out
Ho! you Chavalier of St. *George*;
If you'll never ſtand
By Sea nor by Land
Pretender, that Title you forge.

8

Thus boldly he ſtood
As became that high blood,
Which runs in his Veins ſo blue;
This Gallant Young Man
Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,
Fought, as were ſhe a Man, ſhe wou'd do.

9

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas laſt year)
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;
When by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the Puts in
To looſe all they are worth this Campaign.

10

Tho *Bruges* and *Ghent*,
To the Mounſieur we lent,
With Intereſt he ſoon ſhall Re-pay 'em;
While *Paris* may Sing
With her Sorrowful King
De Profundis, inſtead of *Te Deum*.

From

11

From their Dream of Succeſs,
They'll awaken we gueſs
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough*'s Drums,
They may think if they will
Of *Almanza* ſtill,
But 'tis *Blenheim* where ever he comes.

12

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What General's next?
Thou haſt hitherto chang'd 'em in vain:
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new ones are found,
He ſhall beat the old over again.
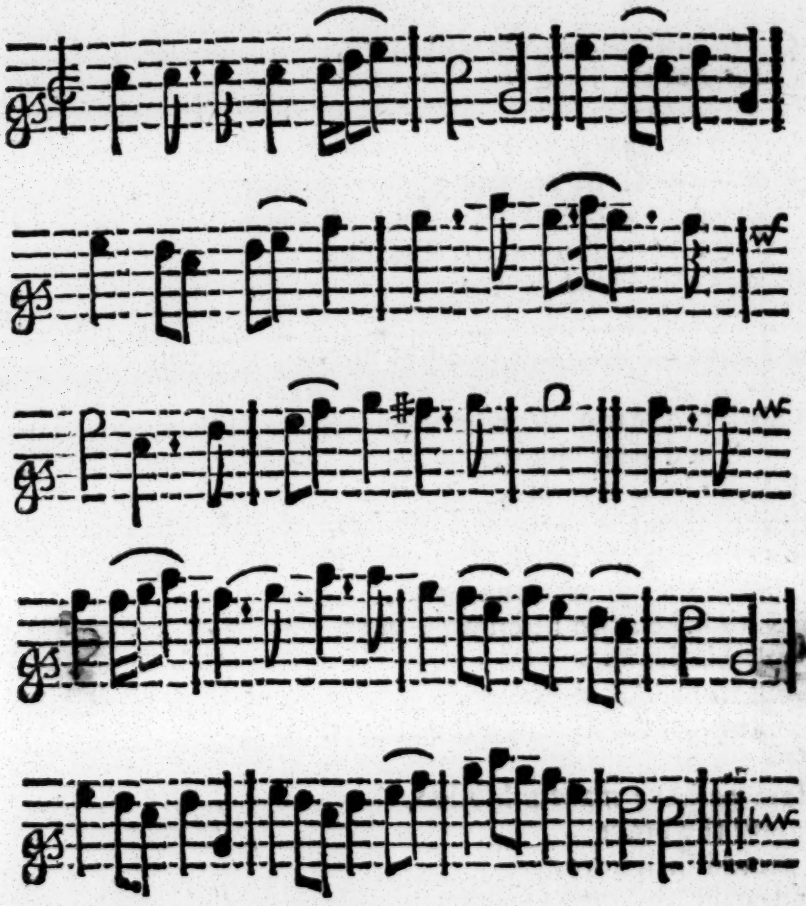
13

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd let me tell ye
With *Nottingham* Ale,
At every Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

14

As Looſers at Play,
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winner he ſtill wins on:
Let who will Command
Thou hadſt better Diſband,
For Old Bully thy Doctors are gon.

The Duke of *Marlborough*'s Health.



Marlbrough's a brave Commander,
He Conducts us into the Field;
As bold as *Allexander*,
He'll Dy before he'll yield:

Sound the Trumpet Sound boys,
Let each Man ſtand his Ground boys,
Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an inch,
And ſo let his Health go round boys,

The

The following Stan. made to the foregoing Tune on the Battle of *Audenarde* by Mr. *D'Urfey.*

SIng mighty *Marlborough*'s Story,
Mars of the Field
He paſſes the Scheld,
And to increaſe his Glory,
The French all fly or yeild:
Vendoſme drew out to ſpite him,
Th' Houſhold Troops to fright him,
Princes o'th Blood
Got of as they cou'd,
But ne'er durſt return to Fight him.

This is the year of Wonders,
The Gen d'arms Gor'd,
With Bullet and Sword,
Quake when the General Thunders,
Almanza was the word:
Sound the Trumpet Sound boys,
This to his Health be crown'd boys,
Circle his Brows
With freſh Oaken boughs,
And thus let the Glaſs go round boys.

Now we have made a Motion,
Eugene the brave
A Second ſhall have,
And could we tope an Ocean,
His due we hardly give:
Still there's one more muſt be boys,
Hannover makes 'em up three boys,
Three in a Hand,
I'll drink to my Friend,
And ſo let us all agree boys.

FINIS.

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